MISSIONARY MEMORIALS

WILLIAM RANKIN

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MEMORIALS OF FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH U. S. A.

BY

WILLIAM RANKIN

LATE TREASURER OF THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

1895

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION AND
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PREFACE.

Twenty-six years have passed since the Treasurer of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions published a 12mo volume prepared by Secretary Dr. John C. Lowrie, entitled, "Manual of the Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A." The latter portion of the book contains memoirs of the 100 missionaries of the Board and of the Western Foreign Missionary Society who had died prior to 1868, the year of its publication. In the following pages these memoirs are reproduced, and with them gathered in the same way and alphabetically arranged are blended the memoirs of those who have since departed this life, viz., from 1868 to the close of 1894, making in all about 250 names. Appended to these are brief sketches of the five deceased Corresponding Secretaries, also a narrative of events at Futtehgurh in the Sepoy revolt of 1857 relating to the eight martyred missionaries. The compiler may be regarded merely as such, in bringing together these necrological notices or memoirs, as they are scattered through and buried in the periodicals of the Board. In the transition he has made but few changes or addenda, and is not responsible for brevity in instances where a fuller statement was justly due and would have been more appropriate. Doubtless several much

esteemed native evangelists have been overlooked, and possibly some foreign laborers, although, save in three or four exceptional instances, it was not intended to include those who once connected with the Board died after being compelled from providential causes to withdraw from its service and engage in other relations.

The motives which have influenced these sons and daughters of the Church to devote their lives to this work of self-denial for the Master are so well stated by Dr. Lowrie in his introductory chapter to the "Manual" that I have reproduced it as an appropriate Introduction to these memoirs.

This work has been a congenial one, accompanied here and there with affectionate remembrances. With most of this roll of worthies the compiler was officially connected and to many personally attached. In his judgment no more devoted and heroic followers of Christ have appeared in the Presbyterian Church during the last sixty years of its history than can be found among the names herein recorded, and no greater service is rendered to the human race than what is accomplished through the instrumentality of Foreign Missionaries.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

NEWARK, N. J., December 31, 1894.

INTRODUCTION.

By Rev. John C. Lowrie, D.D.

The work of Christian Missions has become one of the marked features of the age. The larger bodies of Christians, and many of the smaller, have their missionary stations in various parts of the world. Large sums of money are expended for the support of missionaries, the establishment of schools, and the printing of the Holy Scriptures. Hundreds of men of superior education, and women of cultivated minds and refined manners, have gone to live among the Indians of our western forests, the Negroes and the Hottentots of Africa, the Hindus and the Chinese, the Feejeeans and others in the islands of the sea; they and their families are found living far from their early homes, in unfriendly climes, amongst rude and debased tribes, and patiently laboring year after year to instruct the ignorant, and to bring the depraved and degraded people around them under the influence of the Christian religion. This stands out to public view.

Some observers see all this without sympathy, and some venture even to condemn the conduct of these missionaries and their supporters at home. "To what purpose is this waste? Why should the labors

of so many superior men and women be lost to their friends and their own people ?"

In reply, some of the grounds on which the Church is led to support the cause of missions may be very briefly stated, and they will appear if we consider—

I. *The Origin of the Missionary Cause.*—This we ascribe to nothing lower nor later than the eternal love and purpose of God. The world perishing in its sin against himself was before the mind of God from eternity. Every human being, sinful, lost and hopeless, like the apostate angels, was known unto God from the beginning. All the dreadful darkness, wickedness and wretchedness that should abound amongst fallen men, which if unrestrained would make the earth to be but the vestibule of hell itself —all these God foresaw before the world was made. The wickedness of men makes it necessary that judgments should fall upon the earth, yet still the purpose of God towards our fallen world was from eternity full of grace. And from the divine counsels proceeds the only salvation of lost sinners. To accomplish this, God "spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all." "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." The invitation is now sent forth among the Heathen, Mohammedans, Jews, and all others, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the

ends of the earth." He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not is condemned already. The Church has been established among men, and her ministers and members have received the means of grace for their own salvation, and as trustees for those who are destitute. Freely they have received; freely they must give. Their agency in this work is contemplated in the divine purpose. Angels might have been employed as missionaries, but this was not the will of God. His purpose to save his people was to be fulfilled by the agency of redeemed sinners.

This was the origin of the missionary work. It is not of human devising. It is not of this world. It is not of time. It is of God, from everlasting. Its progress among men is by the grace and power of God. And hence its final issue is a matter of certainty, and its triumph shall be to the glory of God, in this world and in everlasting ages.

II. *The Commandment of Our Lord.*—"Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The permanent obligation of this commandment is clearly shown by its own nature. While any nation or even any human being is unacquainted with the Gospel, this law remains in full force. The promise accompanying it also shows its permanent authority.

The promise of the Saviour's presence is inseparable from the commandment. How, then, can the Church, or the ministers of the Gospel, expect the fulfillment of this most precious promise of our Lord, while neglecting the duty with which it is connected?

III. *The Example of the Primitive Church.*— Hardly anything was more characteristic of the early Christians than the missionary spirit. They evidently understood our Lord's commandment as requiring them to spread the Gospel everywhere in the world, and to do this in foreign countries without waiting until the work of evangelization was completed in their own. They were to begin at Jerusalem, and thence to go forth amongst all nations, preaching repentance and forgiveness of sins in the name of Jesus Christ. See the example, particularly, of one of the earliest churches, if not the first, organized among the Gentiles. The disciples were first called Christians in Antioch, and the church in that city sent forth two of the most eminent ministers, Paul and Barnabas, on an extended foreign missionary expedition. This was done while the church itself was few in numbers, feeble in resources, in the midst of a heathen city, no doubt actively engaged in home missionary labors; but yet it was willing to make sacrifices for those who were perishing in the regions beyond the limits of Antioch or of Syria. This was the spirit which animated the Church in the purest age of its history, and this was the secret of its power at home and abroad. It watered the fields of others, and God watered its own gardens. It

scattered, and yet increased. The faith, and love, and devotedness of its own members were strengthened by their missionary labors. The examples of apostolic missionaries reacted upon the churches, making their members apostolic. The death of devoted laborers in the spread of the Gospel called other laborers into the harvest. And the work advanced with power.

IV. *The Benevolent Nature of the Christian Religion.*—It prompts us to love our neighbor as ourselves; to do to others as we would have others to do unto us; to do good unto all men as we have opportunity. The influence of divine grace on the heart is the very opposite of everything selfish; it is diffusive and evangelistic. It leads us to pity them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death. It constrains us to carry or send the Gospel, with all its blessings, to every creature.

V. *The Spiritual Condition of Men Without the Gospel.*—This is truly deplorable. Ignorance, superstition and depravity—almost all kinds of evil—abound in countries where the light of the Sun of righteousness does not shine. Under afflictions their inhabitants are destitute of support, and in death are without hope. This is stated with solemnity. Some think the heathen will be saved without the Gospel. They certainly will not be condemned for rejecting a Saviour of whom they have never heard; they will be judged according to the light which they enjoyed. Rom. i. 20; ii. 12–15. But "without holiness no

man shall see the Lord." With hearts depraved, and living in sin to the very end of life, on what ground can they expect salvation ? God *may*, indeed, extend salvation to sinners without the means of grace; he does this, in the case of those who are saved in infancy, and of such as received immediate revelations from heaven before the written word was given. But the sacred Scripture shows that salvation is now extended to adult men only through Jesus Christ, and through the means of grace. Thus it is written, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed ? And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard ? And how shall they hear without a preacher ? . . . . So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

VI. *The Events of Providence in Our Day.*— These point in the line of Christian Missions. The changes among the nations of the earth within the last sixty years have removed many barriers to the spread of the Gospel, and opened doors which had been closed for centuries. The wonderful progress of commerce is tributary to the progress of missions. The steam printing-press, the steam railway-coach, the ocean steamship and the electric telegraph, are all servants of the God of missions, and tend greatly to promote the interests of the missionary work. Christian and pagan nations are now brought into close relationship. The British and the Hindus live under the same laws. Our countrymen and the Chinese are meeting on the shores of the Pacific ; the

Chinese themselves, with the other Orientals, have been moved by political changes, looking towards Christianity. Africa can be reached with ease from Liverpool or New York. Multitudes of Roman Catholics are seeking their homes in countries where the Bible is an open book.

VII. *The Seal of the Holy Spirit.*—"If this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God," it cannot be overthrown. No more decisive proofs of the favor of Heaven have been given to any cause than to that of Foreign Missions, by the gracious work of the Holy Spirit. Souls have been converted in every mission. The power of Buddhism, Brahmanism and Fetichism has been broken in many instances. The False Prophet and the Papal Anti-Christ have both been compelled to yield their subjects to the missionary, to be led to Jesus Christ for salvation. Converts in large numbers among the Indian tribes, in Africa, Asia, and the islands of the sea, have adorned their Christian profession by an exemplary life, and many have died in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

VIII. *The Certainty of Final Success.*—For this, the Church relies on the Word of God. "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." "All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name." "Until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in; and so all Israel shall be saved." These are examples of prophetic

language concerning the prevalence of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. With these predictions in view, no Christian can doubt the final issue of the contest now waging in the world between the powers of darkness and of light. Nor can any reasonable doubt be entertained concerning the success of the measures now commonly employed by the Church in the missionary work, as tending to the general diffusion of Christianity. These measures are the same, substantially, in unenlightened as in Christian lands. The simple story of the cross, the preaching of Christ and him crucified, is the main characteristic of the work of missions in modern as in ancient times. All Protestant missionaries "preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness ; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." The success of this apostolic preaching will become more marked in coming ages, until all nations are converted unto God. We know no other means of success ; we look for no other dispensation of grace; the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as on the day of Pentecost, shall be witnessed in every place where the Gospel is preached; and the long ages of the one thousand years, each measured in prophetic time, shall bring forth their myriads of truly Christian people. Then shall our Redeemer "see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

On grounds like these does the Church of Christ proceed in her missionary work. Her faith is in God, and in the power of his grace. Inspired by

this view, and sustained by the presence of the Saviour, her sons and daughters go forth as missionaries. They labor in various fields, with various success, enduring manifold privations, for longer days or few, as God may appoint ; and then they go to their rest. But their works do follow them. Their memory is dear to the Church. Nations now heathen shall in future ages bless their names. The Saviour will give to them a crown of life. And in the heavenly glory, they will evermore rejoice that they were counted worthy to be missionaries of the cross.

NECROLOGICAL RECORD

OF THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Robert E. Abbey.

Rev. Robert E. Abbey, after a protracted illness, fell a victim to dysentery at Nanking, China, October 9, 1890. He made a profession of his faith in Christ in Toledo, Ohio, under the ministry of Rev. H. M. MacCracken, D.D., now Vice-Chancellor of the University of New York. He was subsequently graduated with honor from Wooster University of Ohio, and in 1882 from the Union Theological Seminary, New York. In the autumn of that same year he joined the Central China Mission under appointment of the Board and was assigned to Nanking Station, where he continued to labor till his death. A few months after his arrival he was married to the widow of Rev. Albert Whiting, dec'd, late one of the missionaries at that station.

Mr. Abbey was thoroughly devoted to his work. The burden of souls was upon his heart, and he longed to see native laborers having command of the Nanking dialect multiplied, so that the millions around that former capital might be reached with the Gospel. With this in view, he secured the consent of the mission and the Board to establish a

boarding school for boys, furnishing part of the necessary funds from his own slender resources, his purpose being to select the most promising and train them for ministers, teachers and helpers. He had the satisfaction of seeing a fair beginning made in the enterprise and of welcoming several of the boys to the fellowship of the Church before the summons came. Mr. Abbey had received permission of the Board to visit his native land with his family next year, hoping to return again to the prosecution of his work on a larger scale; "but he rests from his labors and his works do follow him."—*Church at Home and Abroad*, December, 1890.

Mrs. Abbey, after the death of her husband, made a visit to the United States, where she left two of her children. She returned to her station in September, 1892, and writes "joyfully of the goodness of God in bringing her back for his good and large service in China."

Ah-yuing.

Again the hand of the Lord has been laid upon us, and removed from our midst one of the choice plants in his vineyard here, from whom we expected much, and whose loss we feel to be a sad and mysterious dispensation. Ah-yuing, wife of Tsiang Vong-kweng (formerly catechist at San-poh, now stationed at Ningpo), was originally a pupil in Miss Aldersey's Boarding-school, and came into our school when Miss Aldersey transferred her school to our mission. She, her mother, and her grandmother, were all baptized by Mr. Nevius in February, 1859. The

mother is still with us, but the grandmother went to her rest three or four years since. Previous to her marriage, Ah-yuing acted for some time as assistant teacher in our Female Boarding-school, and after her marriage exerted a very happy influence upon the families around her, in the part of San-poh where her husband was stationed.

She was the most accomplished woman ever educated in our school, and had read quite an unusual amount of the ordinary Chinese literature. When her husband was taken under the care of Presbytery and commenced his studies as a student of theology, she studied with him, and was as thoroughly prepared, and could have stood the examinations as well as he. The pastor and elders at San-poh highly respected her for her accomplishments and learning. After the meeting of Presbytery in October, they called to make her a parting visit, and when they rose to take leave, she burst into tears, and told them she should never see their faces again. They all showed a good deal of feeling, and kneeling down, commended her to God and to the power of his grace.

About a month before her death, I told her candidly that there were no hopes of her recovery, and asked her how she felt in the prospect of death. She said that when she thought of her sins, she felt afraid. I told her that Jesus came not to save the righteous, but sinners. She said that was a thought that gave her comfort. She told her husband that she felt troubled that she had done so little for Christ when she had health and youth, and said : "What if I should turn out an *Ignorance* at last" (referring to

that character in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"). Her husband exhorted her to examine herself as to whether she had sincerely given herself to Jesus or not. After awhile, and after he had prayed with her, she told him she could not think she had been a hypocrite ; and soon commenced to comfort herself by calling to mind the promises of God, and particularly delighted in repeating the 90th Psalm. She said one day : "All the books in the world are not worth one sentence of the Bible." One day during a fainting fit, her mother and her husband commenced to weep aloud, thinking she was expiring. As soon as she could speak, she gently rebuked them, saying : "I am passing through the river of death ; you ought to be comforting and upholding me, but I am obliged to comfort you." She felt wearied with the conversation of those who talked of worldly things, but expressed herself refreshed and grateful when any one talked to her of spiritual things. To all her unconverted friends, when they visited her, she gave warnings and exhortations to flee from the wrath to come ; and to her Christian friends, she expressed the hope that we should meet her in heaven. She told her husband that she was surprised at herself that the fear of death was all gone, and that she felt that Jesus was with her as her helper and upholder, and that the Holy Spirit was in her heart. On Monday, December 24, 1866, I saw her for the last time, but she was so feeble that I only spoke a few words of comfort to her, and left the room. Her husband came after me to say, that his wife wished him to ask if I

thought she would die that night. I told him that I thought she would not die that night, but probably before that time the next day. She replied: "Oh, that is good news!" She then told her husband to give her dying thanks to those friends who had visited her and sent her little tokens of love during her illness, mentioning them by name, and told him that to go and be with Jesus was better than even to stay with him. Very soon after this she became unconscious, and about noon on Christmas day, she fell asleep, aged twenty-three years.

I have written thus minutely for the confirmation of your faith, as it has been of mine, in seeing an intelligent, clear-minded Christian woman give such comforting evidence of the power of Jesus to "make a dying-bed feel soft as downy pillows are," and to show that among those who are indeed born of God, there is no difference, we are no more Barbarian and Scythian, bond and free—but all fellow-saints, fellow-citizens of the better country, having one Lord, one faith, one hope, one home in glory.—*D. B. McCartee, M.D.*

Mrs. Mary J. Ainslie.

Mrs. Ainslie, wife of the Rev. George Ainslie, of the Choctaw mission, died February 14, 1861—"in the full hope of a glorious immortality; her last words were, Jesus is precious! He alone is precious!"—*Annual Report*, 1861.

Rev. Jonathan P. Alward.

Mr. Alward was born in Baskingridge, N. J., graduated at Nassau Hall, and studied theology also in Princeton. He went as a missionary to Western Africa in 1839, on an exploring visit with Messrs. Pinney and Canfield. Selecting the Kroo country as their field of labor, they returned home, and the next year Messrs. Canfield and Alward went back to Africa with their wives; but they were not allowed to continue by reason of death. Mr. Alward entered into rest April 21, 1841, at Cape Palmas, on his way to Settra Kroo, in the twenty-eighth year of his age; and Mr. Canfield, May 7, 1842, at Settra Kroo. Mrs. Alward and Mrs. Canfield returned to their friends in this country. Mr. Alward is spoken of in the Annual Report of the Board as a "talented and devoted missionary."

Rev. James R. Amos and Rev. Armistead Miller.

These colored ministers were both graduates of the Ashmun Institute, and missionaries in Liberia. Mr. Amos died soon after his return from that country in 1864. Mr. Miller died at his station January 18, 1865. Both were men of considerable energy and much promise, but were early taken from their work to their rest.—*Annual Report*, 1865.

Mrs. L. E. Ballagh.

The return to this country of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Ballagh on account of ill health was mentioned in

the last Report (1883). Since their arrival Mrs. Ballagh was permitted to visit many of the missionary bands and associations of the Philadelphia Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and to attend the meetings for prayer in Philadelphia early in January. She met everywhere with a warm reception and awakened a great degree of interest in the cause of missions until as the meetings were ending in Philadelphia she was suddenly called to enter the heavenly rest (January 13, 1884)—greatly loved, greatly lamented. Mr. and Mrs. Ballagh went to Japan in 1875. "Not only in the mission field but at home among the churches Mrs. Ballagh made her influence felt in a very peculiar degree. Few Christians of either sex have made a deeper impression during the same length of time. Her memory is a legacy to the Church." A beautiful memorial was published, containing addresses and other services connected with her funeral, also the action of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association and of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.—*Annual Report*, 1884 ; *Foreign Missionary*, May, 1884.

Miss Sarah P. Barber.

Miss Barber, a native of New York, and a teacher in the Chickasaw Mission, died October 10, 1859. "She was a Christian missionary of no ordinary excellence. Her associates in the missionary work bear honorable testimony to the fidelity with which she always discharged her duties as a teacher, and a much greater number of witnesses, both in the

Indian country and in the circle of her acquaintance in New York, can testify to her eminent piety and devotion to the Redeemer."—*Annual Report*, 1860.

Rev. Joseph W. Barr.

Mr. Barr departed this life in Richmond, Va., October 26, 1832, of cholera, while on his way to embark for Western Africa. He was the son of the Rev. Thomas Barr, of Ohio, graduated at Western Reserve College, studied theology at Andover and Princeton, and was in the thirtieth year of his age when he died. He is spoken of as a man of remarkable energy and devoted piety. His death was regarded as a great loss to the missionary cause. His memoir, prepared by the Rev. E. Swift, D.D., was published at Pittsburg in 1833, and a few years later it was published by the Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

Miss Mary M. Baskin.

Died in Tucson, Arizona, May 30, 1892, Miss Mary M. Baskin, for fourteen years teacher of the Occidental School, San Francisco. In July, 1878, Miss Baskin took charge of this school under the Occidental Board. She was an experienced teacher and soon grew to have a strange fondness for her little brown pupils. Her painstaking efforts were rewarded by their very rapid progress, especially in knowledge of the Scriptures. She taught under many discour-

agements. Her school-room was always in the heart of the Chinese quarters, and the surroundings were not pleasant nor healthful. Changes were frequent among the families of her patrons. Some returned to China and others went to work. Her advanced class was taken away to form the new public school and she missed them. Still, the new scholar found her just as careful in instructing him as if he were to be with her for years. She never gave up her boys, even though they went to interior towns in China, but sent and received letters from pupils in Honolulu, the Eastern States and from China.

Miss Baskin was unusually well qualified as a teacher of Chinese. She was decided in discipline, but kind and helpful to all. "Faithful" is the word, more than all others, expressing her relation to her work. When strength began to fail she was unwilling to give the school out of her hands, and only when loving friends urged rest did she consent to take a vacation. In December she went to Southern California. A friend, there, writes of her: "We talked of the home-going many times and she would say, 'I feel as though I could stretch out my hand and brush away the veil which hides it.' One morning, after a sleepless night, she said: 'I could not sleep, for I have been struggling to reconcile myself to living without my work. It would be so much easier to die.'"

She did not gain strength, and friends advised a change to Arizona. But again hopes were disappointed. After weeks of intense suffering she closed her poor sleepless eyes upon earthly scenes to open

them upon the glories of heaven, "For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

On Saturday, June 5, all that was mortal of our dear friend was laid away in hope of a glorious appearing, when he shall come whom she so delighted to serve.

Her work is done, her Saviour's will obeyed, and she is with the King in his beauty. Our great loss is her infinite gain. "He doeth all things well."

OAKLAND, June 12, 1892. M. D. CONDIT.

—*Woman's Work for Woman*, August 18, 1892.

MRS. JENNIE A. BEALL.

Mrs. Beall, wife of Rev. M. E. Beall, died at Saltillo, Mexico, April 22, 1885, after a brief illness, leaving a young infant. She had been in the mission only about a year, was still in the morning of life and had every hope of a long period of consecrated service for the Master. Conscious of her danger in her last hours, she still exhibited in great degree the serenity and peace of the Christian hope, and died with kind messages and exhortations upon her lips. She adds another to the cordon of missionary graves which now belt the globe, and which remain as pledges for the continued conquest of the Church in all unevangelized lands.—*Foreign Missionary*, June, 1885.

MISS CATHARINE L. BEATTY.

Miss Beatty arrived in India in 1862, and was there connected with the Christian girls' school at

Dehra. Her devoted and successful efforts in this school for several years called forth the admiration of her missionary associates, but were interrupted by the illness which led to her returning to this country in October, 1869, and resulted in her death at Allentown, N. J., December 24, 1870, after severe suffering patiently borne. In her last days she was sustained by the blessed hope of entering into the rest that remaineth to the people of God.—*Record*, February, 1871.

Rev. A. L. Blackford, D.D.

In July, 1860, Dr. Blackford and wife joined the Brazil Mission, where they labored fifteen years, and then on account of the failing health of Mrs. Blackford they resigned their connection with it. In 1881, Dr. Blackford, after acting for some time as agent of the American Bible Society in Brazil, was reappointed by the Board. In 1890, ill health required his return to the United States. He died at Atlanta, Ga., May 14, 1890, while preparing to go to the General Assembly at Saratoga. He was at the time Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in Brazil, and appropriate action expressive of the deep sorrow of the General Assembly on hearing of his death, was taken by that body. "Dr. Blackford was the oldest Protestant missionary in Brazil; his labors extended over a period of thirty years, and his whole life was given to the advancement of the interests of missions in Brazil."—*Historical Sketches.*

Rev. Edward Boeklen.

Rev. Edward Boeklen went to Liberia in 1866, and died of the African fever September 28, 1868. He was a German by birth, and the missionaries all concur in the opinion that he neglected the proper care of his health and thereby contracted the sickness which terminated his life. He was a man of choice gifts and earnest child-like piety. His removal is a serious loss to the high school of which he was Superintendent, as well as to the people of Liberia, but it was doubtless great gain for him to die. His great desire to be with Christ raised him above the fear of death.—*Annual Report*, 1869.

Rev. Burgess B. Brier.

The death of Rev. B. B. Brier, of our Gaboon and Corisco mission, which occurred at Batanga, West Africa, on May 14, 1890, was sudden and unexpected. Some time before he had been ill with la grippe, and had scarcely recovered his strength. Moreover, there was much sickness among the natives, the prevailing influenza and other diseases prostrating many. Though not a trained physician, Mr. Brier had some knowledge of medicine, and with characteristic energy did all in his power to relieve the suffering, thereby severely taxing his already depleted strength. On the morning of May 6, he took a ride with his wife along the beach, greatly enjoying the refreshing sea breeze. Scarcely had he reached home, however, when he was seized with a chill, which proved

to be the precursor of African fever. His beloved wife, herself in feeble health, did all in her power with the assistance and remedies within reach to arrest the fever, but in vain. He rallied once or twice sufficiently to encourage the hope of recovery, but finally sank under the power of the disease.

Mr. Brier was a graduate of Wabash College and McCormick Theological Seminary, and a member of Crawfordsville (Indiana) Presbytery. His testimonials from college and seminary were of a high order both as to piety and scholarship. In applying to the Board for appointment as a foreign missionary, he expressed his readiness to go to any field, and when the claims of Africa were presented, after thoughtful and prayerful consideration, he replied, "I am ready to go to Africa, I think, with my whole heart." He reached Gaboon with his young wife on June 28, 1889, and after a few months spent at that port of entry he pushed north to Batanga, where the Board, after consultation with the German authorities, had determined to establish a station on the foundation already laid by our native workers under supervision from Benita. The young missionary entered with great earnestness upon his work, applying himself closely to the study of the Benga language, and dispensing the ordinances with the aid of Itongolo, a trusted native licentiate. From the first he wrote enthusiastically of the field where his lot had been cast, counting it a great privilege to labor for Christ in West Africa. On April 1, he wrote, "I have the hearts of my people, and they acknowledge me as their leader and counsellor." On April

29, he penned his last letter to the Board, which reached New York just before the news of his death was received. In it he says, "We are getting along quietly, making some progress in the language. I have prepared a sermon for next Sabbath which I have written wholly myself in Benga." He had the joy of receiving a goodly number into the fellowship of the Church during his brief ministry, and was looking hopefully for still larger accessions when the summons came. His heart was especially set on reaching the people in the "bush," as the region lying back of the coast is called, and at his own expense he had sent a native Bible-reader to break to them the bread of life. He was happy and contented in his lot, not only uttering no complaint, but writing enthusiastically of his home and his work. His precious dust lies in the little cemetery which he had laid out on the mission ground on the hill, while his ransomed spirit has entered in through the gates into the city to be forever with the Lord. Mrs. Brier, wonderfully sustained during the terrible ordeal of the past few months, has returned to her father's home in Indiana, which she had left little more than a year ago to share the joys and the sorrows of her beloved husband in his mission life in Africa, and to whose efficient coöperation in that work he bore loving testimony.

Notwithstanding the trying climate of the African coast, the death of Mr. Brier is the first which has occurred in our mission for a number of years past which can justly be ascribed to climatic causes. It is a severe blow to the mission in the present depleted

condition of the force, but God will not suffer that ripe field to remain without a reaper. Two ordained missionaries, one of them also a physician, are already under appointment for Batanga, and although deeply impressed they are far from being daunted by the shadow which has fallen upon the mission. While remembering in our prayers the bereaved wife and stricken households in this country, let us also make mention of those who go nobly forth to pick up the fallen sickle and reap for the Lord of hosts.

Soon after the death of Mr. Brier, Rev. W. C. Gault visited Batanga and at the urgent request of the session administered the Lord's Supper. Eleven persons were received into the fellowship of the Church, having been baptized on the basis of their own confession of faith.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, September, 1890.

Mrs. W. A. Briggs, M.D.

Mrs. Briggs died at Lakawn, Laos, March 22, 1891, soon after the arrival there of herself and husband. "She was a missionary of great promise in whom not only her home friends in Nova Scotia, but those in New York, where she took her medical course, had the highest confidence. Her death resulted from rapid development of pulmonary tuberculosis," originating in a cold caught immediately before sailing from America.—*Woman's Work.*

Mrs. Mary M. Bryan.

Early on Thursday morning last (May 19, 1891), there passed from earth to heaven one of God's dear

children. The long residence of the Dashiell family in this community (Lakewood, N. J.), the prominence of the father in all the church and social interests of our village, the character, work, life work of the daughter herself, Mrs. Bryan, all combine to draw out the heartiest sympathies of their wide circle of friends.

Mrs. Mary M. Bryan was born in Stockbridge, Mass., May 27, 1858, and was ten years of age when the family removed to Lakewood, and here she grew up to womanhood, here she united herself to the Church of Christ on July 2, 1876, and here, in October, 1882, she was married to the Rev. A. V. Bryan, in the church of which her father was then pastor. It was not the ordinary life of comfort and home privileges these two then entered upon, for they sailed shortly after their marriage as missionaries to Japan, gladly leaving the old life behind them if only they could do something for the Master. There they remained until a year ago, when they returned to this country for a much-needed rest. Their work in Japan chiefly centred itself at the city of Hiroshima, where Mr. Bryan was sent to found a mission station, and where his wife gathered a large Sabbath-school of 200 children about her, to whose training she gave her strength and exceptional powers of teaching until prostrated by a severe attack of typhoid fever. It was during their residence in Tokio that she lost her first-born son, Alfred Dashiell, a very bright and promising lad three years old, and doubtless this loss as well as the following hard years of joyful labor in winning souls to Christ from the ignorant around her were the means of bringing her to

that nearness to God and strong faith in his power to comfort and help which came out so clearly in the last months of her life. Her visit to this country was largely made to recruit her health for further work in Japan. But God ordered otherwise and has called her up higher. After much suffering, but with a conscious and clear mind and an unshaken faith in her Saviour she passed away at the residence of her mother-in-law, in Orange, N. J., sending many loving messages from that bed of death to friends at home and in Japan, serenely confident that she would see and greet friends gone before her to the heavenly home and committing her two children as confidently to the care of a covenant-keeping God who never fails to respond to the trust of his people. Mrs. Bryan was wonderfully gifted in the direction of music and of art, her powers were recognized and largely appreciated at home and abroad, and at the same time her nature was peculiarly adapted to the work to which she was consecrated. Hers was a sunny disposition, genial and bright, enabling her quickly to make friends wherever she went. Her mind was strong to grasp the truth and very ready and gifted in the powers of expression, so that she quickly took rank among her co-laborers in the field, and at once found herself the centre of a large circle of influence among the Japanese, whose hearts were hers from the first. That work to man's eyes is ceased on earth. Her hands are folded and her lips silent. Yet can any good work well begun ever stop ? The souls she has won to Christ shall speak for her. The seed of truth sown in faith shall yet

bring forth their harvest, and being dead her influence shall yet the more increase by the power of him who called her into his vineyard and she heard the call and obeyed.—*Rev. Charles H. McClellan.*

Mrs. Stephen Bush.

Mrs. Bush, wife of Rev. Stephen Bush, of Siam Mission, died July 23, 1851. Her last days were full of Christian joy and peace. "In the full possession of all her faculties," one of the missionaries wrote, "without one cloud to separate between her and a present Saviour, she went down into the Jordan of death singing hallelujah in the triumph of victory." The Siamese have lost in her a faithful praying friend; the mission a kind and exemplary fellow-laborer, and her bereaved husband an affectionate and beloved companion.—*Annual Report*, 1852.

Albert Bushnell, D.D.

Advices from Africa, bearing date of December 3, 1879, have been received, containing the painful intelligence that on Tuesday night, the 2d of December, at 11.35 o'clock, within sight of the African coast, on board the steamship *Ambriz*, the Rev. Dr. Bushnell departed this life, after a brief but most acute illness, the natural sufferings of which were aggravated by the confinement, the noise, and the motion of the steamer. On the previous Saturday he showed signs of illness, and became prostrated by the

heart difficulty which had already occasioned serious anxiety on the part of his friends. On Sunday morning, his stateroom being insufficiently supplied with the fresh air for which he was panting, the captain kindly prepared for him a bed in the saloon, where, attended by his wife, by Miss Janet B. Cameron (a lady also going out to the Gaboon Mission), and by the faithful physician of the steamer, he received all the care and comfort that medical aid and the tenderness of the most profound love could furnish. On Monday morning he was more comfortable, and spoke encouragingly of himself; but shortly afterward a cold, which he had contracted on the previous Friday, developed into congestion of the lungs; he became speechless, and on the following evening expired in the arms of his wife. It must have been within a few hours after his death that the harbor of Sierra Leone was reached. The American Consul visited the ship and arranged for the burial service, which was held in the afternoon at the Cathedral, whither the precious remains were borne, the coffin being draped with the American flag, and strewn with flowers. Mrs. Bushnell was able to go to the grave, sustained by that unfaltering faith which alone has been her support through the trying experiences which have at last culminated in the death of her beloved husband; and now, accompanied by Miss Cameron, she has gone on to Gaboon, bravely encountering the sorrowful landing there, unsupported by the presence of him whose return to the station was so eagerly anticipated by the converts whom his ministrations had raised up on that darkened coast.

The death of Dr. Bushnell, painful and melancholy as are its details, is the crown of a truly sublime life. And while the instinctive wish is that he might have been spared to behold again the scene of those labors to which his soul was knit in the bonds of sacred affection, the circumstances under which his decease has been accomplished emphasize in the most solemn and conspicuous manner the Christian and chastened heroism by which he was animated in the service of God. The sweetness and gentleness of his refined demeanor did not conceal the glowing spirit of the martyr that burned in his breast. That exquisite blending of courtesy with consecration (a union of traits that made him an honored guest in many homes of England, Scotland and America, as well as an object of deep respect among the officers of the French Navy frequenting the harbor of Gaboon); the whole course of his self-denying ministry on the west coast; the assiduous literary labors undertaken for the propagation of the Gospel in the vernacular among the tribes of equatorial Africa; and, above all, the illumination of his countenance as he waved adieu last autumn from the steamer's deck to those who knew, as well as he knew, that he was going to lay down his life; this finished record of character and achievement has now been signed and sealed of God in the manner of his servant's death. From that fresh and sacred grave at Sierra Leone comes the most pathetic and the most soul-stirring argument for the consecration of new men to the foreign ministry of the Church, and especially, at the present moment, for the manning of the Gaboon Mission.—*Foreign Missionary*, February, 1880.

Rev. John Butler.

The death of Mr. Butler, together with that of his little son, on the 12th of October, 1885, from cholera, has called forth many expressions of sorrow from his fellow-missionaries and others. So many separate accounts of his death have been received that we can only epitomize them in these columns, and add our own tribute of high regard for the great worth of the deceased. The family, with other missionaries, had attended the missionary meeting at Nanking, and were returning down the Yangtse in open boats. While at church on Sabbath morning, at Chinkiang, the little son was taken with cholera, from which he died after about sixteen hours. Meantime the father also was attacked, and died ten hours later. Medical attendance had been secured, and all kindness and assistance were shown by our own missionaries and those of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, residing at Chinkiang; but no earthly sympathy or aid could avail much in an hour so dark to the dying or the bereft. Through the mercy of God the wife and the younger child were spared, and no other deaths occurred. Mr. Butler was connected with the Christian Commission during the late war, and rendered good service among our soldiers. After graduating at Princeton Theological Seminary, he was sent as a missionary of the Board to China in 1868. He was appointed to the city of Ningpo, and there he has lived and labored continuously, with the exception of a visit to this country in 1881. Fourteen years of fraternal correspondence, together with a visit, some years

since, to his mission station, had won our high esteem and affection for the departed, and our sense of loss is deep and genuine. He was genial and sunny, and yet thoroughly consecrated. Next to piety stood his unfailing common sense. He was a conscientious worker, husbanding his time as one who should give account.

Rev. W. S. Holt, long associated with him in the Ningpo Mission, says of him, very justly : "He was an earnest, devoted missionary. He had made himself familiar with the dialect of the Ningpo people, and was well known and highly esteemed among them as a preacher of the Gospel. He had the confidence and love of the native pastors, in whom he took a fraternal interest, trying to enter into their thoughts and feelings, and so be able to sympathize with and assist them. In his counsels with the missionaries, concerning the questions before us, he was cool, careful, thoughtful, seeking always those measures which should give stability to our work and develop the piety of the Church. He also did good service in training young men for the position of preachers and helpers. Probably no mission in China is better equipped with a well-trained native pastorate than the one with which our late brother was connected. He took great interest in education in every form and grade, but perhaps the Presbyterial school, carried on by the Presbytery of Ningpo, for the education of the sons of Christians, was his chief pride. Good service was also rendered by him in helping to prepare a Christian literature for the mission. But the chief part of Mr. Butler's work as a missionary was preaching the Gospel to the heathen."

Mr. Holt pays a high tribute to the deceased as an itinerant preacher. He visited the cities and villages of the plain of Chinkiang Province, navigated the rivers and canals, traversed mountains on foot, in chairs, in miserable boats, in all kinds of weather, in perils oft, with little physical comfort, but with the great satisfaction which labor for the Master gives. Working upon the foundations laid by his predecessors in the oldest mission field in Central China, and laying the foundations for new work in regions hitherto unvisited, he delighted in the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation, and he had the pleasure of seeing it bring salvation to many heathen hearts.—*Foreign Missionary*, February, 1886.

Rev. John Byers.

Mr. Byers was born in the north of Ireland, of pious parents, who from his infancy dedicated him to the ministry. With this object in view he was sent to the University of Glasgow, Scotland, where he graduated with honor in his seventeenth or eighteenth year. I think that it was during his college course that, knowing he was designed for the sacred ministry, and feeling at the same time a repugnance to entering it without a change of heart, which he felt he did not possess, he determined to avoid it altogether. Still the wishes of his parents seemed to weigh heavily on his mind, and to carry out his purposes least offensively to them, he made up his mind, with their approbation, to go to America. His father furnished him with what means he could, and

when he left his native land, I think his intention was to engage in some mercantile business on his arrival in the United States. During the voyage he was much occupied with serious thoughts, which appear to have disturbed his future plans. He landed in New York in the fall of 1848, and as he afterwards remarked, about the same time that the party of missionaries he was afterwards to join sailed for China.

Soon after his landing he became acquainted with Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D., through whose instrumentality he found himself, within ten days after his arrival, on the way to Princeton, to enter the Theological Seminary. He became a member of Dr. Alexander's church [whether by letter from home or by profession at a future period he did not say—I suppose the former, from the fact of church-membership being required in order to enter the Seminary], but his own conviction was that he never met with a change of heart till his first year in the Seminary. He found himself, as he said, in a different atmosphere from what he had ever before been in. Whatever may have been the change, the principles of religion seem to have taken at this time a more deep hold of his quiet yet earnest spirit. In his studies, which he loved now both for their own sake and the relation which they had to his future course, he seems to have embarked with intense zeal. Trusting too much to what he supposed was a good constitution, he soon found himself a dyspeptic, with its accompanying fits of melancholy. His zeal to engage in the work which he had before avoided seemed to have led him to the choice of the Foreign Missionary field. After

completing his three years' course, and having been appointed a missionary to Shanghai, China, he left on a visit to his parents in his native land. After spending nearly a year visiting his native land, and portions of England and Scotland, during which time he was married, he embarked again for the United States, and soon sailed for Shanghai, China, where he arrived August, 1852.

He gave himself to the study of the Chinese language with what he afterwards styled a miserly feeling, too grasping and greedy in what was, to a proper extent, commendable. It was not long, however, before symptoms of pulmonary disease were developed. He lost strength rapidly, and, under medical advice, it was deemed best that he should return to the United States. But he did not survive the voyage, dying on May 7, 1853, a few days before the ship arrived at New York. His remains were interred in this city. His bereaved companion, a lady held in high esteem, was received with warm sympathy, and after some time she returned to her native country.

The Rev. Joseph K. Wight, with whom Mr. Byers was associated at Shanghai, whose sketch has furnished the preceding particulars, says further: "It was evident to all who knew him here, that God had endowed him with a quick, vigorous and discriminating intellect. He grasped knowledge quickly and thoroughly. His judgment was clear and good, and for a man of his age uncommonly trustworthy. Even in matters new to him which came soon after his arrival, he soon saw and understood what course was best to

be pursued. In disposition, he was gentle; he was neither rough nor forward; neither rash nor stubborn; and yet he was not easy and inactive, but full of strong and earnest feeling; ready, where judgment and Christian principle sanctioned, to push forward in any good work. His piety took in some measure the shape of his disposition. It was practical, extending to his whole life, yet not officious; still it was earnest, and had possession of his whole nature. Practical duties were performed not merely as duties, but as the result of the inner life. His religion welled up from a heart living by faith in the Son of God, and was manifest, not so much because his object was to manifest it, as because it existed; because the truth was loved and felt, and operated on the outward life; because out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spoke. It was seen in his face and conduct; in the constant spiritual conflict and final victory even over the last enemy, death, when in peace he went home to God."—*J. C. L.*

Rev. William Calderwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Calderwood, with other missionaries, sailed from Boston for India July 17, 1855, and reached their assigned station at Saharunpur in December. Mr. Calderwood was a minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and sustained the same relation to the Board as the other missionaries of that Church in India. The year before his death he became a member of the Presbytery of Lodiana. After a long and faithful service he departed this life

at Lodiana May 22, 1889, in the sixty-fifth year of his age and thirty-fourth of his ministry.—*Annual Report*, 1890.

Mrs. Lizzie Greenleaf Calderwood.

Mrs. Calderwood, wife of Rev. William Calderwood, of the mission in India, died August 15, 1859. Her amiable disposition, her unaffected missionary zeal and her humble and exemplary piety secured for her the warm regard of her missionary companions who mourn over her early removal from their ranks.—*Annual Report*, 1860.

A brief memorial of Mrs. Calderwood by her husband was published by the American Tract Society.

"All could easily see her courageous patience, but all might not observe the form of one like the Son of God walking in the midst of the fire with her, bending over her, comforting her so sweetly that even tears of joy were brought to her eyes. 'Is Jesus with you?' I asked. Not in a whisper, but in so loud and cheerful a voice that every one in the room was startled, she replied, 'Yes, he is.' Shortly after this, with an unusual effort, she turned herself from her right to her left side, so that she could extend her right hand, saying, 'Now I am going home; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' These were her last words. Then shaking my hand with an energy that quite surprised me, she smiled, much as if we were parting only for an afternoon. Two hours later she sank to rest, or rather rose to glory."

Rev. Joseph Caldwell.

This veteran missionary died at Landour, India, June 3, 1877, after a short illness. Mr. Caldwell left the United States December 29, 1837, for Calcutta, which he reached in due time. He had therefore been in India nearly forty years, having never returned in all this time to his native land. He was a member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and in accordance with the wishes of that body he was designated to Saharanpur, where Rev. J. R. Campbell of the same Church was stationed. Mr. Caldwell was twice married. He leaves a widow and several children in India; a son is in the United States studying in one of our colleges. Rev. R. Thackwell, in simply communicating the notice of his death, says: "He was a good man, with much of the spirit of Christ," and adds, "Our old men are dropping off fast. Warren and Caldwell gone, and who knows how soon the rest will follow? Humanly speaking, we may expect death to make sad havoc in our ranks before long and we have no reinforcements to fill up the gap."—*Foreign Missionary*, August, 1877.

Mrs. Jane Caldwell.

Mrs. Caldwell, wife of Rev. Joseph Caldwell, died at Saharanpur, India, on the 8th of November, 1839. The *Missionary Chronicle* of April, 1840, pays a brief but high tribute to her excellence as a Christian woman and her qualifications for usefulness.

"She anticipated a fatal termination to her disease

(a fever), but was perfectly resigned and well supported by the grace of Christ Jesus. She was a truly estimable woman, as all can bear witness who were well acquainted with her. A more unaffected and humble-minded follower of Christ we have seldom known. She seemed also to be well qualified for usefulness, but her missionary course has been a brief one. Such has been the will of the Lord."—*J. C. L.*

Rev. Simeon Howard Calhoun.

The Syrian Mission and the cause of Christ have met with a sad loss in the death of Mr. Calhoun, which occurred at Buffalo, N. Y., December 14, 1876.

A year and a half ago the deceased returned with his family from Syria, where he had labored in the cause of Missions for about thirty-five years. He had previously been employed about nine years by the American Bible Society—having been the first to represent that work as a special department of service in the East. For a long period he had been stationed at Abeih, where he had been instrumental in training up most of the preachers and teachers now employed in the Syrian Mission of the Presbyterian Board, besides several who are engaged by other societies in Syria, Palestine and Egypt.

Even before the commencement of his missionary labors and while he was engaged as tutor in Williams College, he was noted for the peculiar simplicity and ardor of his piety and for the great influence which

in this respect he exerted on the minds of the students.

These elements in his character especially qualified him for his great work as an instructor of native preachers in Syria.

As was shown by his modest references to his work in his eloquent speech in the last General Assembly, all his instruction was eminently Scriptural. The Bible and the Catechism have never had a higher place assigned them in any portion of the Church at home or abroad than in the Syrian Mission; and this may have been largely due to the influence and example of the deceased.

He had good reason to love the Word of God. In early life he had been skeptical, but had been followed by the prayers of a Godly mother, who had consecrated him to Christ and to the mission work at his birth; and he was at length constrained to search the Scriptures for the revealed way of life. He came to the Bible therefore on the start as a real student, and he never ceased to be such till the day of his death.

In his parentage he combined the Scotch and the Protestant Irish elements, and on both sides he inherited great strength of character. The family, in which there were several sons, was a remarkable one. All became men of influence and some of them rose to high positions in our national councils. It was often said of the deceased by his friends that if he had not been a missionary he might have made a statesman of the highest rank. No man could ever look upon his commanding figure and strikingly

noble face without feeling the strong magnetism of his presence ; nor could one remain long with him without feeling also the sympathetic glow of his unfeigned piety. He was a far-sighted and sagacious man, penetrating the character of those about him very deeply ; and yet in all that related to himself he had the simplicity of a little child. His whole life was one of humility. He declined to receive honorary degrees from the colleges, not from pride and affectation, but from a sincere dread of ostentation.

It was my privilege two years ago to attend the annual sessions of the Syrian Mission, at which he presided. I can never forget those days. It was easy to see that the reverence with which he inspired me was felt by all his associates. He was revered and deeply loved as a prudent counselor and a father. At one of the closing prayer meetings he read the Scriptures and followed with some remarks on the reality of Heaven and the fact that if permitted we should meet the New Testament worthies of whom he had read—this one and that one—and instead of communing with them in thought across the abyss of eighteen centuries we should greet them as brethren by our side. This anticipation, which then seemed almost to irradiate his face, has now become to him a blessed reality.

He spoke even then of the fact that he had reached the limits of three-score years and ten and could not expect a long service ; and since that time I have often heard him speak of the uncertainty which rested upon all his future except that which lay beyond the grave.

His influence in Syria was very great among all classes. Not only the American missionaries, but the English and German residents revered him and frequently resorted to him for counsel. Natives, too, of whatever religious faith, honored him with implicit faith. It is easy for those who know the deep love of the native Christians of Abeih to predict that the sad tidings of his death will make the place a Bochim of sincere grief.

Those who were not of his faith also honored him. A striking proof of this fact was given at the time of the Druse massacre, fifteen years ago. Deir el Komer and other adjacent villages were drenched with the blood of the murdered Maronites, and it seemed probable that not only natives but missionaries in Abeih and the vicinity would share the same fate. On all sides, therefore, the Maronites hastened to the house of Mr. Calhoun with their treasures, while they fled to such resorts as they could find. These were left without receipt or registry with the confident belief that all would be safe. When at length a French fleet appeared in Beirut harbor and the Druses were panic-stricken, they also came to the same asylum and with the same implicit trust.

Unbelieving critics and croakers may sneer at missionaries and their so-called bootless work, but such attestations of their influence as these should at least silence all cavils of professed friends of Christ.

But Mr. Calhoun's influence was not confined to Syria. Many a traveler from Great Britain as well as from this country had looked with admiration upon the consecration of a truly great man to the quiet

and unostentatious work of a missionary in a little mountain hamlet of Syria. An American theological professor had said that nowhere had he found a riper scholar in the wisdom of the Great Salvation than in this modest sage of Lebanon. The real power and grandeur of the mission work were nobly illustrated by such a life and work, and men of wealth and of letters came down from Abeih as from a mount of vision in which they had seen a truer and a nobler side of human life.

In the American churches also Mr. Calhoun had sown the seed of goodly influence both during his former visit and since his last return. The former visit was made while the Syrian Mission was still under the care of the American Board, which the deceased had served for so many years and which to the end he deeply loved. He then visited principally the churches of New England, in which he was always welcomed with the highest appreciation.

During his later visit he has seen more of the churches supporting the Presbyterian Board with which he was in full accord ; and they too—many of them—have seen his face and heard his voice and witnessed his Godly walk and have thereby been strengthened in their missionary faith and zeal. It would be difficult to estimate the value of his speech before the last General Assembly. It seems a striking providence that almost as his last work he should have been permitted to stand up before the Chief Judicatory of the Church and make such a testimony and breathe upon its hundreds of ministers and elders such a spirit. The speech was eloquent, but

it was more ; it had a kind of inspiration. There was a great man and a holy apostle behind it. There was already in his pale face and tremulous voice a sort of prophecy of the end which has now come ; and the effect upon the minds and hearts of the whole Assembly was very deep and very salutary. It was his desire, then expressed, to go back to Syria, "if the Lord will," and there having finished his course to be buried among his people. The desire has not been granted him; but wherever his grave may be he still lives in Abeih and will live for generations to come.

He was fond even to the last of looking out into the future and enjoying, as if already come, the sure triumphs of Christ's kingdom. His work was not the mere drudgery of the day, but was eminently a work of loving faith and confident expectation. His outlook and place of prayer on the heights at Abeih was not unlike that which Elijah occupied on the summit of Carmel, a little farther down the coast ; and like that prince of the prophets, he too has long watched the little cloud in the horizon, believing that the fullness of the divine blessing would surely come.—*Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, Foreign Missionary*, December, 1877.

Rev. Charles William Calhoun, M.D.

Dr. Calhoun was born in Syria, a graduate of Williams College, and died after four years' missionary service at Schweifat, near Beirut, June 22, 1883, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

"The brief dispatch which brought the tidings of the death of Rev. Charles William Calhoun, M.D., of the Syria Mission, was one of those sudden shocks which, however frequently they befall this earthly life, never lose their strangeness nor their depressing influence. The deceased was the only son of the late veteran of Syria, the Rev. Simeon Howard Calhoun, who, in the days of his venerable dignity and power, the late Dr. William Adams was accustomed to call 'the Cedar of Lebanon.' On this son the father had bestowed much careful and prayerful training, and upon entering into his own rest had great satisfaction in feeling the son would bear forward in the conquest of Syria the ensign which the father had laid down.

"Dr. Calhoun, after completing his course both in theology and in medicine, sailed for Syria in the autumn of 1879, and was assigned by the mission to the Tripoli Station, where until last year he was eminently active and useful. For months past he had experienced much difficulty from petty persecutions of the local Turkish authorities, instigated by a rival native physician. Whether the worriment of this trouble had any influence in developing his disease is not known. It is more probable that the great fatigue which he had encountered in a recent tour through Northern Syria prostrated him with the low fever which finally proved fatal. Dr. Calhoun was the chief solace and support of his mother, who had spent long years in the midst of active missionary labor; and three sisters, to whom he was a brother beloved, and in counsel also a father, are left to mourn his untimely loss.

"The congenial and happy disposition of the deceased made him a favorite both in this country and in Syria. Just at the time of his death there was increased hope that all the difficulties which had embarrassed his work were speedily to be removed, and that his usefulness would be far greater than ever before. Seemingly in vigorous health, he had reason to expect a long life in the missionary work; but, alas! 'the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift.' In this case, as in that of the late Rev. Charles McLaren, of Siam, we confront the mystery of that providence which seems often to strike down those who are strongest and richest in promise of good."—*Foreign Missionary*, August, 1883.

Rev. James R. Campbell, D.D.

Dr. Campbell was a native of Ireland, but came to this country in his youth. He was a member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and pursued his studies under its direction. Appointed as a missionary, he arrived in India with his wife in 1836. With the exception of a visit to this country, during which he prepared for the press a work on Missions in Hindustan, published in Philadelphia in 1852, he spent his life as a minister in faithful labors on heathen ground. His death is thus referred to in the *Record* of January, 1863:

"It is with great regret we have to record the death of the Rev. James R. Campbell, D.D., of Saharanpur, at Landour, India, on the 18th of Sep-

tember, 1862. His illness was a gangrenous affection of one of his feet, which caused extreme suffering, but he was enabled to bear his sufferings with patience, and he departed this life in the blessed hope of immortality. He was in the sixty-second year of his age, having been a missionary in India over twenty-six years. He was greatly esteemed by his brethren of the Lodiana Mission and other friends in India, as well as by a large number of Christian friends in this country. His death is a great loss to the mission. He was a laborious energetic faithful laborer in the vineyard, and one greatly useful in his work. We mourn over his death, but we feel grateful to God for the grace manifested in his life and labors during so many years.

"Dr. Campbell's account of the death of Samuel, a native catechist at Saharanpur, and his reflections thereon, may well supplement his own brief memorial. 'I asked him if he was afraid to die. "No, sir," he said; "I am not now afraid. I am now fully reconciled to the will of God. I do not wish to live longer in this sinful world." On being asked where his hopes for salvation were placed, he replied emphatically, "On Christ alone; he is the *only* Saviour, and I know he will not disappoint my hopes;" and then, bursting into tears, he said, "Oh, sir, how much I owe to you! You are the means of leading me to Christ, and of instructing me and saving my soul." This was so much more than I had expected, it was too much for me, and we both wept together. At that moment I thought that this was more than enough to compensate me for all the trials I have ever been called to endure

as a missionary. I could have changed places with dear Samuel, to enjoy his happiness and assurance of hope.' Examples like these are precious seals of the favor of Heaven towards the missionary work."

Mrs. James R. Campbell.

On the 19th of March, 1874, Mrs. Campbell, widow of the late Dr. James R. Campbell, fell asleep in Jesus at Ambala, N. India. She was at the time of her decease the oldest female missionary in the Lodiana Mission. She first went to that country in 1835, and for a large part of her life was connected with the station at Saharanpur, and had much to do with the establishment and care of the orphanage in that place. Mrs. Campbell spent about two years, from 1858 to 1860, in Elizabeth, N. J., for the education of her children, having brought them to this country for that purpose.—*Foreign Missionary*, June, 1874.

Rev. David E. Campbell.

Mr. Campbell was a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1825, and a graduate of Marshall College and of the Allegheny Theological Seminary. He went to India with his wife in 1850, and was settled at Futtehgurh, actively and faithfully engaged in the usual missionary labors, until overtaken by the storm of the Sepoy Rebellion in 1857. Mr. Campbell, his wife, and their two youngest children (the oldest being absent from home at the time, and thereby

saved), Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. McMullin, were led to seek safety by trying to reach Allahabad, a British station 250 miles lower down on the Ganges; but their voyage ended in their being taken prisoners and put to death at Cawnpore, by orders of the rebel chief Nena Sahib, on the 13th of June, 1857. They, in company with a large number of other prisoners, English officers, merchants, planters, and many of their wives and children, were shot early in the morning on the parade ground of that city. The history of these terrible times has been so often written, that no particular narrative need be given here. Mr. Walsh's book, *Memorial of the Futtehgurh Missionaries*, will, of course, be consulted by persons who seek fuller information.—*See Appendix, Narrative of Events at Futtehgurh*, etc.

Mrs. Mary J. Campbell.

Mrs. Campbell, wife of the Rev. D. E. Campbell, was a native of Ohio. Her portrait in Mr. Walsh's book would lead one to feel assured that a sweet and gentle spirit animated her; and her life was indeed marked by great Christian excellence. She was active in fulfilling her missionary duties, and equally faithful as a wife and a mother. Always trying to do the work of the Lord, yet shrinking from notice or commendation; humble, conscientious, trusting only in the Saviour, she, no doubt, found his grace all-sufficient in the last hour. She was in her twenty-seventh year when she was put to death at Cawnpore.

Miss Mary M. Campbell.

Miss Campbell, of the Laos Mission, died February 8, 1881. She was drowned on her return by boat from Bangkok to Chiengmai. She was bathing at the time of the accident, and noble efforts were made to rescue her by Dr. Cheek, who in his effort sank with her. He was rescued by others; but she was lost. Miss Campbell was a graduate of Western Female Seminary at Oxford, O., and arrived on her mission field in 1879. She was a most earnest and successful missionary, one who was beloved by all who knew her, both in the mission circle and among the native Christians and pupils by whom her loss will be severely felt. She was the daughter of Rev. John A. Campbell, of Frankfort, Ind. The circumstances attending her drowning are given by Miss Mary E. Hartwell in *Foreign Missionary* for May, 1881.—*Foreign Missionary.*

Rev. Oren K. Canfield.

Mr. Canfield was a native of Massachusetts, but his home was in Morristown, N. J., where he was pursuing his preparatory and college studies. He graduated at Nassau Hall in 1835; spent the usual time in the Princeton Theological Seminary, and went to Africa with Mr. Alward, as already mentioned in his obituary notice. Dr. J. L. Day, whose professional service was rendered to Mr. Canfield in his last illness, said of him, "God was pleased to give Mr. Canfield strength and perseverance to overcome

all the difficulties in the way of erecting a new mission station. He was abundantly inspired with zeal in the good cause." Mr. Sawyer, his colleague, wrote of him, "He died on the 7th of May, 1842, at the age of thirty-three, after an illness of seventeen days, a peaceful and triumphant death. The last hours of Brother Canfield were marked by resignation to the will of God. More than once he asked those attending upon him if they had heard him murmur or complain, and upon being answered in the negative, and that he had borne his sickness very patiently, he interrupted by saying, 'Not unto me, but all is to be ascribed unto the praise and glory of His grace.' Seldom, if ever, has there been one more delighted in his work, or more encouraged with the prospect in view; and no sooner is it made manifest unto him that his purposes and desires are about to be thwarted than he exclaims, 'The will of the Lord be done.'" —*J. C. L.*

Rev. Edward P. Capp.

Mr. Capp left his station at Tungchow, China, in his usual health to accompany Mrs. Capp and Mrs. Crossette on their visit to this country for medical relief, but he was attacked with severe illness soon after the voyage commenced, and when he reached Yokohama it was considered best for him to remain there in the hope of benefit from the change. In the family of Mr. Loomis, one of our missionaries, our friends received tender Christian sympathy and every ministry of kindness, together with the best medical

service; but all proved ineffectual, and he was called from this life on the 26th October, 1873, in the emjoyment of great peace to the end. He was a devoted missionary, fairly entered on his work after many years of careful training,and large hopes were cherished of his great usefulness—hopes that will yet be fulfilled—for he being dead yet speaketh. Deep sympathy is felt for his bereaved wife and for his honored father and his family of Philadelphia. Mr. Capp sailed for China in April, 1869.—*Record*, January, 1874.

Mrs. M. B. Capp.

Mrs. Capp, whose death occurred on the 15th of February, 1882, at Tungchow, China, has left a vacancy in the mission circle not easy to fill. She entered upon the mission work as a single lady in 1867, Miss M. J. Brown, but three or four years later was married to the late Rev. Edward P. Capp. Having become seriously impaired in health, she left her mission field in company with her husband in 1873 on leave of absence for medical counsel. Even before their steamer left Shanghai her husband was taken ill and continually grew worse until soon after reaching Yokohama he died, and the widowed wife herself enfeebled by disease was compelled to pursue her lonely journey homeward. After a year she returned to China, chastened by her sore affliction, where her influence, like the perfume of crushed spices, became only the more potent in opening the hearts of those under her instruction as a missionary. Hers was a

life of beautiful and consistent devotion. Being possessed of more than ordinary intellectual force, with a large measure of common sense and practical energy, she devoted them all to the work of instructing the young of her own sex. She varied the routine work of the school-room by occasional visits to the country villages, where she labored as opportunity afforded among the Chinese women. During her illness, which was protracted, she suffered much from pain and weakness, but always with a spirit of gentle resignation; and when the final moment arrived, she rendered up her account with joy and not with grief. —*Foreign Missionary*, July, 1882.

Mrs. M. B. Carleton.

The fact that our steps are often ordered by a will higher than our own is illustrated in the death of Mrs. Carleton, whose preparations had been made to sail for India about this time in company with her eldest son, who goes as a medical missionary of the Board. Thirteen years ago, Mrs. Carleton, having spent fifteen years as a missionary in India, returned to this country for the purpose of educating her family of six children, leaving her husband to the faithful prosecution of his work on the field.

Establishing herself in Amherst, Mass., she patiently pursued her purpose, supporting herself partly by her own exertions while she endeavored to train her sons and daughters for Christian usefulness. With the exception of her two daughters, who have been left at Wellesley Female College, she had

accomplished her work and was preparing to rejoin her husband after so long a separation, taking with her one son, who was to labor in the same mission and be able to perpetuate his father's influence when he should be called to his rest. But some bodily ailments intervened, the departure was delayed and instead of the long ocean voyage came a summons to the land of peace and rest.

Mrs. Carleton died at the house of an esteemed friend in Brooklyn, November 11, 1881, with little suffering and with a calm and satisfying hope. Her remains were taken for interment to Barre, Vt., where she was born in 1825.—*Foreign Missionary*, December, 1881.

Mrs. Wilmot A. Carrington.

Mrs. Carrington died at Rio Claro, Brazil, December 26, 1891. She was ill but nine days with a malignant bilious fever, closely allied to the dreaded yellow fever. Referring to her last moments, Mr. Carrington writes: "Her death was one of those blessed in the Lord. With an unwavering trust in her Saviour and without a regret that God had chosen at this time and in these circumstances to call her 'home,' with scarcely a struggle she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus." Mrs. Carrington was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Emory, of Washington, D. C. As a member of the Gurley Presbyterian Church, of Washington, she was engaged in all forms of religious activity, and as a foreign missionary her life gave promise of great usefulness. (She had been

on the field a little more than a year.)—*Church at Home and Abroad*, May, 1892.

Mrs. A. M. Cary.

On September 30, 1886, Dr. A. M. Cary and Rev. D. G. Collins, and their wives, sailed for Laos Mission. Mrs. Cary was not permitted to reach this far-off field, but died of cholera while on her way up the Meinam river, midway between Bangkok and Chien Mai, January 17, 1887. She was highly commended and greatly mourned. Her afflicted husband and her sister, Mrs. Collins, and husband continued their journey to Chien Mai.—*Annual Report*, 1887.

Rev. William Clemens.

Mr. Clemens was a native of Wheeling, Va., a graduate of Washington College, Pa., and of Princeton Theological Seminary, and a missionary for nine years in Corisco, Western Africa. He was a man of more than ordinary energy, great warmth of heart, and piety the most sincere and devoted. Accompanied by his equally devoted wife, he went to Africa in September, 1853. Their health requiring a change of climate for a season, they returned in 1858 to this country on a visit, and went back to Corisco early in the next year. Mrs. Clemens' health needing to be again recruited, she came home, leaving Mr. Clemens at his post; but it became necessary for him also to seek health again in his native land.

On the voyage he was taken to his rest on the 24th of June, 1862, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and he was buried at sea in south lat. 2°, west long. 6° 27′.

Though compelled to take furloughs from his work, Mr. Clemens' missionary life and labors were but very little marked by the feebleness of ill health; during most of the time, his health was good; indeed, so vigorous that he often went beyond the bounds of prudence in his work, doing in Africa what few men would attempt to do in this country. This was particularly manifest in the building of his dwelling house, in his journeys to visit the main-land tribes, in order to obtain scholars for instruction at his station in Corisco, and generally in all his work. Whatever he undertook to do, he did "with a will," with all his might. He was an earnest, whole-hearted missionary. And his labors were not in vain. His success in collecting scholars from several different tribes, whom he hoped to prepare for usefulness among their own people, was indeed remarkable ; to secure it he had to make difficult and sometimes dangerous journeys, remove prejudices, allay fears, and win the confidence of heathen parents. It was a cause of the greatest joy to him to see some of these young men brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, and devoting themselves to his service. In preaching services, also, and in translating a part of the Sacred Scriptures into Benga, Mr. Clemens bore a full share. But it is impossible to give an adequate view of the character, labors, and usefulness of this good man—this able missionary, in this brief sketch.

Let it be ended with the tribute paid to his memory by his colleague, the Rev. C. De Heer, who was a passenger with him in the same ship, likewise seeking the restoration of health, and permitted to minister to his comfort in his last illness.

"Again is our dear mission plunged into deep sorrow by the loss of one of its most able and laborious members. Answerable to his high calling as a missionary of the cross, our sainted brother executed his office in season and out of season; indeed, by night and by day, on the land and on the sea, the mountain top and the valley, the chapel, as well as the poor African hut; in short, he was the missionary everywhere. It was for Africa, long despised and neglected Africa, that his noble Christian heart bled. Honored with the privilege of becoming a servant to 'the servant of servants,' he sacrificed his all to win them to Christ. To be the means of educating these outcasts of the earth, he took his life in his hand and went forward from tribe to tribe, planting the standard of the cross, proclaiming peace through the blood of the Lamb, liberty to the captives."—*J. C. L.*

Rev. John Cloud.

Mr. Cloud was born and brought up in Western Pennsylvania, but no information has been received of his early life. He graduated at Jefferson College, studied theology at the Allegheny Seminary, reached Africa as a missionary December 31, 1833, and died in April, 1834. He was a man of ardent temperament, which led him against the counsels of his col-

leagues to undertake for missionary exploration a journey of one hundred and fifty miles on foot before he had fully recovered from sickness. The unavoidable exposure and fatigue of the journey prostrated his strength and brought on an attack of dysentery under which he sank in a few days. He is remembered as a man of loving heart, generous impulses, respectable talents and the sincerest piety. His age was about thirty.—*J. C. L.*

Rev. Joseph G. Cochran.

The Rev. Benjamin Labaree, writing at Oroomiah, December 4, 1871, sends the following obituary sketch of his lamented co-laborer, who died November 2, 1871, aged fifty-seven years. It will be read with great interest, and will confirm the impression that one of the best missionaries has been called to rest from his labors, and also that these labors were eminently earnest and successful. The grace of God is magnified in the life, the work, and the death of this devoted missionary. May his example be kept in view by all connected with the work of Christian missions!

Previous letters have informed you of the sad providence which has bereaved us of our oldest associate in the missionary work, the Rev. J. G. Cochran.

For twenty-three years he has taken a most active part in the mission work among the Nestorians. He brought to it unusual energy of character, that has left its impress upon every department of labor in the

field. His principal service has been in connection with the Male Seminary in the training up of a native ministry. It was a work to call out all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature, and one to which he had devoted himself most laboriously and faithfully year after year for nearly a quarter of a century. At first he was associated with Mr. Stoddard, but after his death, the whole responsibility of the institution devolved upon him alone. The fruits of his labors in this department are the living men who are scattered far and wide in Persia and Koordistan, reproducing the evangelical teachings of their devoted instructor both in their lives and doctrines.

But his labors were by no means confined to instruction in the seminary. He took an active interest in every department of the missionary work. In connection with his seminary duties he was commonly engaged in the preparation of some text-book or other work for the press. When not confined by the seminary, no one was more enterprising in visiting the villages. At all seasons and in all weathers he was abroad on his tours of preaching and general superintendence—tours the most widely extended and fatiguing. During the two last winters especially (the seminary not being in session), he had given himself with the greatest devotion to spiritual labors among the villages, and with most cheering evidences, in several places, of the Spirit's blessing on his labors.

Equally with the spiritual growth of the churches, it was the desire of our brother to see a more complete and formal separation of the evangelical Nesto-

rians from the old Church—a more thorough sundering of every tie which linked the Reformed Church with the corrupt and effete system out of which it had gradually emerged.

To build up a Church untrammeled with any remnants of a hierarchy or of superstition, organized for self-direction and self-support, was the aim of his missionary life, to which he gave himself with peculiar earnestness in his later years. He was permitted to see most decided progress in this respect. But the year before he finished his labors among them, the native churches, under his lead, made a new declaration that placed them in an attitude of more complete independence. In the matter of self-support, too, they manifest an encouraging disposition to go forward. It was a glad occasion to our brother last winter when, after a long session of several hours, with one of our native churches, in his efforts to bring its members to united action, they voted to assume the whole support of their pastor for the current year. It was the first instance of such action, and seemed to him the harbinger of better times.

The past year of Mr. Cochran's missionary life was one of peculiar trial, as it was one of severe toil. His whole family had been called home to America, while the exigencies of the missionary work constrained him to remain at his post. This trial of separation, with the anxiety added to the heavy cares that devolved upon him in the field, caused a severe draught upon his mental and physical system. Unfettered by what some are pleased to call the *hindrances* of family claims, his natural energy and his

zeal for the cause led him to go to the full limits of his strength, and, as we see now, even beyond it, in a diversity of duties. While the seminary was in session in the summer, he regularly gave from two to three hours to instruction, besides the general oversight of the institution, and occasional special lectures and religious services. Every week he rode to villages more or less distant, holding a meeting on Saturday with the helpers of different districts, giving them instruction in homiletics, the bare preparation for which was a mighty duty. The Sabbaths were spent in preaching, and in attending to any particular matters in the churches demanding the missionary's consideration. On Monday he returned to his seminary studies. His associates remonstrated against such an uninterrupted course of exhausting labors. The checks and diversions of his own family alone could have restrained him from this severe strain upon all his powers.

In the midsummer he suspended his duties at the station, and made a rapid journey to Constantinople, to meet a part of his family (Mrs. Cochran and two daughters) returning to Oroomiah, accompanied by a considerable reinforcement of new missionaries. With scarcely any delay at Constantinople, and with no rest in fact, he started back, urgent to complete the toilsome land journey before the cold weather should set in. The conducting of so large a party, with insufficient help, was a responsibility that rested heavily upon him, and wore severely upon his already strained nerves.

Symptoms of fever appeared a day or two before

his arrival in Oroomiah, and as soon as the first excitement of reaching us was over, he took to his bed with what proved to be typhoid fever. In just a fortnight after his arrival the disease did its work, and he rested from his earthly labors.

When first made aware that his disease was probably the so often fatal typhoid fever, he was deeply exercised. The possible issue of the disease was forced upon his thoughts. On the one hand, he clung tenaciously to life, and on the other, a sense of his sins burdened him and made him shrink from dying. But the struggle was only a short one. A joyous assurance of complete acceptance with Christ took possession of his soul. He called his wife and daughters about him, and spoke to them freely and calmly of their future in case he should be taken away, leading them several times in prayer, and asking for different hymns to be sung.

From that time on, he was himself only at intervals, but whenever his attention was arrested, his mind was clear and full of assurance of pardon. At one time a verse of a hymn was repeated, when he immediately responded, reciting two verses of the hymn "Majestic sweetness," etc. At another time he was asked if Jesus was near. He replied, "Yes." And then rousing still more, he said with much effort, but with peculiar emphasis, "Yes, yes, I do believe my sins are all forgiven." In answer to other questions, he expressed a preference for many reasons to live, particularly that he might begin a more consecrated life, to live which he felt that the Saviour had communicated to him a new and higher degree of power and grace.

In the first stage of his delirium his mind labored with the cares of the recent journey, but subsequently he was for days almost wholly absorbed in the prospective meeting of the preachers and delegates of the native churches. (It had been appointed to take place the day on which he died.) He often seemed to be addressing the brethren, but the only words really intelligible were, "Go forward;" and at another time, not long before he died, "The subjects are exhausted; in the morning we may disperse." Thus in his last hours his distracted brain betrayed the deep hold the prosperity of these Nestorian churches had upon his soul.

Numbers of the native preachers, his pupils, had gathered to attend the meeting alluded to, uninformed of the threatening nature of his illness. Several of the more prominent ones acted as bearers. At the funeral not a few gave expression to their sincere grief, and paid most appropriate tribute to the devotion and faithfulness with which their instructor had labored to bring them to Christ, and afterwards to make them skillful preachers of his word.—*Record*, May, 1872.

Mrs. Deborah Plumb Cochran.

The death of Mrs. D. P. Cochran on the 9th of March, 1893, at Oroomiah removes a venerable landmark in the mission to Persia. She left the United States with her husband, Rev. Joseph G. Cochran, for missionary labors among the Nestorians in 1847. Thus for more than forty-five years she has been

identified with the progress of the Gospel in that land. Her arrival there antedates that of any other missionary at present connected with the mission, by more than twelve years. To those now in the field she was a link with the pioneers of that mission, held in high esteem and affection.

But Mrs. Cochran's life for this nearly half a century of missionary service is memorable in other respects than its long duration. It was eminent as well for the choice qualities of Christian character she brought to it, and for the untiring devotion with which she was ready to spend and be spent in behalf of the people she sought to win to Christ. If there has ever been a missionary whom the Nestorians revered and loved it was this devoted woman. She was known among them as one who, for the love of Christ, was willing to share the best she had, and almost the very last, with the needy and distressed. And though her patience was often sorely tried by thoughtless and ungrateful recipients of her kindness, neither patience nor kindness ever seemed exhausted.

During her husband's life she was his efficient coadjutor in the oversight of the school of the youthful prophets under his charge at Seir. The tender motherly interest and love she bestowed upon the wild rough boys who, in early times especially, gathered there, were a potent influence in the make-up of their characters which has made very many of them preachers and teachers of eminent usefulness. And in the summer touring of her husband in the villages, with all the hazards and discomforts attending it, she bravely went with him, taking her flock of little ones

with her. Here, too, her sweet and gentle manners, her courtesy to the humblest peasant, her dignity on all occasions, a quality highly appreciated among Orientals, together with the order and propriety of her model Christian family went far to win attention and esteem for the truths of the Gospel urged by the missionary preacher.

After the lamented death of Mr. Cochran, Mrs. Cochran chose to remain in the missionary work, and has been a much valued coworker in many lines. For the last ten or more years she has been the matron of the Westminster Hospital, under the care of her son, Dr. J. P. Cochran. This institution has earned a high reputation. It has had phenomenal success. And it is no detraction from the honors due the eminently skillful physician and surgeon in charge to credit part of its high achievements to the matron's most assiduous and competent coöperation. To the inmates of the hospital she was an angel of light and comfort, caring for their wants with, to them, unheard-of thoughtfulness and with a tenderness of manner that in itself carried healing to their diseased bodies. She was ever watchful, too, that the patients in the institution should have their thoughts directed to Christ as the Great Physician, reading to them herself very frequently from the Bible, or setting others to read to them in the different languages called for. Many are the Mohammedans who have entered there for treatment with reluctance, from their contempt and hate for the Christians, who have gone out with greatly softened prejudices and a new and hopeful interest in the Christian's Saviour.

In January Mrs. Cochran had a stroke of paralysis, and two months after she sweetly entered into rest.

Appropriate services were conducted in her memory and many feeling addresses were made by leading men among the Nestorians, with whose school-day life and early spiritual history Mrs. Cochran was affectionately associated. When the remains were to be borne from the college chapel to the conveyance which was to carry them to the little missionary cemetery at Seir, several of the old pastors and other graduates of the school claimed the privilege of bearing the casket themselves, as a parting token of their esteem and affection. It was such an honor as they bestow on their bishops in the old church or on other distinguished men in the nation. Long will the memory of this devoted woman remain among the people to whom she has ministered in the Saviour's name ; and who can estimate the influence of her shining character upon the generations to come, as it diffuses itself downward from age to age?—*B. Labaree D.D.*, *Church at Home and Abroad*, June, 1893.

Mrs. Laura Condit.

Mrs. Condit, wife of Rev. Ira M. Condit, of the Mission in China, died December 5, 1866. She was qualified for usefulness in a high degree and was devoted to her Lord's work, so that her removal was one of the mysteries of Providence. She was kept in perfect peace in her last illness.—*Annual Report*, 1867.

Mrs. Hunter Corbett.

Mrs. Corbett, wife of Rev. Hunter Corbett, of Chefoo, China, died March 10, 1873, after a protracted illness of nearly six months, in which she had experienced great suffering, but had displayed a rare patience inspired by the grace of God. Even to the last she offered the fervent and effectual prayer of the righteous for the Divine blessing upon the mission work.

Miss C. B. Browning writes: "Last Sunday evening, after a few hours of nervous restlessness, she slept. We hoped she would awaken refreshed; but she slept on until nearly five o'clock Monday morning, when without a struggle or a groan she awoke in heaven. She said to me only a day or two before: 'How nice it would be just to go to sleep and wake up at home safe on the other side.' She had her wish, for *so* God took her home. Sunday evening she said to her husband: 'I love you truly, but I love Jesus more.' To the doctor she said, 'It is all right.'"—*Annual Report*, 1874, and *Record*, July, 1873.

Mrs. Hunter Corbett (2d).

Many hearts in all parts of the Presbyterian Church will sympathize with the Rev. Hunter Corbett, D.D., in the great loss to which he has been called by the decease of his beloved wife and companion in missionary labor. Mrs. Corbett was attacked in the month of August (1888) with malarial

fever, which continued its course persistently for twenty-five days. She, however, rallied and had been able to leave her bed with every prospect of recovery. Accordingly on the morning of 3d of October Dr. Corbett started for the country for his autumnal tour among the churches, accompanied by Rev. Thomas Marshall, of St. Louis, his convalescent wife being left in the competent care of a trained nurse. A relapse occurred soon after he left, and on the 7th of October, four days after his departure, Mrs. Corbett was called to her rest. The bitter tidings were sent to Dr. Corbett by a special messenger, who reached him 150 miles in the interior.

The eulogium of Mrs. Corbett, like that of Dorcas in the New Testament times, is written in the hearts of the whole community. "It is touching," says a recent letter, "to see the sorrow and tears of our native Christians and school children. Not a few of the heathen mothers in whose homes Mrs. Corbett had visited or whom she had helped in sickness or poverty have been deeply moved. Several inquired of one of our elders if they would be allowed to show their sorrow by going to her grave to weep and burn incense. Her end was peace, all fear of death had passed away."

One can well understand how the hearts of those who know not the blessed life of the Resurrection or the assurance, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," should wish to burn incense over such a grave. There is something pathetic in the groping of heathen minds and hearts which have been touched by that which needs no translation into any

language—the ministry of kindness and Christ-like love—which speaks from heart to heart. This had spoken out in Mrs. Corbett's missionary life even to the heathen and they had felt its power. Not less deep and heartfelt than this grief of heathen mothers will be that of all who knew Mrs. Corbett, whether in the mission circle or among her acquaintances in this country.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, January, 1889.

Rev. Edward and Mrs. Alida Cornes.

Mr. Cornes was a graduate of McCormick Seminary, and with his wife arrived in Yokohama in June, 1868. The simultaneous death of both with their eldest child on 1st of August, 1870, is thus reported by Dr. J. C. Hepburn :

"The telegram will doubtless convey to you the sad news of the death of our brother Cornes, his wife and their eldest son, Edward. It occurred on the afternoon of the 1st of August. They had taken passage in a small steamer—*City of Yedo*—which plied daily between this place and Yedo, and just as the boat was leaving the wharf the boiler exploded, killing instantly our three friends. Their little infant of about three months old was asleep in the cabin, lying on the transom, and escaped with only both hands badly scalded. The infant is with us—we have taken it as our own child if Mr. Cornes' friends in the United States consent; if not we shall send it to them when it is large enough to go. Its hands are rapidly improving and will heal without deformity I think."

Mr. Cornes was much liked in the Japanese school where he was laboring and bade fair to be a very useful man. The government officers connected with the Board of Education have presented his estate—the infant—with $800 as a tribute of their esteem for him and sorrow at his loss. He had made very respectable progress in the language and was looking forward with much hope to being engaged more directly at some day soon in his peculiar missionary duties. He always regarded his connection with the school merely as a temporary matter which he would be glad to lay aside for the work of preaching the Gospel. We mourn our loss and the loss of the missionary work in this country.—*Record*, November, 1870.

Mr. M. S. Coulter.

Moses Stanley Coulter was born on the 30th of May, 1824, in Brooke county, Virginia. From this place he removed, with his parents, to the State of Illinois, where he afterwards resided. In the sixteenth year of his age, he experienced, as he hoped, a change of heart, and publicly professed his faith in Christ.

With a view to preparation for the work of the ministry, he entered Hanover College, Indiana, in May, 1844. He was here a diligent and successful student, and stood high in point of scholarship, while his Christian deportment and attention to his college duties secured to him the esteem and affection of his teachers and associates. He was graduated with his class on the 19th July, 1848.

About this time he was requested to take charge of the printing press at Ningpo, and after careful consideration of the question of duty, he accepted this appointment. In February, 1849, he embarked for China with his wife, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Crowe. They arrived at Ningpo on the 24th of August. The Rev. Aug. W. Loomis, who for some time had charge of the printing office, was just at this time on the point of returning to the United States, on account of the failure of his health. Mr. Coulter was therefore called to enter immediately upon the duties of this responsible situation.

Mr. Coulter, soon after his arrival, placed himself under the care of the Presbytery of Ningpo, as a candidate, with a view to pursuing his studies preparatory to the work of the ministry, to which he felt himself called. At the same time he did not neglect the important work of learning the language in which he hoped to preach.

Mr. Coulter, however, possessed other qualifications which rendered him a most valuable member of the mission. He possessed a sound and sober judgment, but was ready cheerfully to yield to that of a majority of his associates when it happened to differ from his own. His modest and retiring disposition, his strong attachment to his friends, his uniform gentleness and kindness, endeared him to his associates, and, together with his unostentatious devotion to the cause of Christ, exerted a healthy influence in the circle of his acquaintance. He secured, also, a large share in the respect and affection of the Chinese with whom he was in the habit of intercourse.

When Mr. Coulter first arrived at Ningpo, his fine manly form, and apparent strength of frame, seemed to promise a long period of labor in the work upon which he was entering. This hope, alas, was too soon to be disappointed. He was repeatedly attacked by disease attributable to the climate, recovering health, and resuming his work, until in the latter part of the summer of 1852, he was taken with sickness, which eventually proved fatal.

On the night of Friday, the 10th of December, a change occurred, of which he was conscious, and which he himself was the first to announce. On Saturday, it was evident to all that the time of his departure was at hand. Many friends called to bid a last farewell. Occasionally his mind wandered, and for a time, while in this half-unconscious state, Satan seemed permitted to assail him. But his feet were upon the rock, and the adversary, though permitted to buffet, could not prevail against him. The clouds passed away and he expressed his confidence in the Saviour of sinners.

That was a gloomy day. In the morning an eclipse of the sun, nearly total, darkened the heavens and spread dismay among the heathen around who sought by dismal sounds to avert the catastrophe they dreaded. More sublime than the spectacle in the heavens was that of the soul of our brother struggling in the agonies of death, or rather *triumphing over death*, yielding to his grasp for a moment, but only to mount up swiftly to those happy mansions which death can never enter. As the sun soon again resumed his wonted splendor, so it was felt, the soul

then passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death would soon be basking in the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness, never again to experience the hidings of his face. At three o'clock on Sabbath morning the 12th of December, 1852, his spirit took its flight and passed, as we cannot doubt, to "brighter worlds on high."—*J. C. L.*

Mr. James Craig.

Mr. Craig joined the Lodiana Mission as teacher in 1838 and died August 16, 1845, in the forty-sixth year of his age. He was a member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and was sent to India by the Western Foreign Missionary Society. In the *Missionary Chronicle* of February, 1846, there is a warm tribute to his memory by Rev. James R. Campbell, D. D., who thus refers to his closing hours: "About midnight he awoke out of a long sleep, and supposing that his end was near, he formally in prayer commended his wife and children to the Lord. About four o'clock he was asked if Christ was precious now, and never can we forget the expression of his countenance and the heavenly joy that seemed to spread over his face as an index of that ecstasy that filled his enraptured soul. He then gave the last parting grasp of the hand of Mrs. Craig, gradually lost all consciousness of external things and sweetly and calmly without a struggle took his departure for a world of endless and unspeakable happiness. Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—*J. C. L.*

Miss Margaret A. Craig.

The death of Miss Craig is reported from the Lodiana Mission on the 15th of September, 1890. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Craig, of Philadelphia, who were in India from 1838 to 1845, he being a teacher, and where he died. Miss Craig went to that country in 1870. Her illness was protracted and marked with great suffering calling forth much sympathy. Rev. R. Morrison in writing of her departure speaks warmly of her usefulness in her missionary life.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, December, 1890.

Mrs. Ida D. Cranshaw.

Mrs. Cranshaw, of the Liberia Mission, was called to her rest on the 29th of January, 1891. Though not many years connected with the mission, yet her consecration, efficiency and success in the school at Warney, near Greenville, were remarkable, so that her early death is a serious loss to our work, though doubtless great gain to her.—*Annual Report*, 1891.

Rev. J. Fisher Crossett.

The State Department at Washington has received from the American legation at Pekin a report of the death of this earnest and devoted man, who died June 21, 1889, on board a steamer bound from Shanghai to Tientsin. Mr. Crossett was for a number of years a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, and

was looked upon by the Chinese with something approaching worship, owing to his great simplicity of character and his complete devotion to his work. Failing somewhat in health, he became the subject of partial mental aberration, his mind taking the direction of intense self-exaction and a morbidly sensitive conscience. He withdrew from the mission, and was sent home with a hope of restoration to health. His mental balance was partially restored, but his great eccentricity rendered it necessary that he should work upon his own lines and should reject anything like regular support. He even went so far as to restore to the Board considerable amounts of what he had already received, which amounts, however, were handed over to his wife, who, left entirely without support from him, was greatly in need of it. The impossible conditions in which Mr. Crossett lived rendered it absolutely necessary that he should live alone, and many times he has been rescued by brother missionaries from extreme suffering and privation. His influence over the Chinese would have been great in any case as a simple result of his devotion to their welfare ; but to the Oriental mind anything that is morbid and savors of ascetic rigor comes to be regarded as well-nigh superhuman, and elicits a respect bordering on worship.

So far as we know, all the missionaries in Pekin, whether of our own or other Boards, have sympathized with Mr. Crossett in his work. While they could not share his views or his methods, they have held themselves ready at all times to aid him as far as possible. All men who have known him, native

or foreign, will mourn the loss of one of the noblest and most self-sacrificing men of his time, and will sympathize deeply with his wife, who while utterly unable, after various attempts, to accompany her husband in his peculiar work, has continually cherished him in her heart and sustained him by her earnest prayers.

We gladly append the tribute which our American minister, Mr. Denby, has sent to the department at Washington:

"Mr. Crossett's life was devoted to doing good to the poorest classes of Chinese. He had charge of a winter refuge for the poor at Pekin during several winters. He would go out on the streets the coldest nights and pick up destitute beggars and convey them to the refuge, where he provided them with food. He also buried them at his own expense. He visited all the prisons, and often procured the privilege of removing the sick to his refuge. The officials had implicit confidence in him, and allowed him to visit at pleasure all the prisons and charitable institutions. He was known by the Chinese as the "Christian Buddha." He was attached to no organization of men. He was a missionary pure and simple, devoted rather to charity than proselytism. He literally took Christ as his exemplar. He traveled all over China and the East. He took no care for his expenses. Food and lodging were voluntarily furnished him. Inn-keepers would take no pay from him, and private persons were glad to entertain him. It must be said that his wants were few. He wore the Chinese dress, had no regular meals, drank only

water, and lived on fruit, with a little rice or millet. He aimed at translating his ideal, Christ, into reality. He wore long auburn hair, parted in the middle, so as to resemble the pictures of Christ. Charitable people furnished him money for his refuge, and he never seemed to want for funds. He slept on a board or on the floor. Even in his last hours, being a deck passenger on the *El Dorado*, he refused to be transferred to the cabin, but the kindly captain, some hours before he died, removed him to a berth, where he died, still speaking of going to heaven, and entreating the bystanders to love the Lord.

"This man taught the pure love of God and goodness. He completely sacrificed himself for the good of the poorest of the poor. He acted out his principles to the letter. He was as poor and lived as plainly as the poorest of his patients. On charitable subjects he wrote well. The ideal to him was practical. Let this American then be enshrined in the annals of men who loved their fellow-men."

[Mr. Crossett was one of my most beloved pupils in Lane Seminary. He was a good man.—H.A.N.] —*Church at Home and Abroad*, October, 1889.

Rev. M. Simpson Culbertson, D.D.

Dr. Culbertson was a native of Chambersburgh, Pennsylvania. He graduated at the Military Academy, West Point, where he stood high in character and scholarship, and spent a short time as an officer in the U. S. Army. Becoming an earnest follower of Christ, he resigned his commission and pursued

the usual course of study in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He went with his wife as a missionary to China, arriving in that country, October, 1844. With the exception of a visit to this country, for his health, in 1856 and '57, he continued at his missionary work in China until his death in 1862, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

Dr. Culbertson was fitted by nature and by grace to be a leader among men; he would doubtless have achieved distinction if he had continued in military service, but he won a noble fame as a missionary, and he never regretted his choice. He was held in great respect and esteem by his missionary brethren and by the church at home. His main work was the translation of the Scriptures into Chinese, pursued for several years in connection with other eminent missionaries, but which he survived them to complete. A work from his pen, *The Religions of North China*, was published by Scribner and Co., New York, during his visit to this country, and it is understood that a biography of him is in preparation for the press. One of his colleagues, the Rev. W. A. P. Martin, D.D., at the request of the missionaries, preached a commemorative sermon at Shanghai, in August, 1862, the concluding paragraphs of which are here appended:

"Of the excellencies of his character I need offer no delineation; they are attested, with one voice, by all the Protestant missionaries, of all ecclesiastical connections, in this community. 'Our devoted brother,' they say, in a paper, adopted a few days after his death, 'was "a man of meek and quiet

spirit," and remarkable for his singleness of aim and straightforward energy and industry in his Master's service. . . . . He set before himself the highest ends, and strove, both by preaching and example, to glorify God in the salvation of his fellow-men. He labored, in connection with the late Dr. Bridgeman, for several years, with assiduity and perseverance, in preparing a revised translation of the sacred Scriptures in the Chinese language, a labor of love which he regarded as the great work of his life, and it was a source of great consolation to him, just before his departure, that God had enabled him to complete it. We recognize in these traits of character, and this Christian life, the devoted missionary, whose example is worthy of our imitation.

"'*Resolved*, *therefore*, That we will cherish with affectionate remembrance the character and course of our departed brother.'

"Happy the grave which is crowned with such a tribute! There is but one eulogium which a good man may covet more earnestly, and that is the 'Well done, good and faithful,' pronounced by his Lord and Saviour. This blissful welcome has no doubt greeted those ears, which are now deaf to the voice of human applause.

"There let us leave him, bending before the throne of God, and drinking in the fullness of that 'eternal life,' the words of which he delighted in dispensing to the perishing heathen."—*J. C. L.*

Rev. Gerald F. Dale.

A dark shadow has fallen upon our Syria Mission in the death of this beloved servant of God. We had much to say, but have concluded to let those speak who knew him best. The following affectionate and discriminating tributes well express the estimate of the officers and members of this Board as to the man and his work, and also the deep sense of bereavement which they feel.

Dr. H. H. Jessup, in a letter dated October 7, 1886, says:

"The Lord has sorely smitten the Syria Mission again, in the sudden death of Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., who died in Zahleh yesterday morning, October 6, aged about forty years. His disease was so malignant and swift that medical aid was of no avail. His little daughter Carrie had been ill for weeks, and her death was expected from day to day; but no one dreamed that the father, in the very prime and flower of his strength, would fall before that little, frail, emaciated child.

"On Sunday he preached twice in Arabic—in the morning in Zahleh, and in the afternoon in Moallakah. On Monday afternoon he went through the new school building with his colleague, Mr. Greenlee, and Mr. Jewett, an Oriental scholar from Harvard. Mr. Greenlee called his attention to the swelling behind his ear and on his neck, and suggested that he ought not to be out in the air; but he replied that it was only a trifling boil which would soon pass away. Otherwise he seemed as well as usual. On Tuesday

he felt somewhat weak, but his father-in-law, Dr. Bliss, President of the college in Beirût, thought it only the ordinary effects of a boil, and set out for Beirût on horseback, as the college was to open in a fortnight. In the afternoon Mr. Greenlee was with him, and he talked cheerfully of the work in the Zahleh station and its outstations; but his weakness increased so suddenly and rapidly that Mrs. Bliss authorized the native physician, a college graduate, to telegraph Dr. Post to come at once from Beirût. Drs. Post and Bliss left Beirût at 11 P.M., and hastened over Lebanon, reaching Zahleh about 5.30 A.M.; but, alas, they were one hour too late! The fatal, malignant pustule had poisoned the blood, and dissolution was inevitable. Mrs. Dale, who has an infant daughter only three weeks old, was brought into the room before his death, but he was almost unable to speak from the swelling in his throat. In the forenoon a funeral service was held in the Zahleh Church, conducted by Dr. Post and Mr. Greenlee, and attended by a vast multitude of the people, who afterward accompanied the remains down the valley to Moallakah, from which place Messrs. Greenlee and Jewett took the precious casket in a carriage to the Aaleie junction of the Damascus road.

"The funeral service was conducted in the Beirût Church, by Dr. Dennis and Mr. Greenlee in English, and Rev. H. H. Jessup in Arabic. We entered the American cemetery near the church by moonlight, and lowered the casket to its resting-place near the graves of Pliny Fisk, Eli Smith and Whiting, Wood, Drs. Danforth and Calhoun, and many others whose

names are known and loved here and in their native land. A wreath of flowers, brought by the ladies of the British Syrian school, was laid on the headstone.

"We can hardly realize the greatness of our loss, nor can we believe that he is gone. Dr. Charles Hodge spoke thus of him to the officers of our Board when he applied for appointment as a missionary: 'Mr. Dale is the model scholar, the model Christian, and the model gentleman of Princeton Seminary.' He has maintained this high character throughout. He was a remarkable man. He at the same time enforced your respect by his lofty motives and high character, won your love by his gentle and winning ways, and awakened your astonishment at his extraordinary zeal and capacity for work. The first text which flashed upon my mind when the sad telegram reached us was: 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.' He was literally on fire with burning zeal. That benighted region of the Bukah, from Mount Hermon to Báalbec and Riblah, filled with besotted Metawileh and ignorant nominal Christians, he had explored and awakened by his stirring activity and burning words, until his name was a watchword on every side. Corrupt government officials feared his stern integrity, the poor and oppressed loved him, and scores of young men and women whom he had selected and put in the way of acquiring an education looked upon him as a benefactor. He was singularly devoted to his work. He could go into a Turkish court and defend the rights of the persecuted, and the corrupt officials would quail before him. And he would take a little child by the hand, pat her on the

head, ask her name, and win her little heart. He was a fine preacher in Arabic, a true and trusty friend, a loving and beloved brother, and had won the confidence and esteem of the natives all over Syria where he was known."

Rev. W. W. Eddy writes thus:

"I knew him as a loved and honored Christian brother, a most untiring Christian worker, an enthusiastic missionary, having large faith in man and large hopes in the results of labor; fertile in resources, his energy branching out in various lines of effort; genial in intercourse with all men, conciliatory in manner, making friends and keeping them; impressing all with whom he came in contact with a conviction of his sincerity and entire devotedness to the cause of his Master. This reaper has retired *at morn* with sheaves of fruits. The same voice that summoned from Syria's plains Pliny Fisk at the age of thirty-three, and has since called, in their early manhood, Mr. Wood and Dr. Danforth and William Calhoun and Miss Whittlesey and Mrs. Aiken, has called Mr. Dale to join them before the throne."

Rev. Dr. James S. Dennis, at the funeral service in Beirût, said:

"Dr. Dale was a strong and earnest missionary, and he loved his field with a perfect passion. Through summer heat and winter cold, in storm and tempest, in rain and mud, in snow and sleet, in withering sirocco as well as in the bright and glorious sunshine of that fair garden of Coelo-Syria, he was in the saddle visiting his parish and watching over his spiritual charge. His fourteen years of missionary

life had enough of spiritual fire and self-consuming zeal in them to answer for an ordinary life-time of common service.

"Every promise of infinite love was his. His life and his death have been in harmony with a divine purpose. His body may have been smitten with a mysterious disease, but his soul has escaped the 'snare of the fowler;' it has fled to the land of rest and security where there is no 'terror by night,' and where no 'arrow flieth by day.'

"When God's voice speaks it is for us to listen. This startling call, this sudden summons, is the voice of God. What does it say? It spoke to him as a pilgrim in the midst of life's pilgrimage, while the sun was yet high in the heavens and his step was still steady and true, as he pressed loyally onward towards a seemingly distant goal. It bade him stop, for the pilgrimage was ended. It bade him lay aside the pilgrim's staff, cast off those soiled and earth-worn garments, and prepare to enter the shining portals of the pilgrim's home.

"It spoke to him as a soldier of the cross, with his armor on, at his post of duty, in the forefront of the field of conflict, with his sword girded upon his thigh —rather his good blade drawn in the face of the foe, and his heart aflame with zeal and courage and high ambition. It bade him sheathe his sword, ungird it from his thigh and lay it aside. It bade him put off his armor and lay down every weapon and cease from earthly strife. It bade him hasten from the ranks of the church militant to the ranks of the church triumphant. It proclaimed his promotion on the field

of battle, and lo! he was lost as in a chariot of fire—translated to the land where the conflict is hushed forever, and only songs of peace float over mountain and vale.

"It spoke to him as an ambassador of Christ, ever faithful and true to his Lord's commission, ever pleading his Sovereign's claims, ever ready and prompt in his Master's business, ever seeking first the glory of his King and the triumph of his cause. It recalled him from the distant sphere of service where he had been beseeching men and praying them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God, and bade him hasten to the royal presence and report in person at the palace of the King.

"It spoke to him as a preacher of the Gospel, and bade him cry aloud once more for truth and righteousness; another message for the souls of men, another pleading appeal of ardent love, another clarion call of faith and hope and high aspiration; then fold the manuscript and close the Bible, and seal the lips, and step down from the place of trust and power—the pulpit of a living, evangelical Gospel—and appear before the Saviour, whose loving message he had delivered so faithfully, and receive from him the great and precious reward.

"It spoke to him as a husband, a father, a son and a brother, and bade him say farewell to those dear friends, and, leaving them in God's care, to await them on another and a happier shore. Let us hope that this divine voice, with its solemn message to him, will speak in consolation and tenderness to the stricken hearts so suddenly and crushingly bereaved."

Rev. George A. Ford writes:

"I am touched by the sorrowful exclamations of our Syrian brethren. Even those who knew him but slightly declare 'He was wonderful. Never have we seen such untiring devotion and holy zeal as his.' The Zahleh Station mourns him who was called of God to be the chief instrument in founding it and in developing it these fourteen years; whose name had become a 'household word' throughout a large section of country. The college mourns a missionary who surpassed all his associates in unsparing devotion to its interests, and in affectionate relations to its student constituency.

"The Mission mourns its most enthusiastic and devoted member, whose zeal has passed into a proverb among us. In our devotional meetings his words were always aflame with holy fire, and his prayers those of one eminently a 'man of God,' or to use his own favorite expression, 'waiting upon God.'

"But that which most impressed one in the character of Brother Dale was the Christianlike union of dissimilar traits rarely to be seen together. He excelled in both spirituality and practicability. He was most serious yet most sanguine. He was no less remarkable for gentleness than for energy, for superb push than for superb patience, and for conspicuous positiveness than for conspicuous modesty. His severity was always kind and his friendliness always dignified."—*Foreign Missionary*, December, 1886.

Mrs. Joshua A. Danforth.

Writing from Tungchow, China, of the death of his wife, the Rev. J. A. Danforth gave the following account. It no doubt describes correctly the worth of this devoted missionary. "Shortly after reaching home she rapidly declined, until on the 13th inst. (September, 1861), her twenty-third birthday, she folded her hands and gently fell asleep in Jesus. So calmly and peacefully did she pass away that we could scarcely perceive when her freed spirit escaped from its prison and sped away on angel's wings to that better land where

> "Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
> Are felt and feared no more.

"Trusting in the righteousness of Christ alone, a more calm and peaceful death it has never been our privilege to witness. Long and weary months had she suffered and much of the time intensely, but not a murmur escaped her lips. Resigned in all things to the will of him who doeth all things well, she patiently awaited the result, desiring to live only that she might more worthily serve and honor him. But now she enjoys a blessed release. . . . .

"She was ever a loving and faithful wife. Her sound and mature judgment, her strong common-sense, her decision and energy in action, her refinement and delicacy of sentiment, her high sense of honor, her gentleness and serenity of temper—no doubt the result of a very marked growth in grace during the last few years—and the warmth and strength of her attachments all combined to render

her character one of the most perfect and complete which this imperfect world affords."—*J. C. L.*

George B. Danforth, M.D.

"Early in this season of sickness the Syria Mission was called to mourn the loss of G. B. Danforth, M.D., a faithful and beloved missionary at Tripoli. Dr. Danforth had been engaged in the work about three and a half years, during which time he had won the esteem of the entire mission and of large numbers of the natives in and around Tripoli. While learning the language he had begun to be eminently useful as a physician, thereby gaining favor not only for himself and his work, but also for the whole cause of the mission. His wife, though left with the care of two young children, will remain in Syria and engage in mission work."

Dr. Danforth died at Tripoli, July 7, 1875, of the Syrian fever, in the twenty-ninth year of his age.—*Annual Report*, 1876.

Mrs. George B. Danforth.

On the 8th of January, 1881, Mrs. Emily Danforth, after a brief, acute illness, was removed to another world. She had suffered greatly from ill health for some months, but had been supposed to be somewhat improved. Mrs. Danforth was the oldest daughter of the late Rev. Simeon H. Calhoun, and was born on the mission field. With the exception of two or

three years spent in this country, she had passed her whole life in Syria. Her husband had died five years before of cholera at the Tripoli station, leaving her with two young children. Fortunately, in the providence of God, she had for the last three years enjoyed the assistance and tender care of her widowed mother, by whom her burdens and infirmities were greatly relieved.—*Annual Report*, 1881.

Rev. Ishwari Das.

This lamented Hindu minister died at Futtehgurh, May 2, 1867 (at the age probably of about forty). He was so long connected with the mission, and for so large a part of the time in positions of usefulness and responsibility, and he always attended to his duty with such quiet punctuality and faithfulness, that it will be difficult, indeed, to find any one who can fill his place.

In childhood, Ishwari Das was one of a number of orphan children collected at Futtehpore by a pious English physician. These children, when afterwards handed over to the charge of Rev. Henry R. Wilson, became the germ from which grew the Rakha Christian village at Futtehgurh. In youth, he was noted for a steady disposition and a love for books. In the study of the English language and literature he made unusual proficiency. He could speak that language as few Hindus can, with no perceptible accent, and with great grammatical and idiomatical purity. . . . . At what time he was first savingly impressed with the truths of Christianity is not

known, nor is there any record of the time when he joined the Lord's people by profession, but this was most probably done in early life, for he was one of the first three orphans admitted to the communion. At an early age he became a teacher in the High School of Furrukhabad, where he remained for some time.

During the mutiny, the subject of this sketch, with his wife and several small children, was exposed for months to great hardships and dangers. When the missionaries held their final interview with the native Christians before entering on their ill-fated journey to Cawnpore, some of the former proposed that they should live and die with their people. But it was generally held better for both parties that they should separate, as it was probable that the latter, as natives of the country, could hide in distant villages and escape, whereas white faces would only endanger them.

The former home of one of the Rakha Christians was in a village a few miles from Futtehgurh. Accordingly he and Ishwari Das, and one or two others, with their families, fled to that place and remained two or three weeks in concealment. When news came that Dhokul Pershad and those with him who had not succeeded in escaping from Futtehgurh had been cruelly slaughtered on the parade ground there, the Zamindar who had been protecting them sent to say that he had been at great pains to secure a good name with the English, and that if, as he very much feared would be the case, they should be massacred by some wandering band of rebels while nomi-

nally under his protection, he would be held to strict account. In short, though personally well disposed, he declined to risk anything on their behalf.

Leaving this village, they traveled on to the once famous Hindu capital of Kanouge. After many perils and mishaps . . . . they resolved on making their way as best they might, on foot, to Cawnpore, but intelligence reached them of the bloody massacre of the English and their dear friends, the missionaries, at that place, and so their way seemed to be hedged up.

Ishwari Das then said to his companions: "Let us return and deliver ourselves up to the Nawab of Furrukhabad; he will only slay us as he has slain our brother Dhokul and the rest, but that is only five minutes of suffering and then forever rest and peace. Better dying than this death in life." And so they turned their sad footsteps once more towards their desolated homes, hoping that, if not in life, at least in the grave they might find rest. Wandering here and there, suffered for a few days and then rudely sent away, helped by some and threatened and abused by others, they remained the sport of fortune and the victims of suspense and hope deferred, until at last news spread like wildfire through the land that the English had taken Cawnpore. . . . . Lord Clyde's force soon advanced to Futtehgurh, and cleared away the rebels, defeating the Nawab's army. This enabled the Christians to return and rebuild the ruins of their once happy village. Here, even before the country was safe for travel, they were visited by our lamented brother, Fullerton, from the Agra

Fort. No one who has read his description of that meeting in the May number of the *Foreign Missionary*, for 1858, can soon forget that pathetic story. (See Appendix.)

I have been told that, even in those disturbed days, when they were surrounded by perils and privations, Ishwari Das was not idle, but that he prepared a diglott manual of English and Urdu, with reading exercises, and a concise grammar and vocabulary, to enable persons of little leisure to obtain a better acquaintance with the Urdu language. This book was published and served a very useful purpose.

Unlike so many of the educated natives of Hindustan, he greatly desired to be useful to his countrymen by introducing them to occidental science and literature by means of translations and compilations. In his later years he spent much time in preparing a series of text-books, for our schools, in the Urdu language, such as *Outlines of History*, *Grammar*, *Geography*, etc. He published also a useful little hand-book, giving the various forms in the conjugation of Hindustani verbs, with their English equivalents. After his return from America he published a small volume of his impressions and experiences in that land. . . . . A much more important work in the same language was his *Domestic Manners and Customs of the Hindoos*, whose object was to show to the English residents the habits and manner of life and thought of the people among whom they dwell. I know of no work which gives in so brief space such accurate and extensive information on this subject. A second edition of this work has

lately been issued in Benares. He also took the prize of $100, offered for the best essay on Female Education in India.

Beside the smaller works above alluded to, this lamented brother has left behind a legacy to the native Church which will long cause his name to be held in grateful remembrance. Some years ago, a learned Bengal civilian offered a prize of $250 for the best system of Theology, simple in style, and suited in illustration to the Hindu mind. The prize was given to Ishwari Das' *Lectures on Theology*, which are admirably adapted to their purpose—that is, to the instruction in the faith of the unlearned. The work has been published both in English and Urdu. The English copy is a closely-printed 16mo of over 400 pages. It will thus be seen that he was an earnest and industrious as well as a scholarly man, and accomplished much in spite of frequent ill-health and weakness of the eyes, which much interfered with his studies. After the mutiny he was engaged for some time as head-master of the Furrukhabad school, and afterwards of the school at Rakha. For a year or two he also assisted the missionary by taking one of the Sabbath services, having to this end been licensed by the Furrukhabad Presbytery. As a preacher, he was simple, earnest and instructive, though with no considerable graces of delivery.

At the close of 1865, the station of Futtehpore was left vacant by the transfer of the missionary to Etawah, and Ishwari Das was selected as the most suitable of the native brethren to fill the place. Accordingly a solemn ordination service was held in

the presence of a large congregation, and he was sent under bright auspices to his new field of labor. His health, however, soon began to fail, and at the end of a year he was sent back to Futtehgurh, in the hope that his health might be sufficiently restored to enable him to become the pastor of the Rakha church. But this hope was never realized. A severe attack of dyspepsia ended at last in inflammation of the bowels, and he suffered months of agony, until at last his Saviour gave him release.

During his long and painful illness this dear brother was peculiarly blessed in being enabled to show what religion can do for the Christian. Bearing his sufferings with the utmost patience, looking forward with confidence to the hope of a blessed release, and bearing a constant and unwavering testimony to the preciousness and sufficiency of the Saviour, I trust many were enabled to say: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." In many conversations with him the clearness and simplicity of his faith were very evident. "I am a great sinner, but Christ, who died for me, is a great Saviour; he has promised to save all who trust in him, and he will not, cannot fail," seemed his simple creed. To those who visited him on his deathbed, heathen and Christian, he spoke often and solemnly of the duty of preparing to meet their God, so that even unspiritual persons came away, saying, "What a holy man is that!" He once spoke to me very sadly of how few there were who seemed able to enter into sympathy with him when he spoke of the precious things of Christ.

Speaking to him one day of the way by which God had led him, he replied, "'One verse expresses it all—'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.'" Such was what grace had done for a man who, but for the Gospel, would probably have grown up a stupid, ignorant Hindu, bowing, with clasped hands, before some hideous image chiseled out of stone, wearing caste-marks of mud and ashes plastered on his face and drinking the water in which his Brahmin teacher had washed his feet. Is not this a victory? Should not the people of God desire more such victories? Could they not have such? Here is a brand plucked from the burning—a valuable teacher, author, minister raised up; a happy Christian home and family altar established; a number of children trained up in Christian truth and to bright promise of usefulness; an eminent example of Christian living and dying; what is not all this worth to the Church?—*Rev. W. F. Johnson.*

Mrs. G. L. Deffenbaugh.

Rev. G. L. Deffenbaugh, of the Nez Perces Mission, has been called to mourn the death of his wife, who died at Lewiston, Idaho, January 3, 1887. Less than a year and a half ago she had been married from her home in West Pennsylvania, and had seemed to enter upon her missionary work in firm health and cheerful spirits. She had won the esteem of all who knew her, and had proved a worthy sympathizer and helper of her husband in his remote station work at Lapwai. A complication of ailments, culminating in

quick consumption, closed her brief earthly service and bore her to her eternal rest.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, March, 1887.

Rev. Cornelius DeHeer and Mrs. DeHeer.

Mr. DeHeer entered upon mission work in Africa in 1855, and with the exception of furloughs for health and rests continued in active service until September, 1888, when he withdrew on account of impaired health, but with the earnest hope of being permitted to return to his field. He labored first on the island of Corisco, and afterwards at Benita on the mainland. His superior natural gifts, indefatigable industry, patient perseverance, remarkable common sense and, above all, fervent piety and love for souls, made him a model missionary and won for him the confidence and affection of his fellow-laborers and of the natives. His death (which occurred at Clifton Springs, N. Y., October 20, 1889) has been a sore bereavement to the mission, but his memory is fragrant, and the work he accomplished for Christ will continue to tell as the years go by. Mrs. DeHeer and Mrs. Reutlinger, who accompanied Mr. DeHeer to this country, still remain, but with the expectation of returning to Africa in the near future.—*Annual Report*, 1890.

Mrs. C. DeHeer.

Mr. DeHeer was twice married. His first wife, who accompanied him to Africa, died of malignant

fever at Corisco, April 2, 1857, leaving two daughters, one of whom was adopted by Dr. J. Leighton Wilson, and one by a lady of New York. The *Annual Report* of 1858, referring to the death of Mrs. DeHeer, says, "Her end was calm and peaceful."

Rev. John M. Deputie.

"It is with great regret that we have to record the death of Rev. John M. Deputie at his station near Marshall, Liberia, July 29, 1877. This bereavement was most unexpected. Mr. Deputie was ill but a short time and was taken from his work as a faithful servant of Christ in the midst of his days, being about thirty-five years of age. His early death is a great loss to the church in Liberia."—*Record*, October, 1877.

Miss Susie Dewsnap.

Miss Dewsnap sailed for the Gaboon and Corisco Mission in April, 1875. After a short visit home in 1879, she returned to the field and died soon after her arrival, August 17, 1881, at Kangwe, on the Ogove, Africa. She was a sincere follower of Christ, and her last days were supported by his grace.—*Record*, November, 1881.

Rev. Darius L. Donnell.

Mr. Donnell, a graduate of Lincoln University, and his wife embarked for Liberia in June, 1878. They

went to a place on the Marfar river with a view to forming a station among the Veys, but Mr. Donnell was soon taken with illness, which continued until his death, January 22, 1879. This early removal of one who seemed to be remarkably well qualified for usefulness is greatly deplored. It confirms previous lessons of experience, that in Western Africa, for health, more depends on constitution, adaptation to climate, etc., than on race or complexion.—*Annual Report*, 1879.

Rev. James Eden.

Mr. Eden was removed by death June 1, 1847. He was among the first emigrants to Liberia, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Monrovia, was much respected by his acquaintances while he lived, and by them his memory will be long held in esteem. —*Annual Report*, 1848.

Miss Margaret L. Ewalt.

Miss Ewalt, who joined the Kolhapur Mission in 1888, and was obliged to return home owing to serious illness, died March 6, 1892, at her mother's home in Hogestown, Pa. "She was very dear to us," writes one of her missionary associates. "Quiet perseverance in duty was her characteristic."—*Annual Report*, 1892.

Rev. George Henry Ferris.

In *Indian Notes* for April (which, by the way, is an interesting little native paper) there is an account of Mr. Ferris, who died at Poona, March 7, 1894, by Emma Stewart. He was born at Hillsdale, Mich., December, 1853, and was a graduate of Princeton College and of Auburn Theological Seminary. He offered himself to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, and was appointed to Kolhapur, Western India, which he joined with his wife in 1879. Mrs. Ferris is supported by the Presbyterial Society of New Castle Presbytery. His death occurred suddenly after a short illness, and away from home, as he had gone to Bombay on business connected with his office as treasurer of the mission and, falling ill while there, was unable to go further than Poona on his way home. He was buried at Kolhapur, in the Mission cemetery.

Mr. Ferris was such a useful and gifted man that the mission work suffers a serious loss. His genial manner, clear foresight, knowledge of the language and commercial affairs of the country, made him a valuable missionary. He also had a tender sympathy for the poor and suffering, and longing that India might seek Christ. In his dying moments his last coherent sentence was, "O, if they would only seek the truth, thousands would be saved."

Those who knew him have observed a spiritual growth, a ripening, as it were, for heaven, of late years. His little girl, Phœbe, is with her mother, who will continue her work in India, as stated recently

in the columns of this paper. There are three boys in this country, and all must feel sympathy for this stricken family, and will pray that they may be comforted.—*The Presbyterian*, July 25, 1894.

Prof. W. W. Findley.

Professor Findley, appointed to the Bogota Mission, was not permitted to reach his field, but died on the 21st of August, 1889, at Sogarnoso, on the Magdalen river, *en route* to Bogota. He was taken ill of yellow fever, of which Miss Ramsay, an associate missionary, had died a few days before at Barranquilla. The symptoms were serious from the first, and the disease developed rapidly. His fellow-travelers, Rev. W. W. and Mrs. Caldwell, secured for him the best available medical skill and bestowed tender and faithful nursing, but were soon compelled to lay his body to rest in the place where he died. Prof. Findley had been appointed to open a school for boys at Bogota on the basis of the highest testimonials as to his Christian character, missionary spirit, intellectual qualifications and experience as a teacher, mainly in the Academy of South Salem, Ohio. After speaking with some detail of his death, which was a signal triumph of faith, Mr. Caldwell adds: "In the death of Prof. Findley we have lost not only a valued helper but a very dear friend. He was talented, pious and earnest. He seemed to be just the right man for the work; but God's ways are not our ways, and we know that he makes no mistakes."—*Church at Home and Abroad*, November, 1889.

Mrs. Mary Fleming.

Mrs. Fleming, wife of Rev. John Fleming, of the Chippewa Mission, died in September, 1839, after a brief but severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming joined the Rev. Peter Dougherty soon after he began his mission among the Indians on Grand Traverse Bay. On the death of his wife, who left an infant daughter, Mr. Fleming's views of duty constrained him to withdraw from the service of the Board.—*Annual Report*, 1840.

Rev. Charles W. Forman, D.D.

The death of the Rev. Charles William Forman, D.D., of our Lodiana Mission, which occurred at Kasauli, India, August 27, 1894, removes one of the most venerated and beloved missionaries connected with the Board of Foreign Missions. Dr. Forman was a native of Kentucky, a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, and at the time of his appointment as missionary a member of the Ebenezer Presbytery. He sailed for India, August 11, 1847, while our mission work in that vast empire was still in its infancy. In 1846, at the close of the first Sikh war, the mission had crossed the Sutlej and planted a station at Jullundur within the Punjab (Country of the Five Rivers). Soon after Dr. Forman's arrival in India the annexation of the Punjab by the British government, and the favor of the Board of Administration, which included the two Lawrences, Henry and John, opened the way for the occupation of

Lahore, the capital of the new province, and the late Rev. John Newton, D.D., and Mr. Forman were appointed to the station. It was in and from this centre of influence that Dr. Forman did his missionary work. That work was varied as necessity or opportunity required. It consisted mainly, perhaps, in the organizing and superintending of a system of schools under mission control where the Word of God was habitually taught and from which thousands of young men have gone forth with at least an intellectual conviction as to the truth of Christianity, while it is believed that not a few have felt its regenerating power. But Dr. Forman was also instant in season and out of season in preaching the Gospel. In bazaar, church and lecture hall, to the learned in the great educational centre of North India, and also to the low castes in the villages, it was his highest joy to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. A few weeks before his death, when it became evident that he could no longer hope to resume full work, in a letter to the Board he expressed the desire and purpose of doing something in the wider distribution of the printed Gospels and of his little book for Mohammedans, *The Christian Sword and Shield.*

Dr. Forman was universally beloved. The devoutness of his spirit, the simplicity of his life, the strength of his character, the broadness of his views and sympathies, his indefatigable zeal, his grasp of the situation in India, and above all his interest in and affection for the native population of all classes, won for him universal esteem. During the early

part of his illness, when a rumor of his death was circulated, a notoriously anti-Christian newspaper published in Lahore devoted an editorial to the commendation of his life and work, stating that "*no foreigner had ever entered the Punjab who had done so much for the Punjab as Padri Forman Sahib.*"

Not least among his services to the Church and to India was the giving of three sons and two daughters to the missionary work, two of whom are connected with the Lodiana Mission, and three with the Furrukhabad Mission. The first Mrs. Forman was a daughter of the late Rev. John Newton, D.D. It is expected that the present Mrs. Forman, who with two younger children survives her husband, will continue the work in India, to which she has given her life and for which she has excellent qualifications.

The Church in the homeland knew little of Dr. Forman from personal contact, as only three times during his forty-seven years of service in India did he visit the United States, and on two of these occasions he remained but six months, being impatient to return to his chosen work. But his name stands for that which is noblest and best in Northern India, and it will be gratefully remembered in connection with the efforts of our Church to give the Gospel to that distant land.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, November, 1894.

Mrs. Margaret N. Forman.

Mrs. Margaret Newton, wife of Rev. Charles W. Forman, died at Lahore, India, May 12, 1878.

Mrs. Forman had been a sufferer for many months, but she bore all her trials with a noble Christian faith. She was the eldest daughter of Rev. John Newton, our oldest missionary in India, and was permitted, with her husband, to spend most of her life for the people among whom she was born. Her death was peaceful and quiet, not a struggle and apparently without pain. For a week before she died they had great difficulty in conversing with her, and most of the time towards the last she lay in a sort of stupor. Mr. Forman writes that he said to her a few days before she died: "Do you know the doctor thinks you cannot live much longer?" "Yes," she said, "papa has told me so." He adds, "I don't think I had seen her face light up with such a smile for many days as it did when she said this. She greatly dreaded living much longer and suffering more severe pain, but said she was willing to do so if it were God's will. We cannot help rejoicing that she is freed from her sufferings, but oh what a vacancy it makes in our family circle. Her life was very quiet and her faith was strong, and all who visited her sick-room felt strengthened."

It can be truly said of the departed that she was a good wife, a good mother and a good missionary. One of the great trials of her life was in parting with her children. Most of them are at this time in the United States receiving an education.—*Foreign Missionary*, August, 1878.

Rev. John E. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman was a native of New Jersey, born in the year 1809, and a graduate of the College and of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He arrived in India with his wife in 1839, and was stationed at Allahabad. In 1849, Mrs. Freeman was taken to her rest. Next year he returned to this country on a visit for his health, and in 1851 he went back to India, after having again entered into the marriage relation. He was settled most of the time after his return at Mynpurie, but removed to Futtehgurh in 1856, where he remained until the mutiny of the Sepoys led to his violent death in 1857. He was a practical, industrious, faithful missionary. No extended notice is here given, for the same reason as already mentioned in the notice of the Rev. David E. Campbell, *supra* (see Appendix).—*J. C. L.*

Mrs. Mary Ann Freeman.

Mrs. Freeman, wife of the Rev. John E. Freeman, departed this life at Allahabad, Northern India, August 8, 1849, in the thirty-fourth year of her age.

Mrs. Freeman was born in Newark, N. J., and resided there up to the time of her entering upon the life of a missionary. Her maiden name was Mary Ann Beach, daughter of Isaac N. and Mary Beach. It was her happiness to be found in the line of covenant blessings, and to grow up amidst such influences as a pious, well-regulated family seldom fails to exert. Her profiting soon began to

appear. Very early in life she exhibited a degree of thoughtfulness, a self-control, and a general maturity of character, much above what is common to children of the same age. When about sixteen she made a public profession of Christ's name. From that time onward, her path was like the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

In the year 1838, she accompanied her husband to India. On the passage out she diligently employed her time in such studies as might the better fit her for her work; and in fifteen months after reaching the station assigned them, she was able to render valuable assistance in teaching a school, both in the Urdu and Hindi languages. She was very efficient as a helper in every good work appertaining to her situation.

In such an hour as her friends thought not, the Son of Man came to take her to himself. Ten years' residence in the debilitating climate of India had begun to weaken her strength in the way, and for the last few months she had been quite feeble. Still no one supposed that the sorrowful hour was so near at hand. On the morning of the very day she died, she rode several miles, came back cheerful and happy, and retired to rest only a little before the usual time. But her days were ended; she was taken suddenly, and left the world so calmly and quietly, that those sitting by could scarcely believe she was gone.

Her death occurred on the evening of the weekly missionary meeting, and all were present to witness this beloved sister's departure. It was a touching

scene; a little group of Christian missionaries assembled in a heathen land, to close the eyes of one with whom they had often taken sweet counsel, and gone to the house of God in company. No wonder if the place became a Bochim.—*Rev. J. L. Scott.*

Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman.

Mrs. Freeman accompanied her husband, the Rev. J. E. Freeman, to India on his return in 1851. She was one of the best missionaries, as might have been expected from the views given by her friend and pastor, the late Rev. N. Murray, D.D.: "Mrs. Freeman was connected with some of the best families in New Jersey, and moved in the very best circles of her native State. Agreeable in manners, social, intelligent, warm-hearted, devotedly pious, strong in her affections, and of firm health, she possessed remarkable fitness for missionary life in India. The climate seemed adapted to her constitution; and with scarcely any interruption, she was able to prosecute her great work until it was so mysteriously brought to a close. No more beloved female missionary was there on the Indian field." She was one of the victims of Sepoy cruelty at Cawnpore. The letter to her sisters, written a short time before the missionary company started from Futtehgurh on their sad voyage, has brought tears to many eyes, and evidences a spirit which would have been held in high honor in any of the martyr ages of the Church. Let it be borne in memory, to the praise of the great grace that was given to this servant of Christ.—*J. C. L.*

The following is the letter referred to, written when the native soldiery at the station were joining in the rebellion:

"Our little church and ourselves will be the first attacked, but we are in God's hands and we know that he reigns. We have no place to flee to for shelter but under the covert of his wings and there we are safe. Not but that he may suffer our bodies to be slain; and if he does we know that he has wise reasons for it. I sometimes think our death may do more good than we would do in all our lives; if so, his will be done. Should I be called on to lay down my life, do not grieve, dear sisters, that I came here, for most joyfully will I die for him who laid down his life for me."

Rev. John B. French.

Mr. French was a native of Georgetown, D. C., and a graduate of Columbia College, D. C., and of Princeton Theological Seminary. He went to Canton, China, in 1846, and ranked among the foremost missionaries in that country. His health had been seriously impaired for the last two years of his life, and he was urged to make a visit to this country for its recovery; but he was unwilling to leave his work. Eventually his physician's advice became imperative and he embarked with his family early in November, but on the 30th of that month, 1858, he was called to enter into his rest. He was an accomplished and devoted missionary; an eloquent preacher; a man greatly esteemed by his brethren and deeply lamented by all who knew him.—*Annual Report*, 1859.

Rev. Robert S. Fullerton.

Mr. Fullerton was a native of Ohio, a graduate of Athens College, Ohio, and of Allegheny Theological Seminary, and for fifteen years a faithful missionary in India. He died at Landour, October 4, 1865, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He spent a short time after his arrival in India at Futtehgurh and at Mynpurie; but within a year he was called to Agra, to commence and carry on, in company with his wife, two institutions, a male and a female school, for the East India community. It was hoped that through this instrumentality much would be done, and that in a very direct way, for the advancement of the cause of missions. Into this effort for the good of India Mr. Fullerton threw himself with all his might, and for a time he had the charge of both institutions, until the arrival of the Rev. R. E. Williams relieved him of the boys' department. About this time he was also called to become pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Agra, which charge he continued to hold, as well as that of the female school, until the mutiny broke out in 1857, scattering both of them, and breaking up our mission at Agra.

The girls' school, which Mr. Fullerton managed, in connection with his wife, continued for five years, and was very successful, both as a school and as a means of doing good. It did much to elevate the tone of Christian feeling in the East India community of this part of the country, and many of the girls who were educated there, we have reason to believe, received impressions which will never fade away. As

pastor of the church, Mr. Fullerton was most laborious and successful. The church grew under his care, and many were added to the number of its members.

His labors at Agra had been mainly in English, and he had, while there, but little opportunity of preparing himself for preaching to the natives. This he regretted, but circumstances beyond his control decided his course. When he went to Futtehgurh, he set himself with remarkable diligence to the work of learning to write and preach in the native language; and in a short time he made so much progress that he became a very acceptable preacher. It has often been said in this country, that if a man does not learn the language in the first two or three years of his residence here, he will never learn it. As a general rule, this is no doubt correct, but Mr. Fullerton was a remarkable exception. His heart was thoroughly in his work. He had a good ear for picking up native words and idioms, and he became rapidly a fluent and effective speaker to the natives in their own language.

As soon as circumstances would admit, Mr. Fullerton recommenced the Furrukhabad High School, which soon became as large and flourishing as it had ever been before. He had also charge of a native church in the city, numbering about twenty communicants, and besides he spent a good deal of time in preaching in the bazars. Three years passed on —his hands and heart being fully engaged. The charge of the school, in which he taught a great deal, was particularly laborious, and it was probably this

labor, more than any other, which first began to break him down. His health failed, and it became necessary that he should either leave India, or take a place where he could easily enjoy the benefit of the Hills. The Dehra station, being at that time vacant, he was called to it in the early part of 1864, and here he labored until nearly the end of his course, taking as little advantage of his proximity to the Hills as possible, and by far too little for the good of his health. Here a malignant disease, probably brought on by his previous debilitated state, seized upon him, and in about three months he passed away from among us.

His *piety* was deep-seated, sincere, and founded upon principle. Every one that knew him must have felt that he was a man who both loved his fellowmen and feared God. And it was a piety which sustained him in the hour of trial. When it was decided by the doctors that his disease was mortal, he said that he had much wished to see his family settled in America, and to look once more upon the face of his beloved country, in whose calamities he had deeply sympathized, but it was his first desire that the will of the Lord should be done. It was also a pleasant idea that his body should rest in the land where his life-work had been accomplished, and in some measure bear testimony to the truth which he had proclaimed. In any event *it was well*, and he was entirely resigned. He had not those ecstatic feelings that some have spoken of, but he knew whom he had believed, and was sure that he was both able and willing to save him. Frequently, during the course of his illness, and sometimes when he

was suffering great pain, he said, "All is peace." It was this abiding sense of safety, more than anything else, though he was naturally brave, which enabled him to lie down calmly, and submit to frightful operations—passing off, as quietly as an infant, into a sleep from which it was very doubtful whether he would ever awaken in this world. After the last operation was performed, when he evidently expected a fatal termination, he called us to his bedside, and said that he must speak now while he was able. He wished to say that this was the happiest day of his life. He had arrived at the land of Beulah. All was bright and beautiful, and he had no fear for what was beyond. He was as sure of the truth of the religion in which he believed as he was of his own existence, and he knew that Christ would save him.

One of the most prominent traits in the character of our departed brother was his *geniality*. I think every one who knew him will bear witness that the first thing in him which would strike an observer was the tone of good feeling and joyousness which it was his habit to throw over those with whom he had intercourse. He was social in his nature—fond of society, full of good humor and ready wit. It was this which made him a cheerful and desirable companion, and attached all hearts to him. In our mission circle he was much beloved, and we all feel that we have lost a very dear friend.

Though indifferent in trifling matters, and exercising much toleration for opinions in which he did not agree, he was very *firm* in the maintenance of his own principles, and in pursuing the course which he

thought right. No matter how yielding or complaisant he might be, touch him on any of the principles which he held sacred, and you found you had a man to deal with who was as firm as a rock. His firmness, however, was so mixed and tempered with urbanity and toleration, that it never seriously offended, much less was there occasion for permanent alienation of feeling.

His nature being thus tempered by firmness and urbanity, it need hardly be added that his treatment of the natives of this country, and especially of the native Christians, was very happy. While never afraid to tell them their duty, he was more than is usual respectful and courteous to them. This they appreciated as something they do not always receive, and as a consequence he was much beloved and respected by them.

I have thus noted down one or two of the more prominent traits in the character of our departed brother, but if I were to attempt a full portraiture, I should have to speak of the admirable manner in which he fulfilled the duties of a husband and father, of the wisdom and prudence which he brought with him into our missionary consultations, of the discrimination by which he could detect those who were attempting to deceive, of the forbearance which he could exercise towards the erring, joined at the same time with much painstaking for their restoration, and in a word of his happy tact in dealing with men generally.

We all feel that we have lost a much loved brother in the Lord, a sincere friend, a valued missionary, a

bulwark in the Church. May we, and you who read, follow in the steps of those who have gone before, so that at last we may be partakers of that eternal joy upon which they have already entered!—*Rev. J. L. Scott.*

Rev. S. R. Gayley.

Samuel R. Gayley was born at Magheracrigan, near Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland, in October, 1828. From his earliest childhood he believed himself to have been the subject of divine grace. He did not himself know a time when he did not love the Saviour. He was a child of the covenant, blessed with that priceless benefit, a strictly religious training by pious parents. And this training seems, without any sudden or marked change at any one time, gradually to have attained its highest object. His religious growth seems to have been precisely that indicated by our Lord's beautiful figure, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

In 1847 he came to the United States, graduated at La Fayette College in 1853, and at Princeton Theological Seminary in 1856. In the Seminary, the remarks of Dr. Hodge at a conference decided him in favor of a personal engagement as a foreign missionary, a work in which he had always been interested, and of which he had already thought much. In the winter of 1854–5 he applied to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for appointment as a missionary, designating Northern China as the field of his choice. With his wife he arrived at Shanghai, on the 7th of February, 1857.

Mr. Gayley's labors in Shanghai were considerably interrupted by local disturbances, by the approach of the Tae Ping rebels, and especially towards the last by sickness in his person and family. He succeeded well in getting the dialect of the place, and was preaching abundantly when an affection of the throat, greatly aggravated by the dampness of the climate, occurred, by which he was obliged very frequently to desist from public preaching. The health of himself and family constrained him, in April, 1861, to remove to Tungchow, in the province of Shantung, a locality which from its high latitude, pure air and sea breezes was thought likely to prove eminently healthful. The change was decidedly beneficial both to Mr. Gayley and his family. The people, moreover, listened to the Gospel with marked attention, and in the course of a few months several professed their faith in Christ, amongst whom was Mr. Gayley's teacher, a man of mind and character who gives promise of great usefulness.

The winter and spring of 1861–2 was a very happy period in Mr. Gayley's missionary experience. He made rapid progress in the Mandarin dialect, his health was excellent, the progress of the Gospel was encouraging. In connection with his colleagues, he preached abundantly, distributing copies of the Scriptures to the literary candidates who visited Tungchow, making tours frequently to the country round about, laying plans for prospective effort, and looking forward cheerfully and confidently, in view of the healthfulness of the station, to a long life of labor in that the chosen field where he delighted to think

he would spend and be spent in the Master's service. Alas! God had ordered all otherwise.

In July he was taken ill, of cholera; the usual remedies failed to arrest the progress of the disease, and it soon became evident that his life was near its end. He had little pain and was able to converse more or less freely for several hours. During this time he gave precious testimony to the Gospel he had preached. To Mrs. Gayley he said: "My dear, we have been very happy together; God is about to part us. Don't worry about the children. Commit yourself to him that judgeth righteously." Again to her, with inexpressible expression of surprise and triumph, "Is this what they call death?" Mr. Mills, his brother-in-law, said to him, "We prayed and counseled together a great deal about coming to China. When you came many of your friends thought it a great sacrifice. Do you or have you at all regretted it?" "Never for an instant," was his decided answer. To some of us who stood near him he said, "Brethren, never be afraid of death." Mr. Nevius said, "Is the old fear all removed?" Mrs. Gayley said, "You never had any, had you?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I was afraid of death." Mr. Nevius asked, "What new views have you now?" He said, "It is not dying, it is not a cessation, it is just living on. I have no language to express it." Mr. Nevius said, "It is the expanding of spiritual into eternal life?" "Yes," he said eagerly, "it's just that," and then, as seeing things unutterable, he said to the brethren near, "I am wiser than you are to-day. You do not know what is before you. I know what

my work is." He died Tuesday, July 29, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Those who knew him in the college and seminary, it is confidently asserted, thought him capable of the highest class of intellectual efforts. There was a quiet strength, the result partially of severe and long continued mental discipline, which could have scarcely failed to make him distinguished. One of the elements of his strength was his sound judgment, in which his brethren could repose the utmost confidence. To this there was allied, in an unusually felicitous way, a gentleness and courtesy that made him a singularly pleasing companion. He was a thorough gentleman in the noblest and best sense of the term. A noticeable feature in his character was his modesty. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and with his best friends and in his family was merry and full of life. But his mirth was as pure as the air of heaven. His self-control was perhaps the characteristic which is most memorable. As a friend he was almost inimitable. Symmetry is the one word that expresses his character, as a man, a scholar, a Christian and a missionary. If his life had been spared, it is confidently believed, he would have acted a distinguished part. He chose the position of a missionary, and he did not regret the choice. He labored not long in the Master's vineyard, long enough however to behold with a keenness of delight, abundantly compensating all the sacrifice, some precious souls saved by his instrumentality from the abominations of heathenism and fitted for everlasting life and glory. If he left behind him few books or

works, he leaves a surer legacy, the memory of a singularly faultless character. He left to the Chinese Christians, as they have some of them remarked—better than books—a living representation, rarely and beautifully complete, of the pure and peaceable religion of Jesus.—*Rev. C. R. Mills.*

Mrs. Joseph M. Goheen.

The removal to a better country of this young and much esteemed missionary took place January 17, 1878, at Kolapoor, W. India.

She was married in 1875 to Rev. Joseph M. Goheen, of the Presbytery of Huntingdon, and sailed with him October 30 of the same year to Kolapoor. Soon after her arrival in India, the disease of which she died (the seeds of which she took with her) was developed. Though unable to do much mission work, her heart was in it, and her life was not in vain. Rev. J. J. Hull, in speaking of her departure, says: "Her amiable disposition and sweet Christian spirit greatly endeared her to us all, and with her cheerful patience in prolonged suffering, and her unshaken trust, have left a happy impression even here among a people that know not as yet the source of her strength." In the early stages of her sickness her mind would turn home and to the loved ones in the United States, but at the last, Rev. J. P. Graham writes, "She had no desire to live, even to return to America. Her thoughts were fixed on Christ, and the friends who had gone before, and she longed to go (as she herself would say), 'not to her earthly,

but to her heavenly home.' Never was any one better prepared or more willing to go, but we shall miss her so much; she was so good and pure-minded, no one could keep from loving her."—*Foreign Missionary*, April, 1878.

Rev. Goloknath.

The death of a veteran laborer in India deserves mention—that of the Rev. Goloknath, the first convert of our India Missions. He belonged to a Brahmin family, was born in Bengal in 1816, and was educated in the Free Church College in Calcutta under the care of Dr. Duff. The late Rev. John Newton, D.D., had much to do with guiding this young inquirer into the light. He made a public profession of his faith in 1835, and at once began to prepare for the ministry. In 1847 he was ordained by the Lodiana Presbytery and assigned to the Jalandhar station, where he remained until his death, August 1, 1891. Mr. Goloknath, in addition to his labors as preacher and teacher, wrote a number of books and tracts in the Urdu and Punjabi languages. The three best known are *The Destroyer of Pantheism*, *The Whole Duty of Man*, and *A Christian Inquirer*.—*Annual Report*, 1892.

Mrs. Goloknath.

The death of Mrs. Goloknath was mentioned at length in the *Punjab Mission News* for March (1892). She was of Brahmin family in Cashmire, and her hus-

band has been for about fifty years a member of the Lodiana Mission, in which she herself was the first woman convert. She has been styled "A Mother to the Native Church of Jalandhur," and the non-Christian population has well often experienced her kind help and sympathy. She was a sweet Christian in her days of activity and bore her long illness with patience. Mrs. Goloknath was the mother of thirteen children, of whom nine survive her, among them the Kanwarani of Kaparthala and her sister, Mrs. Chattergee, who visited America two years ago. —*Woman's Work for Woman*, June, 1892.

Rev. Adolphus Clemens Good, Ph.D.

The Board of Foreign Missions was greatly shocked on December 21, by receiving a cable dispatch from Batanga, West Africa, announcing the death of this noble missionary, which occurred on December 13, 1894. The shock was all the greater because in his very last letter to the Board Dr. Good had written from Efulen, as follows: "Neither Mr. Kerr nor I have ever had an hour's sickness here; indeed the only departures I ever had from perfect health have been due to bad food eaten on journeys. I have never detected the slightest signs of malaria." The brief dispatch gave no hint as to the place or the cause of his death.

Dr. Good was a child of the covenant, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Good, and was born near Dayton, Armstrong county, Pa., December 19, 1856. When but a lad he made a public confession of his

faith in Glade Run Presbyterian Church. He received his preparatory training in Glade Run Academy from 1873 to 1876, was graduated from Washington and Jefferson College in 1879, and from the Western Theological Seminary in 1882. His degree of Ph. D. was given by Washington and Jefferson College in 1890. In June, 1882, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Kittanning as an evangelist, preparatory to sailing for Africa, having been previously appointed a missionary by the Board of Foreign Missions. He chose the Dark Continent as his field of labor mainly because it was a hard field and because few at that time were found willing to enter it. He sailed for Africa September 18, 1882, and on his arrival was assigned to Baraka Station, near the mouth of the Gaboon river. Being a man of fine linguistic ability, he soon mastered the Mpongwe language, and ten months after landing preached his first sermon in the native tongue. He was married June 21, 1883, to Miss Lydia B. Walker, a missionary in connection with the mission, who, with a son ten years of age, survives him.

In January, 1884, Dr. Good was transferred to the work on the Ogowe river, begun some eight years before, where his rare gifts for evangelizing and organizing found ample scope. With a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, which took no note of the severe physical and mental strain involved, he threw himself into every part of the work with characteristic energy. Itinerating along the river was his chief delight, carrying the Gospel to those sitting in darkness. In this work he was greatly blessed. For

several years there was an almost continuous outpouring of the Spirit, and hundreds of converts from heathenism were baptized. Largely through his instrumentality the one church existing in 1884 multiplied to four before his final removal from that field in 1893. During his last year or two on the Ogowe, when burdened with the care of the widely scattered churches, he also revised the entire New Testament in Mpongwe, and the Hymn Book then in use, adding quite a number of hymns to the latter. During this period and also later, Dr. Good made some valuable contributions to natural history, by sending many choice specimens to Chancellor Holland of the Western University of Pennsylvania. Concerning this the Chancellor writes:

"With the help of friends and natives, he made during his stay on the African coast, at various times, collections of the birds, animals, and especially of the insects of the region, which have given him an honored place among the missionary explorers of the century. We are indebted to him for our first knowledge of fully five hundred species of the beautiful butterflies and moths of the Ogowe Valley and the region known as Cameroons, in which he has latterly been laboring. When the great collections he made shall be finally studied out, and all the species determined and named, it is probable that he will be found to have discovered fully a thousand species new to science. This is better work than has been done by any other explorer of African territory without exception. I am familiar with everything that has been written upon the natural history of Africa,

and am certain that none on African soil has ever shown such power alike as a collector and investigator as my lamented friend."

Dr. Good also paid some attention to ethnology and the religious beliefs of the tribes in West Africa, sending from time to time valuable material on these subjects.

In 1889, because of an attack of African fever which almost proved fatal, Dr. Good was compelled to return to the United States on furlough. He had so recuperated during the voyage, however, that on reaching the Mission Rooms he began at once to plan for pressing the claim of Africa on the Church. How grandly he did this, and with what telling effect, in churches, Sabbath-schools, women's societies, young people's societies, Presbyteries and General Assembly, many still remember. It is not invidious to say that few missionaries from any country have so thrilled the Church and roused its missionary enthusiasm. The Trinity Presbyterian Church, of Montclair, N. J., was so captivated as to pledge itself to pay, through the Board, Dr. Good's entire salary, although the amount involved was far in excess of its previous gifts. The pledge has been faithfully kept.

Early in 1892, Dr. Good rendered most valuable service to the Board in Liberia. By special request he visited our mission in that country, with much toil and no little risk to health, examining every department of the work and rendering a full, clear and discriminating report, accompanied by important suggestions.

Meanwhile a crisis which had long been appre-

hended to our work within French territory had come. The Government, which had never looked with favor on English-speaking Protestant missions, insisted that the French language and that only should be taught in our schools. It was evident that to enforce that rule rigidly would be to break up our work. The missionaries saw this, and none more keenly or regretfully than Dr. Good. Much as he loved the work on the Ogowe, he thought that to continue under such restrictions would be to court trouble and invite defeat. At the urgent request of the mission, the Board finally transferred the work on the Ogowe to the Société des Missions Evangéliques of Paris.

In anticipation of such an outcome, Dr. Good had for several years been thinking of the country behind the coast belt at Batanga, lying within German territory, as a promising field for missionary effort. While on a furlough in the United States, he had with the aid of a German scholar read two volumes of travel by a German explorer whom he had formerly met in Africa, and who spoke enthusiastically of the country in the interior, both as to its climate and its people. On the basis of representations made by Dr. Good and with the cordial approval of the mission, the Board on March 21, 1892, authorized the mission to send him and another missionary to explore the region with a view to the opening of mission work. In communicating this action to the mission, the secretary in charge urged the explorers to take all possible precaution against undue exposure of health or life. To this Dr. Good replied with char-

acteristic singleness of aim: "The emergency against which I shall most carefully provide is *failure.*" How well he carried out this high purpose his successive journeys to the interior, as sketched by his own pen in *The Church* and *Woman's Work* bear ample testimony. Although it was the intention of the Board and the mission that he should be accompanied by a fellow-missionary on these journeys, various things combined to make this impracticable.

Dr. Good made three distinct journeys into the unexplored interior, with no companions save native carriers, the first being preliminary and commencing July 20, 1892. Although he made light of the discomfort encountered and of the danger to which he was exposed, no one can read his unvarnished narratives of travel without being impressed with the heroic spirit of the man. Think of marching day after day along the beds and on the edge of streams, sometimes through mud a foot deep, his clothing constantly soaked with the dense foliage kept wet by frequent tropical showers. But these were small matters in his estimation compared with the joy of being able to open a pathway for the Gospel to the savage tribes of the interior. This joy increased as the range of his vision widened and he found the Bule people to belong to the great Fang family, and to be widespread and quite accessible.

His first two journeys led to the selection of Efulen as the site of the first interior station, after it had been visited by a committee of the mission. Dr. Good's third journey of exploration, during which he marched some four hundred miles, with

Efulen as a starting point, was the most extensive of the three. The outcome of this journey was the selection by a committee of the mission of Ebolewo'e as a second station.

According to latest advices, he had planned still another expedition for the closing weeks of the year, with a view to exploring the Bene country, hoping to find an opening there for a third mission station. But just here the curtain falls for the present. Whether it was while carrying out this purpose of seeking a wider door for the Gospel that the call to a higher service met him cannot be known till letters reach us. He was profoundly anxious to take advantage of the privilege granted by the German Government of preëmpting as much of the interior as the mission could occupy, especially where the tribes spoke substantially the same language.

Dr. Good was well fitted by nature to be a missionary explorer and pioneer, while at the same time he was admirably equipped by training and grace. Brave, wise, self-sacrificing and persevering, he laid out his plans on a comprehensive scale in view of all available light, and then pushed on with undaunted courage to their realization. He was a man of strong faith and felt that the Lord was with him. In his last letter to his beloved wife he wrote: "In all the years that are past of my life, the path has never failed to open before me clearly and in good time." The privations he endured were great, but his noble nature counted them small when compared with those Mrs. Good had endured in consenting to return to America alone in broken health, while he turned

his face once more towards the interior. On July 29, 1894, he wrote her: "Kind words are coming in from all sides, until I really, if I did not know better, might be tempted to think that I was something of a hero. I know two things, however; first, that I am very far from being a hero; and second, that if there is any remarkable heroism being displayed it is by you, for in this separation you are having decidedly the worst of it." But he was a hero, nevertheless, his heroism being of that type so warmly commended by Stanley in speaking of Mackay of Uganda and his noble associates in missionary work. He explored not for self-glory, but only that he might give the Gospel to the perishing Bule. With only the shelter of a rough bark house during the intervals of his explorations, or of his journeys to the coast, he gave himself to the study of the language through which the Gospel could be communicated to the people. He hastened to prepare a Bule Primer, the first book in the language, which is now passing through the press in New York. Writing to Mrs. Good on October 17, 1894, he says: "I fear my plans are badly made. I have determined to wait here until the rains stop, which ought to be in about two or three weeks; but now I learn when the rains have ceased here they are heaviest in the interior; so I am likely to have a bad time of it. But I can't put off this trip, for I want to visit the Bene country before I revise any of my translations.

"I have just two chapters more of Luke, and then I am through with the Gospels, which is all I have planned to translate at this time." Next day he

wrote: "The carriers are to start to-morrow, so I will close this now. To-morrow I hope to finish Luke, and then I am going to stop literary work for a couple of months. I am desperately tired of puzzling over how to say what there are often no words to express, and I shall be glad to get on the road again."

He was pushing exploration and translation with all his might, with the intention of rejoining his family in America next spring, intending while there to prosecute his literary work and see the Gospels, and possibly other parts of the Scriptures, through the press. But God had other plans. The translator's pen has been laid down, the feet which were shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace walk no longer in untrodden paths, the tongue which plead so eloquently for Africa's redemption lies silent in an African grave, but the missionary explorer lives in the immediate presence of his Lord, and will continue to live also in the work so nobly done.

Dr. Good stood high in the estimation and affection of the Board of Foreign Missions, both as a Christian brother and as a devoted and successful missionary. While recognizing the divine wisdom and love in the severe dispensation, it cannot but express its deep sense of the loss which the Church and the cause of Foreign Missions have sustained.

Dr. Good also enjoyed the confidence of his brethren in the mission and gratefully appreciated their support and earnest coöperation. His death to them will be a personal bereavement, while its rela-

tion to the work in the interior will appall them. The cable dispatch which brought the sad tidings to New York, contained also the pathetic appeal: "*Send workers quickly.*" Who will respond by consecrating their lives to the Lord for Africa? Who will answer with means to send and support such reinforcements?—*Rev. John Gillespie, D.D.*

Miss S. U. Goodrich.

It is not necessary to turn to the old biographies for instances of moral and Christian heroism. Miss Goodrich, who died on May 2, in this city, has been known by a limited number of persons as the indefatigable friend of the Chinese, and as a devoted missionary in their service. The year 1870 found her employed as a clerk at the Five Points House of Industry. While thus engaged during the usual hours of the day, she devoted her evenings to assisting Rev. Arthur Folsom in a school which had been opened for Chinamen. His work was suspended in the following autumn, as its growth had not realized expectations; but Miss Goodrich, unwilling to see the evening school relinquished, carried it on for two years without compensation. At the expiration of that time, however, she went to her pastor, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, for counsel, and was advised to relinquish her clerkship in the House of Industry, and devote her whole time to the Chinese. Volunteers for Sunday-school were soon obtained, and more or less assistance was given her in the evening school.

In 1878 the school was removed to 119 White

street, and a year after it was taken under the care of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, Miss Goodrich still continuing in charge. Around this nucleus of the evening school, Sunday-schools for Chinamen were multiplied till over twenty are now maintained in New York and Brooklyn. The peculiar sympathy which was felt by Miss Goodrich for the Chinese, and which was fully expressed not only by her gentle voice, but by a face of rare benevolence, constituted undoubtedly the chief element of her power over them. In contrast with the heartless and sometimes brutal treatment which these Mongolians experience at the hands of the masses, this one teacher appeared to them as an angel of mercy. Her instructions were always directed towards definite spiritual ends. Often would she kneel with these untutored men in prayer that they might be led of the Spirit of God.

Though results that can be tabulated are not large, yet scores of men, after more or less instruction, and fortified with the deep impressions which her Christian character had made upon them, have scattered to all parts of the earth as witnesses for her; and not a few have cherished a hope in the salvation of Christ. Many touching expressions of gratitude and love came to her in her last illness, and some of the most impressive scenes to be witnessed in her sick-room were those in which her devoted converts gathered at her bedside to express their sympathy, and upon taking their leave bowed down and offered fervent prayer in her behalf. In our last issue we alluded to one of her pupils, who is now employed as a mis-

sionary among his countrymen in the island of Mauritius. His letter to Miss Goodrich was at the same time published.—*Foreign Missionary*, July, 1882.

Rev. Nicanor Gomez.

Among the "Letters from the Field" will be found an account, given by Rev. J. M. Greene, of a furious outbreak of mob violence against a Protestant service at Alanwyo, Mexico. Two of our clergymen were seriously injured. The following supplemental letter records the martyr death of one of the two:

"Mexico, November 5, 1884.

"Our worst fears have been realized in the case of our good brother, Rev. Nicanor Gomez. After lingering a week in agony and delirium, he passed away to join the noble army of the martyrs. His head was fairly crushed by the terrible blows received from the great stones hurled at him, so that nothing less than a miracle could have effected his restoration. He became delirious almost immediately, and so continued, with very brief intervals of semi-consciousness, until the afternoon of last Sabbath, when his spirit took its flight. His son, writing me under date of yesterday, says: 'I write to inform you that on the day of God (November 2), my father rested from his bodily afflictions and pains, and passed to the better life with the martyrs of Jesus. I ask you, in my mother's behalf and that of our large family, that our brethren of the capital may pray for us especially, that God will comfort us and grant us the light of his

Holy Spirit, in order that we may be faithful to his will and providence even unto death.' A post-mortem examination showed that his skull had been fractured in various places, also that he had received a fatal wound in the throat. The only wonder of his physician was that he had lived so long after being wounded. Thus has our work for Christ lost one of its most faithful representatives. It is now about fifteen years since Mr. Gomez, walking through the plaza of Santiago on a market day, saw exposed for sale some strange books which attracted his curiosity. Drawing near and examining them, he found them to be copies of the Scriptures, and decided to buy one of the volumes. He took it home, and in the evening, after the children had all retired, he read from his new purchase to his wife. This was repeated evening after evening, and the more they read the more precious became the book to them. To reading they added prayer, and then they felt constrained to teach their children what to them had proved the way of life. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Gomez invited one after another of his neighbors to come in and hear what he should read to him from his new book. In this manner he very soon surrounded himself with a little circle of truly Bible Christians. The next step was to provide for the assembling of themselves together for simple, united worship, and this was effected through the kind offer of Mr. Gomez to fit up the only comfortable room in his humble dwelling as a chapel, and to move with his family into some outbuildings which could not even boast of a wall except on one side, the others

being enclosed by a sort of picket fence. This offer was made good, and for all these years that little chapel has resounded Sabbath by Sabbath, and once during the week, with the prayers and praises of God's people, in number from twenty to fifty, the services being conducted by Mr. Nicanor Gomez, or by his son Nestor. For several years both of them have been in the service of the mission, and the little congregation at Capulhuac has long been reckoned among our most faithful organizations. Our martyred brother was about sixty years of age. In early life he was as noted for his devotion to the Romish Church as he became afterward for his evangelical zeal. Only a few weeks since Mr. Brown and myself passed a Sabbath with him and administered the Lord's Supper to his flock. Very precious to us now is the remembrance of that visit, during which he told us of his early and later life, and especially of his experience at the confessional as having destroyed his faith completely in the Romish Church. The old man's eyes grew bright with unwonted fire, and moist at the same time with tears, as he narrated to us the way in which he had been led, and how mercifully the Lord had permitted him to see his family of ten children all in full sympathy with his Scriptural views and worship. Among all our native brethren, Don Nicanor was conspicuous for his humility, zeal, courage, energy and self-sacrifice. Not satisfied with the chapel at first prepared and devoted to Gospel services, he had been at work for over a year erecting, out of his scanty resources ($20 a month), a more pretentious structure, which was nearly ready

for dedication at his death. In all the region round about Capulhuac, companies of simple Indians are found in whose minds the truth of God has been sown by the good old man whose death we now deplore. Over a hundred and forty sincere mourners gathered at his funeral yesterday, even many Romanists giving evidence of heartfelt sorrow at the loss of so good a neighbor and so true a friend. But 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.' Having baptized the soil of Almoloya with Christian blood, our brethren are determined to win it for Christ. The most palpable effect of all that has happened next to the sense of personal bereavement is a renewed zeal for the extension of the glorious Gospel."—*Foreign Missionary*, December, 1884.

Rev. Alexander J. Graham.

Mr. Graham received his collegiate and theological education at Princeton, N. J., and acquitted himself with high credit throughout. He was the son of pious parents and many prayers. At about eighteen years of age, while a student at college and in the course of his usual meditations on retiring to rest, his mind was opened to *the goodness of God.* He became a follower of Christ, engaged himself on the Lord's side and was thenceforth earnest in the Master's service.

In September, 1849, an exigency at Spencer Academy among the Choctaw Indians calling for a laborer, his name was mentioned with much confidence by those equally acquainted with him and with the field.

In accepting the appointment to this post he had to sacrifice plans of life cherished by himself and his bereaved family, but he cheerfully went forth on the self-denying work to which he was called. All bore testimony to his abundant labors and to his signal usefulness. His heart soon became bound up in the forty Indian boys to whom he was teacher, protector, guardian and friend. But secret disease was at work upon him. . . . . The physician advised his return to the East for a surgical operation. It was the sorest trial of his life, he said, to leave the Indian boys even for a season. Yet with all his characteristic resolution he set out on his journey of 2200 miles and pursued it amongst his increasing disabilities, reaching home only to greet his friends again and to *depart this life*. His very incessant and intense pains he bore without a murmur. As his strength failed he was told by his physician that he was almost gone. His devoted sister received the word with less firmness than he. He begged her to compose her feelings. "It is all right, sister; let God's will be done." He was laboring a while to recall a favorite hymn:

"Is God my friend? Then welcome death."

So, devoutly and triumphantly, he departed, July 23, 1850, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.—*The Presbyterian.*

Rev. O. M. Green.

Rev. Oliver McClean Green was born at Dickinson, Cumberland county, Pa., June 22, 1845; died at

Harrisburg, Pa., November 17, 1882, aged thirty-seven years, four months, and twenty-five days. He was the youngest son of John T. Green, Esq., a ruling elder of the Dickinson Presbyterian Church. His preparatory studies were prosecuted at Centreville, Newville, and Chambersburg. He entered Princeton College in August, 1864, and graduated with the second honors of his class in June, 1867. He entered Princeton Seminary October, 1867, and remained till January, 1869, when he had to return home on account of impaired health. In September, 1869, he resumed his studies, falling back one class; 1870 and 1871 he spent in Home Mission work at Olyphant and Peckville, in Lackawanna Presbytery, where he greatly endeared himself to the people.

Hoping to benefit his health by a winter in the South, he entered Columbia Seminary, South Carolina, in September, 1871, and graduated there the following May. He now fully decided to engage in Foreign Mission work and offered himself to the Board, but owing to financial embarrassment, the Board could not send him. He then supplied the Presbyterian Church of Alexandria, Va., for one year with great acceptance, the people becoming so much attached to him, that they followed his whole future course with great interest.

In 1873 he again offered himself to the Board, and being accepted, was ordained by the Presbytery of Carlisle in the Second Church of Carlisle in October. He bade farewell to home and friends on the 15th of October, and arrived in Japan, to which field he had been commissioned, December 1, 1873.

He at once began the study of the difficult Japanese language, and made such progress that in eleven months he commenced preaching to the people. He was Stated Clerk of Presbytery and acted as interpreter for both Japanese and Americans nearly all the time he was in Japan. He made a number of translations of small Christian commentaries and tracts. Being one of our first missionaries to the sunrise kingdom, he took an active part in the organization of "The Church of Jesus Christ in Japan," which is the organization through which all the different Presbyterian Churches operate in Japan. At first he was stationed at Yokohama, and afterward at Tokio. His industry, fidelity and amiability greatly endeared him to his co-laborers and the natives.

His incessant labors and a trying climate, however, having impaired his naturally delicate constitution, he contracted chronic rheumatism, which compelled him to relinquish his work. He left Japan in July, 1880, and returned home in very feeble health. He found the old homestead sadly changed by the death of his mother, which occurred December 19, 1876. He visited among relatives and friends, but was able to make but few public addresses. All medical assistance proved of no avail, and after a lingering sickness he passed to his reward November 17, 1882. His friends and his brethren, of Carlisle Presbytery, laid his remains away tenderly by the side of his mother, in old Dickinson churchyard, which is thus consecrated by the dust of one of the most amiable, gifted and devoted servants of Christ. His memory is embalmed in the recollection of his

friends, and the history of Christian missions in Japan.—*Rev. W. H. Logan, Foreign Missionary*, January, 1883.

Miss Mary C. Greenleaf.

Miss Greenleaf was a daughter of Mr. Ebenezer and Mrs. Jane Greenleaf, of Newburyport, Mass., and niece of the late Rev. Dr. Dana of the same city. She was an admirable missionary among the Chickasaws, in the Indian Territory, where she died June 26, 1857, in the fifty-third year of her age. Her memoir, published by the Massachusetts Sabbath-school Society, is an interesting book, describing a beautiful life of piety and giving much information concerning missionary work among the Indians.—*J. C. L.*

Rev. William Hall.

Mr. Hall, who died on the 29th of September, 1894, was one of five Presbyterian ministers, most of whom spent the greater part of their lives in missionary work among the Indians of Western New York. Jabez B. Hyde, Asher Wright, Asher Bliss, Anson Gleason and William Hall, each in some respects a remarkable character, wrought long and earnestly for the welfare of the red man, and each left upon the people among whom he lived a distinct impress of himself.

The only one of these men at all distinguished as a student was the venerated Dr. Asher Wright, who

had a philosophical and penetrating intellect, and whose laborious work of translation in the Seneca tongue remains to-day as a monument to his industry and devotion.

The subject of the present memoir, Mr. Hall, with no early advantages of liberal education, found himself led by the hand of providence almost irresistibly, at the very opening of his manhood, into the particular ministry in which he spent his days.

He was born September 20, 1808, and was one of eleven children. He always ascribed the formation of his mind to a godly mother, of whom he said, "She never cooked on the Sabbath," and taught him at her knee from about the only books accessible at the time, the Bible, the New England Primer, and the Shorter Catechism. He describes himself as very early in life oppressed with the fear of divine judgment. His brothers and sisters were soon gathered into a Methodist "class" formed in the neighborhood.

One day while hoeing corn alone in the field, he fell upon his face in a paroxysm of fear, and cried to God for mercy; but the only peace he gained arose from what he described as "a bargain he made with the Lord," that, in consideration of his reading the Scriptures and praying to God three times a day, and striving in all things to please him, the Lord would "save his soul." But he soon discovered that although he had thus been relieved of the awful fear of judgment to come, he was becoming self-righteous. He had not yet realized what it was to be new-born and to live in the sweet peace of those who cast

themselves entirely into the keeping of Jesus and are clothed in his righteousness. But he found that peace eventually, and abode in it through the rest of his days.

Mr. Hall's father could give him no better advantages for education than those of the district school; but the boy's mind was alert, and at sixteen he became himself a teacher, turned aside now and then to more profitable employment, managed to spend a few terms in an academy, and so ten years passed away.

In one village where he taught he had a remarkable experience. His deep religious convictions having led him to gather some of his pupils about him, after school hours, for prayer and religious conversation, the Romanists of the place arrayed themselves against him, and one man, not a Romanist, fearing that his daughters would be converted and join the Presbyterian Church, aroused such opposition to him as to procure the vote of a district meeting that he should leave his place, and he did so.

This led to an invitation that he should go to Allegheny and take employment as a catechist. To this he acceded, married a lady in Silver Creek, started at once for his new field, and began his work in the shell of a one-story house built of rough boards and timber. Here he fell at once under the potent influence of the missionaries, Wright and Bliss, who laid hold of him and told him he must be a minister. He was ordained by a council, and from that point went steadily on through life at the arduous work to which he felt sure that his Master had called him.

Mr. Hall's career from the time he was ordained was uneventful. He pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way" in comparative obscurity, a quiet, modest man, with a single aim, to point out to the Senecas the path of peace, industry, virtue and religion, and help them to walk in it. He was rarely seen at the meetings of the Presbytery, but those who came to know him ever remembered him as a wise, gentle and amiable man. To him it would never be said that he hid his Lord's talent in the earth. An overshadowing sense of responsibility never allowed him to forget the command, "Occupy till I come;" and over all the Reservation the memory of William Hall will ever be precious.—*Rev. M. F. Trippe, The Evangelist.*

Mrs. William Hall.

Mrs. Emeline Gaylard Hall, who died at West Salamanca, February 17, 1882, in the seventy-fourth year of her age, had been connected with the work of the Seneca Mission over forty-seven years. In the year 1834 she was married to the Rev. William Hall, then a school-teacher at Silver Creek; and soon afterwards they entered upon what proved to be their life work among the Seneca Indians. Nearly the whole period of labor was spent on the Allegheny reservation.

Perhaps no form or department of missionary labor involves greater self-denial than that which is devoted to the fragmentary tribes of our American Indians. The romance of missions, the interest

growing out of contact with strange civilizations and interesting foreign countries, is all wanting when one settles down upon a dull half-cultivated Indian reservation, with scattered cabins, half-cleared lands and poorly tilled fields, to live a life of sympathy and helpfulness to the poor and neglected. The discouragements which attend mission work just beyond the borders of our settlements, where the contact of vice and the ravages of whisky constantly interpose their influence, are perhaps greater than those encountered anywhere else. There is wanting the sympathy of a flock of our own people as in the Home Mission work, and on the other hand the safe distance from evil enjoyed in a secluded foreign field.

In the words of Rev. C. Burgess, who has prepared a more extended obituary notice, "The work to which Mr. and Mrs. Hall gave themselves demanded a piety that had nerve and sinew, that was true, deep, and sincere. And theirs was at an early day tested severely, not only by various hindrances, but by severe trials, in the destruction of their home by fire and in the sickness and death which visited the family circle. Under these circumstances the symmetry and strength of Mrs. Hall's character became more and more apparent as the years rolled on." "It was not fitful," says Mr. Burgess, "but uniform. The light of her Christian example, shining with great brightness through the whole sphere of her acquaintance, was brightest and most radiant at home. Her husband praiseth her, and her children and grandchildren rise up and call her blessed."—*Foreign Missionary*, April, 1882.

Rev. William Hamilton.

Mr. Hamilton was a native of Western Pennsylvania. He received his theological education in Allegheny Seminary, was ordained by the Presbytery of Northumberland in 1837, and immediately left as a missionary of the Board to the Iowa Indians. He continued in its service, laboring among this tribe and the Omahas until the transfer of these Indian missions to the Home Board in 1889. He died on the 17th of September, 1891, at Decatur, Neb., in his eighty-first year. A brief memorial of this devoted servant of Christ was written by the compiler of these memoirs and is in his *Hand-book and Incidents of Foreign Missions in the Presbyterian Church.—W. R.*

Mrs. William Hamilton.

Mrs. Hamilton, who accompanied her husband on his mission to the Iowa Indians in 1837, died on the 29th of April, 1868, at the Omaha Mission, to which they had removed. "When told that she could not live" (after receiving a severe injury from the overturning of a carriage), Mr. Hamilton writes, "she expressed entire resignation to the will of God; she had no fear of death, and no doubt of her interest in Christ. Thus she seems to have returned to the work that she had consecrated her life to more than thirty years ago, only to lay her body in the mission graveyard. We received much sympathy from the friends around us and also from the Indians. May

this affliction be sanctified to us all is my earnest prayer."—*Record*, June, 1868.

Mrs. William B. Hamilton.

The sudden tidings of the death of Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, at Chinanfoo, China, January 13, 1889, have caused a severe shock not only at the Mission House, but in a wide circle of friends of the deceased. It seems but as yesterday that Mrs. Hamilton had bidden adieu to a large circle of friends assembled in Washington, Pa., and to the nearer home circle, and gone forth with bright hopes as a missionary of the Board to Chinanfoo. She had been supposed to be in the enjoyment of a fair degree of health; but while on the Pacific her husband noticed with some alarm the appearance of an ominous hectic flush upon her cheek. Soon after her arrival in Chinanfoo she suffered two or three slight hemorrhages and from that time the progress of her disease, commonly known as quick consumption, was exceedingly rapid. Although called so soon to lay down her work, the summons was obeyed without complaint. A sweet and peaceful spirit of reconciliation and of unshaken trust was given her even to the last. She had won the affection of the mission, and in the hearts of multitudes who knew her in her childhood and youth her memory is dear. (Dr. Coltman, who watched over her to the last, says, "I have witnessed many death-beds of Christians and others, but never such a happy one as hers. Death was robbed of his sting.")—*Church at Home and Abroad*, May, 1889.

Rev. Andrew P. Happer, D.D., M.D.

The name of Dr. Happer has been associated with missions in China for the last fifty years. He was born in Monongahela City, Pa., October 20, 1818, and died at Wooster, Ohio, October 27, 1894. The treaty of Nanking, of August, 1842, which opened five ports of China to commerce and the Gospel, gave enhanced interest to the Presbyterian Board's missions in that empire and the next year special funds were contributed for their enlargement.

Andrew Patton Happer, then a graduate of Jefferson College, having completed his theological course at Allegheny, was studying medicine in Philadelphia, where he took the degree of M.D. in the University of Pennsylvania. In 1844 he was ordained by the Presbytery of Ohio, and on the 22d of June of that year sailed from New York for Canton in company with five other missionaries of the Board, who were destined for more northern ports, and arrived at Macao on the 22d of October.

As no house could be rented in Canton for the residence of foreigners by reason of local prejudice, he was compelled to remain at Macao over two years "without Christian society or sympathy or friendship." Here he prosecuted the study of the language and established a boarding school for Chinese boys. Eleven of these were graduated from his training school in Canton after eight years' Christian instruction.

Late in the year 1846 he was joined by the Rev. William and Mrs. Speer and Rev. John B. French,

and a few months later the mission succeeded in entering and establishing itself in Canton. But not all. In April the remains of Mrs. Cornelia Speer found a resting place in Macao beside those of Dr. Robert Morrison.

On the 11th of November, 1847, Dr. Happer married Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Dyer Ball, of the American Board, who became the mother of his four daughters, who, under appointment of the Presbyterian Board, were at times his co-laborers in the field; also of two sons, one of whom ministered to him in his last hours.

The dispensary and practice of the physician proved a wedge-like instrument for opening the way for more direct mission work. "Patients come to me," says he, "from all the surrounding country, as well as from this great city. Some have come a distance of three, four and even five days' journey to seek here medical aid." Of the abundant labors of Dr. Happer during the first ten years of his life in China, his colleague, Dr. Kerr, near the end of that period, thus writes: "The instruction and superintendence of thirty boys in the boarding school and as many in the day school, preaching every other day and twice on the Sabbath, prescribing on every weekday, for from fifty to one hundred and fifty patients, impose on Dr. Happer labor for which few men would be equal, but which his desire for the welfare of this people has enabled him to perform willingly and zealously."

Mrs. Happer's health gave way in 1854, so as to make a change necessary, and as Dr. Kerr and Mr.

Preston had arrived to reinforce the mission, Dr. Happer embarked with his family for the United States in December of that year. His last missionary act before leaving was the baptism of one whom he calls "a son begotten and beloved in the Gospel —the first fruits of my labors among the Chinese. After ten years' waiting, this sheaf was gathered with great joy." During a long detention for the same cause that had brought him home, Canton had been bombarded and captured by British and French war ships—miles of houses had been destroyed, and among them all the mission premises.

On Dr. Happer's return to the field in 1859, he found the brethren, who before the conflict had retreated to Macao, reëstablished in Canton with better accommodations than those destroyed, and among a people whose haughtiness had been brought down by the severe discipline they had undergone. Medical and hospital practice was resumed, the disbanded training school reopened, and evangelistic labors were more encouraging than before.

In 1862, the first Presbyterian church was organized with seven native members, and he became its pastor and continued such until his direct mission work was closed, gathering into that fold some five hundred converts. He detached members as colonies to form nine other churches, and the membership last reported in them all is more than double the number he had baptized. But no computation can adequately state the widening influence through church and school of a single missionary. His colleagues, as from time to time they joined him, were

all helpers together in the Master's work and sharers in its success.

His boarding or training school afforded him the most favorable opportunity of securing evangelistic results. He names the Epistle of Paul to the Romans, with Hodge's notes as a text-book for drilling his boys, and adds: "The utter hopelessness of their condition as sinners, and the heinousness of their sins and the freeness and preciousness of the Gospel were tenderly and earnestly pressed upon their attention." Such sowing produced fruitage, and so he reports, in January, 1875, eighty-six baptisms in the twenty-six preceding months.

In December, 1865, Mrs. Elizabeth Happer departed this life in great peace and a suitable provision for his motherless children required that the father should bring them to America. In October, 1869, he returned to China, having on the 6th of that month married Miss A. L. Elliott, who for twenty years had been a teacher in Western Pennsylvania. Four years later he writes: "My wife is not, for the Lord took her. She rejoiced that she was permitted to come to China, and she saw here blessed results in answer to her prayers." Dr. Happer's third marriage was on March 18, 1875, to Miss Hannah J. Shaw, a member of the mission, who survives him.

It was not until after fourteen years of continuous labor that he consented to another furlough, and the year 1884 may be regarded as the closing one of his missionary life. As a member of the Committee for the Revision of the Culbertson & Bridgeman Version of the Bible, and as a translator with others of

the New Testament into the vernacular, he was making good progress. But these, with his other engagements, were making inroads upon his physical strength, and having sought in vain restoration of health in a visit to Japan, he was constrained to ask leave of absence. He came home, but not to rest.

He had seen his training-school graduates scattered among some of the cities of the empire, and exerting there, as in their home, a leavening influence, and his ideal in that line of work was a permanently endowed Chinese Christian College. To secure such an endowment he came to New York, occupied a room in the Mission House, and for several weeks was engaged in correspondence for securing the desired funds. Success crowned his efforts, and over $100,000 were placed in the hands of trustees in New York. The Chinese College was inaugurated on paper and he was made the first President. Mrs. Happer, who had rendered conspicuous and efficient service in woman's mission circles during her sojourn here and for whom there is now a wide sympathy in her great affliction, went back with her husband to China. For two years they labored together, organizing and instructing—their chief hindrance being the great difficulty of obtaining suitable buildings. Mrs. Happer's health now failed, compelling her return home. Her husband followed a few months later, mainly from the same cause, resigning the Presidency of the college to its Board of Trustees. They retired to their common home in Western Pennsylvania, among kindred and the associations of their early days. Latterly they removed to

Wooster, whence the great soul of this busy man entered into the joy of his Lord. "Until the last his mind was keenly alive to the great world movements which affected the work of missions and the progress of Christ's kingdom."

The testimony of the Foreign Board on closing its official relations to this pioneer brother, as expressed in the Fifty-fourth Annual Report, may appropriately close this memorial: "During all his missionary career, Dr. Happer has been widely known for his scholarly tendencies, by his broad views of the whole missionary problem, his thorough knowledge of China and its wants, his intelligent foresight along all the lines of progress and his comprehensive grasp of the whole missionary interest, and this not only with respect to China, but the whole heathen world."—*William Rankin.*

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Happer.

Mrs. Happer, wife of Rev. Andrew P. Happer, D.D., was born in Florida, October 24, 1829. Her father, Rev. Dyer Ball, M.D., went to China as a missionary of the American Board in 1841; his daughters, afterwards Mrs. Happer and Mrs. French, acquired by this means an early acquaintance with the Chinese people and their language. Of Mrs. Happer's great worth in all the relations of life and as a missionary, the Rev. C. F. Preston thus speaks, paying a just and beautiful tribute to her memory, writing at Canton, December 29, 1865:

"Mrs. Happer fell asleep in Jesus this morning,

suddenly. Although we have been expecting the tidings many days, it came at last, as is often the case, at an hour we did not look for it, and to herself and family it was no less so. The prevailing feeling is—she is at rest. It is well with her, but what a loss have we all sustained, her family, the mission, the community, the Chinese children and the Chinese women! She had a most loving and fervent spirit, engaged in the Master's service. She was earnest, active, and laborious in the interest of her family, and of the Chinese, with whom she had a large acquaintance. Having learned the language in youth, and being brought up among the Chinese, she was well acquainted with customs and modes of social intercourse. She was able also to sympathize with the people and to gain their affections to a remarkable degree. There was in her a happy combination of qualities, by nature and by grace, fitting her for the missionary work; and although her health was feeble, she gave herself no rest. She was always intensely active in varied works of love. We shall not see her like again. How mysterious that she should be taken so early from her family and the missionary work! May God bless this most trying dispensation! The funeral services are to be held to-morrow, and I am to take charge of the services in Chinese. I trust the influence of this sad bereavement may be of lasting benefit to many."—*Record*, April, 1866.

A biographical sketch of this excellent Christian woman may be found in the *Foreign Missionary*, August, 1866.—*J. C. L.*

Mrs. Andrew P. (Elliott) Happer.

Mrs. Happer accompanied her husband, Dr. Happer, on his return to China in 1869, from a visit to the United States. She died at Canton, October 10, 1873. Mr. Preston writes: "It is by no means unexpected. She has suffered much and is at rest. Peacefully she passed away and we cannot mourn as those without hope, for her trust was in her Saviour and she has gone to him."—*Foreign Missionary*, December, 1873.

The *Record*, of April, 1874, contains a brief memoir of this devoted lady: "She rejoiced that she was permitted to come to China, and she saw here blessed results in answer to her prayers. In the precious work of grace in our midst she was rejoiced by seeing those who had been the special subject of her prayers converted to God."

Mr. Simon Harrison.

Letters from Monrovia report, as we regret to learn, the death of Mr. Harrison, on the 7th of November, 1872, from dropsy, after long suffering patiently borne. Mr. Harrison's name first appeared in the Annual Reports of the Board in 1855 and 1856, when he was spoken of "as an aged colored man and licentiate preacher who formerly lived in the Choctaw nation as a slave, but was liberated a few years since with a view to his going to Liberia as a religious teacher." The excellent missionaries to the Choctaws, Drs. Kingsbury and Byington, took

a warm interest in his welfare as long as they lived, and he has now no doubt rejoined them in the Saviour's presence. He was a sincere follower of Christ and desirous of doing good among men.—*Record*, March, 1873.

Rev. Alexander Henry.

Rev. Alexander Henry, then a student in Danville Theological Seminary, made application to the Executive Committee in December, 1860, to be sent as a missionary the following year. Owing to the civil war, when Mr. Henry was ready to embark for his field, the Committee were constrained to defer sending him. This led him to take charge of a church in Kentucky, where he labored until 1863, when he sailed in August for India and arrived in January, 1864. He was stationed at Lodiana until 1867, when he was transferred to Lahore, where he remained till his death.

On Sabbath evening, August 15, 1869, he preached in the chapel at Lahore with great fervor. Next morning, not feeling well, he did not resume his duties in the school. On the return of Rev. C. B. Newton from the school he found him quite ill of cholera. A physician was immediately called but all his skill was in vain and before two o'clock on that day he entered into rest. He was a noble worker, an earnest Christian, and a self-denying man, and is greatly mourned. He leaves a widow and six children. One of his brethren writes: "What will become of our poor mission if the Lord thus deals with

us? Oh, that he might raise others of a kindred spirit with Brother Henry and send them to the rescue!"—*Foreign Missionary*, November, 1869.

John W. Heron, M.D.

The death of Dr. J. W. Heron, of Korea, of dysentery, August 1, 1890, brings a serious shock to the officers of the Board and to many friends. Dr. Heron had long been conscious of overwork and of a severe strain upon his strength, and was planning to secure, if possible, a furlough as soon as some one should be found to take his place. He was appointed to the Korean Mission in 1885, and from the first gave promise of medical skill and of a strong and vigorous missionary work. He was the son of a well-known pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and leaves a mother whose strong faith and zeal consecrated him long ago to the mission work and who but a short time before his death declared that he was in just the place where she would have wished him to have been.

For a time Dr. Heron was associated with Dr. H. N. Allen in the charge of the government hospital and other medical work in Seoul, and upon the appointment of the latter by the king of Korea as interpreter and adviser of the Korean legation, which was sent to Washington in 1887, Dr. Heron took full charge of the work, and from that time on had borne a heavy burden. He had won the confidence of the foreign community to such an extent that he had a large practice, the avails of which

were handed over to the treasury of the mission. He leaves a young wife and two children to mourn his loss, besides a mother, brother and sisters in this country. He was ready to answer what he considered a call of duty to go abroad in the service of Christ and humanity. He has rendered a faithful stewardship, and while still in his youth he has been called to lay down his work and receive his reward.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, September, 1890.

NOTE.—Dr. Heron was born in England, June 15, 1856. In 1870 the family settled in East Tennessee. A touching memorial of him, by his associate missionary, Rev. D. L. Gifford, appears in October *Church*, 1890.

REV. AMOS HERRING.

"We have to report with regret the death of the Rev. Amos Herring, on the 14th of June, 1873, at Buchanan, Liberia, in the eightieth year of his age. He was greatly respected as an exemplary, earnest, useful minister of the Gospel."—*Record*, October, 1873.

MRS. MARY L. HERRON.

"We learn with great regret that Mrs. Herron, wife of Rev. David Herron, of Dehra, India, was called from this life on the 25th of November, 1863. Her removal is a great loss, not only to her immediate family but to the missionary work in which she was eminently devoted and useful. The Christian

girls' school at Dehra is indebted to her chiefly for its existence and success, and her influence was most happily exerted in other ways for the benefit of native women and their daughters. Mr. Herron and his four children will receive the deep sympathy of many Christian friends in this bereavement."—*Record*, March, 1864.

"Dear Mrs. Herron was a noble woman. She was endowed with an excellent understanding by nature, which she had taken great care to cultivate, and this, blended with her piety and industry, rendered her a most efficient missionary. . . . . She has fallen at her post. Her remains rest upon the scene of her labors—one of the most beautiful valleys in the world [Valley of the Doon]. Her grave will be watched over for long years to come by those for whose good she labored, and when the last trump shall sound she will rise with them to receive the plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"—*Rev. R. S. Fullerton.*

Mrs. David Herron (2).

Mrs. David Herron sailed with her husband for India on his return from a visit to this country in January, 1868, and died at Dehra, January 13, 1874. Though only a few years in that country, she became identified with the female school at Dehra on her arrival and was enabled to take much of the oversight upon herself. Many will feel her loss. "You will be grieved," writes one, "to learn that Mrs. Herron is with us no longer. She was taken with inflammation of the bowels last Sabbath, January 11,

and after great suffering passed peacefully away on the morning of the 13th, to be forever with the Lord. During all her dreadful agony she showed the most wonderful patience. Early on Monday morning she said, 'I have had a night of agony, but the Saviour has been very near and very precious.' About an hour before her death Miss Nelson repeated the hymn, 'How Firm a Foundation,' for her, and after each stanza she exclaimed, 'Oh, how full! How free! How precious!'"—*Foreign Missionary*, April, 1874.

Mary K. Hesser.

Miss Mary K. Hesser, of our Western Japan Mission, who had returned to the United States in the spring for surgical treatment, died in the hospital at Los Angeles, Cal., on September 1, 1894. Two years before Miss Hesser had passed successfully through a severe crisis and was pronounced by her physician able to resume her missionary work.

Scarcely had she entered upon it again, however, when serious symptoms rapidly developed, and it was decided that she must return without delay to the United States for treatment. Up to within a few hours of her death, an operation which had been performed seemed entirely successful, but a sudden complication arose which no human skill could control.

Miss Hesser went to Japan under commission of the Board of Foreign Missions in 1882. The Rev. Charles M. Fisher, for a number of years a member of the same mission, writes: "Miss Hesser founded

the Kanazawa Girls' School, and gave ten years of most efficient service to it, making it one of the strong missionary agencies on the west coast of Japan. All who knew her admired her zeal and devotion to her work and her wonderful tact in dealing with the missionary problems in that work. She very soon acquired a fluent use of the language, and, outside of her school duties, did much in pointing the Japanese women to Christ." It was the earnest desire of Miss Hesser, and her constant prayer, that she might be permitted to return to her "dear girls," as she was wont to call her pupils. Her last words, as she left the house of a friend to enter the hospital, were, "I am in my Father's hands." To-day she is in her Father's house, the service on earth ended, that in heaven begun.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, November, 1894.

Mrs. J. T. Houston.

Rev. James T. Houston and wife sailed for Brazil in November, 1874, and were stationed first at Bahia and afterwards at Rio de Janeiro.

Returning home in 1880, with impaired health, Mrs. Houston died at Pittsburgh, Pa., March 12, 1881. She was an efficient worker, much beloved in the mission circle as well as by numerous friends at home; and the highest eulogy which can be pronounced upon her is that which our Saviour once uttered when he said of a faithful one, "She hath done what she could."—*Foreign Missionary*, May, 1881.

Rev. James J. Hull.

Mr. Hull died at Suffolk, Va., March 8, 1881. He was born in Columbiana county, O., a graduate of the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny in 1872, and in October, the same year, went to Kolhapur, India, in company with his classmate, Rev. Joseph P. Graham. A few years later he married Annie, daughter of Rev. James V. McGinnis, of Shade Gap, Pa. Mr. Hull was one of the ablest and most devoted missionaries of our India missions. He was characterized by fine intellectual qualities, calm judgment, charitableness and prudence. Though he was permitted to labor but little over six years, he left a valuable impress upon the mission and upon the native church. For many months he struggled on manfully in his work in spite of the insidious progress of disease. He seemed conscious that his time was short and was only anxious to accomplish as much as possible before being compelled to lay down his armor.—*Foreign Missionary*, May, 1881.

Rev. J. M. Ibanez.

Mr. Ibanez, who died in 1875, was a native Chilian, partly educated in California, and for four years a missionary of the Board at Santiago. He united with a Presbyterian church in California, and commenced studying in the hope of preaching the truth to his countrymen in Chili. Impaired health caused him to desist, but, writes Dr. Trumbull, of Valparaiso,

"after returning hither he united with my church, and later on resolved to make another attempt, commencing his studies with me. After making good progress in Greek and Hebrew he was examined and ordained about four years since. His knowledge of English and Spanish gave him a great advantage. His style was vivid and polished. Some of his sermons were published and attracted admiration with some, as well as censure from others. We thought he would wield an influence for great good. In fact he had begun to do so. . . . . We feel thrown back on the Lord and can only act on his exhortation to pray the Lord of the harvest that he may send forth laborers into his harvest."—*Annual Report*, 1876.

Rev. Samuel M. and Mrs. Irvin.

The death of Mrs. Irvin, July 21, 1886, and the death of Rev. Samuel M. Irvin, February 24, 1887, both at their home, Highland, Kans., are among the events of the mission year. In 1837 they went as missionaries to the Iowa and Sac Indians, then wild in the wilderness in what is now the northeastern part of the State of Kansas. In 1864, the Indians having removed from their former abode, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin's connection with the Board was relinquished. It was renewed in 1880. In the meantime Mr. Irvin was engaged in labors both for the white people and the Indians. An academy was opened at Highland, which is now known as Highland University, of which he may be considered one of the earliest founders, and in which Indian youths were

welcomed as scholars. The Indians had declined in number partly from their removal, but some remnants remained, and to these the latter years of Mr. Irvin's life were chiefly devoted. The death of these excellent laborers is a great loss to the Indians."—*Annual Report*, 1887.

Rev. R. D. Irwin.

Rev. R. D. Irwin, a graduate of McCormick Seminary, was appointed to the Mexican Mission and reached his field in August, 1887, but was prevented almost from the first from engaging actively in the missionary work by the illness of his wife. This continued to be so serious that by leave of the Board he left the field with the view of engaging in Home Missionary work at El Paso, Texas. But almost immediately after his arrival he was so seriously affected with nervous prostration that he was obliged to set out for his home in Minnesota, and while on his way there he died at Jetmore, Kans., February 9, 1888.

Mr. Irwin had received the very highest recommendations from his instructors in the seminary, and had won the confidence of his missionary associates in a high degree.—*Annual Report*, 1888.

Issachar.

Saharanpur, April 20, 1858.

It is with sincere sorrow we record the death of Issachar, one of the ablest native preachers I have ever known. He was a man of humble birth, but of

rare natural abilities. His memory was so retentive that he seemed to have at perfect command all that he had ever read or heard. Born and brought up a Hindu, he had not only worshiped idols himself, but he had instructed others to perform this degrading service, and had even aspired to be a priest and leader to the low caste with which he mingled. His mind was of too high an order to allow him to remain on a level with the ignorant and degraded of his own class. He labored from his earliest youth to become acquainted with the tangled and mystical web, so finely and elaborately spun out in the Hindu Shasters. Convinced, at last, that these were but a confused mass of contradictions and impurities, he was directed to the more rational system of the Veds, and he soon became a Vedantist, traveling over many parts of Northern India and the Punjab, to learn from Pundits and Fakeers as much of the system as possible; but still his logical mind was not satisfied with a system in which he had detected so many contradictions. His soul, longing for immortality—for something to satisfy its inward cravings, and for light regarding the way of salvation for a guilty sinner, had obtained no peace. The more he read, or heard, or saw, of Hinduism, the darker the clouds seemed to gather around him. At last, about eight years ago, the *Sut mut narupun*, or, an Inquiry Concerning the True Religion, being a prize essay in Hindi, of about 300 pages, fell into his hands. He read it with avidity and delight. It was just the book to suit his case, and the blessed means of his conversion. Having read it so often he had it almost by heart, and

from it he drew the arguments which he wielded with so much power. After some time, he was baptized by an English Episcopal missionary, and was never after under censure for his moral conduct, though dismissed some four years ago for a trifling fault. Finding him at that time out of employment, and anxious to be engaged in the instruction of his countrymen, we took him on trial. It required but a short time to convince us of the man's moral and intellectual worth. For nearly four years he has labored with us from day to day with the greatest ability, and with general acceptance among the people. No learned Pundit that we have met has been able to stand before him in argument for a quarter of an hour. He would soon let them know that he understood the ins and outs and strange tortuosities of the shasters as well as themselves, and then they would stand in mute astonishment, gazing on a man with the ugliest face they had ever seen, but with the best replenished mind they had ever encountered, a man possessed of the greatest ability to employ what that mind contained in refuting their high pretensions, and exposing the gross absurdities and impure morals of their sacred books. On these occasions, he would quote largely, *memoriter*, from the Veds and Purans, giving slokas most appropriate to the point in hand, and which his opponents could not gainsay. Then closing up his arguments on that side, he would open out the Gospel plan of salvation with a clearness and fullness, backed with a "Thus saith the Lord" from the sacred Scriptures, so as to fix every eye upon him, and chain the audience at his

will. Indeed, I have never seen any man anywhere who had greater power over his hearers in this respect. So long as he spoke, there were but few who could leave the assembly, while many would gather around to listen to an oratory and an utterance of truth to which they had not been accustomed.

At the beginning of this month, he accompanied me to the Hurdwar fair. Day by day he spoke with his accustomed ability to large crowds of pilgrims. On the morning of the 9th, about sunrise, he accompanied me to the bazar, and soon put to silence the host of objectors that surrounded us; nor did they quit the ground, as might be supposed, when overwhelmed by arguments they could not answer, but remained attentive, often looking significantly at each other, when their arguments were being swept away like cobwebs! [A few hours afterwards he was taken to his rest, having been drowned while crossing the river.] The labors of that morning to direct blind idolaters to Christ met with a speedy reward.

Issachar was not only a man of superior talents and acquirements, but he was a true Christian, in whom were strikingly developed the graces of the Holy Spirit. He was loved by all who knew him. Only a few days before, he was received under the care of Presbytery as a student of theology, and delivered an excellent discourse in Hindi, as a specimen of improvement in that study, which he had been prosecuting informally with the class for years past. He was, during his short career, the means of leading souls to Christ. He has died in the prime of life, aged thirty-three years. His removal from such a field of use-

fulness, when so many laborers are required, and when he was so well qualified for his work, is one of those mysteries of divine Providence which we are not permitted to solve. Doubtless all has been ordered in infinite wisdom, and that ought to be to us all perfectly satisfactory.—*Rev. J. R. Campbell, D.D.*

Mr. B. V. R. James.

Mr. James was born and educated as a teacher in this country, was a missionary in Liberia for the long period of thirty-two years, and died January 9, 1869. He had been called to fill high stations of trust in the government, and was held in great respect by all classes of people, but his highest honor was that of being an exemplary follower of Christ and a devoted laborer in his service.—*Annual Report*, 1869.

Mrs. Rebecca Jamieson.

Mrs. Jamieson, wife of the Rev. Jesse M. Jamieson, was a daughter of Captain Thomas and Mrs. Townsend, and was born at Middleford, Del., January 26, 1818. The death of her parents, while she was quite young, placed her under the charge of kind and religious friends and led to her enjoying the advantage of excellent boarding-schools. She became a communicant when she was fourteen, and her life of piety, quickness of apprehension in her studies and warmth of character, gave her a strong hold on the respect and affection of her schoolmates, teachers

and friends. It was then her great desire to be useful. All these excellent traits found full development in her missionary life. With her husband she reached Calcutta in 1836. On the voyage a precious revival of religion was enjoyed . . . . when the captain, first officer, and several sailors were led to accept of Christ as their Saviour; and Mrs. Jamieson's gift of a Bible to the first officer seemed to be the means of his conversion.

In India, her health was delicate; often she was subject to severe illness, but she was ever diligent and unwearied in the fulfillment of every Christian duty. A short memoir, published in the *Missionary Chronicle* of August, 1846, speaks of her as "a kind and affectionate mother; no one ever felt the responsibility of bringing up children in a heathen land more than she did. Hence she scarcely ever suffered her six little ones to be out of her sight with heathen servants." It was a striking example of her benevolence that she added to her own family a little girl, whom she rescued from the worst influences, when the child was neglected by her father. But with all her fidelity in her own family, she found time to do much for the heathen. She had applied herself on first reaching India to the earnest study of the native language, justly considering this the first and greatest attainment of a foreign missionary. And afterwards, while teaching about thirty Hindu girls in her school, she acquired an extensive knowledge of the Hindi, so that she could speak and write it with much readiness. This was, no doubt, a principal means of her gaining such great influence over the native women,

and it prepared her also for usefulness through the press. One of her little works was widely circulated, but she did not live long enough to carry this method of doing good to any great extent.

Mrs. Jamieson excelled in religious conversation with natives of the country. "She had an ease in expression, and a tender, winning manner, which never failed to attract the attention of the most listless, or to disarm the bitterest enemy of his opposition to the cross. She was emphatically the friend of the poor. No beggar ever left her door without a pittance of charity and a kind word, and to teach her children to do likewise, she always, when convenient, made them her almoners. Her favorite sentiment was, 'Happiness is the essence of heaven, and if I can but make one poor heathen child happy for half an hour, I should not live in vain; for every drop of happiness we receive or communicate from the troubled sea of time is an antepast of that holy place.'"

The days of this devoted missionary were numbered September 2, 1845. Attacked by cholera, she was found prepared for the time of her departure. "Although weak in body, her mind remained calm and quite composed until a short time before her death. She spent nearly the whole of Friday night in conversing with her husband about the cause of missions, the disposal of the dear children after her death, and in giving messages for her friends. She said she felt very unworthy of the honor of being a missionary to the heathen, but hoped she had not lived altogether in vain; and now on the brink of

eternity she felt more and more the importance of chastened and intelligent views of the work.

"On Monday, on being told it was very probable she had but a few hours to live, she heard this with the greatest composure, and simply said, 'Do you think so, my dear? that is but a short time;' and raising her hands offered up a short prayer. She then desired all the children to be brought to her, and telling them she was dying, embraced them one by one, and gave them her last blessing. After this she had the heathen servants collected, and addressing them distinctly by name, exhorted them to believe on Jesus and to prepare for death, as she had often warned them. All wept, except the departing believer: she was all calmness. After this sad farewell she asked her husband to read for her the fifth chapter of second Corinthians and the second of Ephesians, and to pray with her. She then repeated, as she had strength, the beautiful hymns, commencing, 'Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind;' 'Come, Holy Spirit, come;' 'There is a land of pure delight,' and the twenty-third Psalm. Shortly afterwards she said to the doctor, 'I am dying fast, the conflict will soon be over. I am going to a glorious world. Blessed Jesus—no doubts.' She then fell into a doze, and in about an hour, looking up, exclaimed, 'Many, many, all friends.' Here her mind began to wander, and she spoke very little more, except in broken sentences, as 'Come quick, make haste.' She, however, continued to recognize her husband till within an hour or two of her death, when she became apparently unconscious of earth, and gradually

sunk until the clock struck four on Tuesday morning, September 4, when she gently breathed her last.

"On the evening after her death, her remains were deposited in the station burial-ground, there to await the voice that wakes the dead. The solemn procession at her funeral was accompanied by a larger company of respectable natives than was ever seen at any European funeral in Sabathu before; and many of them, to show their esteem for the deceased, came forward and cast handfuls of earth into her grave, and for several days after her burial many resorted to the mission compound to show their grief by loud lamentations. May she, though dead, yet speak, and may the Gospel seed she sowed bring forth an abundant harvest!"—*J. C. L.*

Mrs. Eliza McL. Jamieson.

Mrs. Jamieson, second wife of the Rev. J. M. Jamieson, died July 17, 1856, "to the great grief of her missionary associates, as well as of her own family. She had long suffered from severe illness, which she bore with Christian patience; and her last hours were full of peace."—*Annual Report*, 1857.

Rev. Levi Janvier, D.D.

The subject of this brief memoir was born at Pitt's Grove, in the State of New Jersey, on the 25th of April, A.D. 1816. His early youth was spent in study under the care of his father, who was pastor of

the Presbyterian Church in that place. His early studies were chiefly devoted to the Latin and Greek languages, and these studies soon developed a native aptitude for acquiring language in general. At Easton, where La Fayette College was then in its infancy, he for some time, under the instructions of the Rev. Dr. Junkin, attended to the mathematics, and in that branch also his proficiency was no less remarkable. From Easton he went to Lawrenceville, and spent a few months in the school of the Rev. Isaac V. Brown, and thence proceeded to Princeton and entered the Junior class. During his brief term there, he studied the French language in addition to the regular course of his class. At the commencement he pronounced the salutatory, and shared with two others the first honor of the class. There he became a member of the Church of Christ, and felt that the Gospel ministry was the vocation of his choice. During his course in the seminary he surveyed the vast extent of the missionary field, and among the stations occupied by our Board of Missions, chose Lodiana as the place of his future labors.

Having obtained the sanction of the Board of Missions, he sailed, accompanied by his wife, in September, 1841, arriving at Calcutta, and proceeding up the Ganges to Allahabad, where he remained several weeks; and they reached their destination early in the spring of 1842. Having commenced the study of the Urdu tongue soon after leaving his native shore, he at once commenced his labors among his heathen neighbors in Lodiana. His time was divided between preaching and translating. For some time

he taught a school of Hindu youth, making the doctrines of the Gospel a constant portion of their studies. Throughout his whole course, his labors were connected with the Press, to the last and closing period of his work.

As soon as he had mastered the Punjabi language, Mr. Janvier, with his cousin, Dr. Newton, of the same mission, entered upon his greatest literary work, the formation of a dictionary of that language. With great labor it was finally completed, and was published by the Mission Press in 1854. A copy of this work was transmitted by Dr. Janvier to his father in 1856. It is a neat quarto of 438 pages, finely printed and substantially bound, in the Gurmukhi character, and with three columns on each page. Dr. Newton had previously composed and published a grammar of the same tongue.

The lamented subject of this sketch was formed by nature for action; and when by grace his heart was formed anew, his whole soul was filled with zeal to promote the salvation of the heathen.

He met his death on the 24th of March, 1864, at a mela, whither he had gone to preach and distribute tracts. The meeting was closing, and the brethren, having partaken of the Lord's Supper, were preparing to separate on the morrow. In the evening Dr. Janvier was met by a fanatic Akali Sikh, and felled to the ground with a club! The murderer fled, but was overtaken and secured. He was afterwards tried in a criminal court, found guilty and hanged. His victim languished, speechless and insensible, till morning, when his spirit took its flight. The re-

mains were laid, in the presence of a very large and solemn assembly, by the side of several relatives, in the burial ground of the Mission of Lodiana; and his excellent widow was left desolate, though sustained by a strong faith and an unwavering assurance of the blessedness of him whom for a season she had lost.—*Rev. George W. Janvier, D.D.*

Mrs. Janvier.

Mrs. Janvier was the wife of the Rev. Levi Janvier. Of her early life nothing is known to the compiler of these notices; but her lovely Christian character as a missionary was well known. She died at Simla, India, May 5, 1854. The Rev. A. Rudolph, long associated with Mr. and Mrs. Janvier at the same station, thus wrote of her last days on earth:

"While formerly her mind had been much beclouded by doubts and fears, the merciful Saviour permitted her, the last day before her death, not only to look with calmness and composure, but with comfort, at the prospect before her. She told her husband that the Lord had brought her to Simla to die; thus evidently realizing the position she was in. Again she said, 'Can it be that I am treading the verge of Jordan?' When she was told that the Lord had done all things well, she replied, 'Yes, and it will be well.' Many comforting passages of Scripture and parts of hymns occurred to her mind during the day, such as, 'I cast my sins on Jesus,' 'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,' etc., and she expressed

the hope that the Saviour had accepted her. This was of course very comforting to our poor afflicted brother, who had long been wishing and praying that the Lord would make her more sensible of her acceptance with him. She seemed to be conscious almost to the last, having spoken quite distinctly only a few minutes before her departure.

"It would perhaps ill accord with her simplicity of mind and unassuming character, if I were to say much in praise of her many virtues, that won for her so many friends. She was much beloved by those who knew her, and her death will make many a heart sad. Her naturally sweet and pleasant countenance had received a new impress by her long continued disease, which made her sometimes look sad, but which nevertheless added new interest to her appearance. She seemed to me a most patient sufferer, that felt deeply her affliction, and yet knew how to bear it with composure and submission."—*J. C. L.*

Mrs. Mary R. Janvier.

Another faithful laborer in the mission field has gone to her rest. The tidings of the death of Mrs. Mary R. Janvier will bring sorrow to the hearts of her many friends here as well as to those who were associated with her in missionary work in India, where for nearly twenty-four years she labored with untiring zeal.

"Several years ago Mrs. Janvier was attacked with sudden and serious illness on the eve of her

departure for Northern India to resume the work so dear to her heart. After three years of patient waiting this hope seemed about to be realized when the Lord called her to rest from her labors.

"Quiet and unobtrusive in her bearing, none but those who knew her best could fathom the depths of love in her soul, or know the yearning of her heart to tell to others the story of that love which had made her own Christian life so rare and beautiful." —*Woman's Work for Woman*, February, 1884.

Mrs. Janvier was the widow first of Rev. Joseph Porter, with whom she went to India in 1835, and the second wife and widow of Rev. Levi Janvier, both whose names appear in this Necrology. She was also the mother of Rev. C. A. R. Janvier, now of India.

Mrs. H. H. Jessup.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Henry Harris Jessup (at Beirut, April 4, 1882), has reached many friends in America by cable. She had been ill for nearly a month with an attack of pleurisy, but was apparently in a hopeful state of convalescence, when suddenly, without premonition and with no warning signs of the swift approach of dissolution, a fatal internal hemorrhage drained her life-blood and she sank quietly and painlessly into the sleep of death. Her five little children had said their prayers at her bedside, and had kissed her good night, and retired to rest. It was a last and long good night, for before the morning they were motherless. I need not write

of the deep affliction of her loving husband, nor of the touching grief of her little ones, who have been so mysteriously bereft of a most faithful and devoted mother. The sympathy and sorrow of not only the mission circle, but also the English and native Syrian community, have been most heartfelt and profound. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of natives and foreign residents, with every manifestation of tender regard for her memory and high esteem for her many virtues.

Mrs. Jessup was a woman of singularly refined and amiable and gentle disposition, and was gifted with many of the graces which give to her sex the noble position and the elevating social influence which belong to Christian womanhood. She was a bright example of that moral power which society everywhere recognizes as the divine right of womanly purity and unaffected goodness. It was especially her calling as the wife of an American missionary in these Eastern lands, to live in the full view of the resident and native society the life of a Christian wife and mother, and at the same time to fill fittingly and well the place which belonged to her in the social sphere. It is not, however, upon society, or even in the humbler walks of missionary life, that she left her choicest and most lasting impress. Kind and gracious as were her ways with the native Syrian community, many and precious as were her words of counsel and sympathy, her deeds of love and charity, yet her home-life was where she excelled and where she has left an influence and an example of peculiar and conspicuous beauty. As the companion of a man

of many and varied missionary labors and responsibilities, and as the mother of a bright and lovely group of children, she moved in the home circle with the beauty and dignity of true womanhood and the unapproachable influence and the imperishable power of Christian motherhood. It was here that the "beauty of the Lord" which was upon her seemed to shine with its brightest lustre. It is here that her loss is recognized in its full extent, and in this connection it seems to us all such a painful mystery.

How quickly, sometimes, one single stroke of Providence seems to change our life into an apparently insoluble problem, and we can only put our hand into that of the divine Guide and ask him to lead us on towards the clearer light.—*Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D.*

Rev. Albert O. and Mrs. Amanda J. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson was born in Cadiz, O., in 1833, graduated at Jefferson College and Allegheny Theological Seminary. His wife was a daughter of Rev. Jonathan Gill, a much respected minister of the Associate Presbyterian Church. They went to India in 1855 and met with a violent death at Cawnpore in 1857 (see Appendix, *Narrative of Events at Futtehgurh;* also *Martyred Missionaries*, by J. J. Walsh). There was the best reason for expecting that both of these missionaries would have proved most faithful and useful laborers if it had pleased God to spare their lives.—*J. C. L.*

In Mrs. Johnson's last letter she writes: "Although

we be called upon to part with life for Christ and his cause, may we not glorify him more by our death than by our life? . . . . We look upon each day now as our last. But oh! how delightful are our seasons of prayer, together imploring the care and protection of that God who alone can save us?"

Mrs. William F. Johnson.

The removal by death, August 10, 1888, of Mrs. Johnson, wife of Rev. William F. Johnson, D.D., was a great loss to this (Allahabad) station. With her husband and children she was in this country on a visit, expecting to return to India. Her missionary life extended over twenty-eight years, but she was still in full service, greatly useful, beloved and lamented; but she is now "with Christ, which is far better."—*Annual Report*, 1889.

Mrs. Samuel H. Kellogg.

Mrs. Kellogg died at Allahabad, India, March 4, 1876.

She was sick only about a week with what appeared to be a malignant malarial fever. She met her end in perfect consciousness, with perfect peace and trust in Christ, unruffled by the faintest shadow of fear, anxiety, or alarm. Almost her very last words were: "Saved entirely, entirely through Christ." She bade her loved ones good-by, saying, "After awhile we shall meet again." Her removal is a great loss to

the mission as well as to her family. Her heart was in the service of her Master.—*Foreign Missionary*, May, 1876.

Mrs. John G. Kerr.

Mrs. Kerr, wife of Dr. J. G. Kerr, of the Mission in China, died August 24, 1855. Her death was unexpected, but she was found prepared for the coming of her Lord. By this dispensation the Church and the heathen have lost the services of a devoted laborer; but as for God, his way is perfect, a consoling truth which her bereaved parents have had inscribed on the tombstone of their beloved daughter. —*Annual Report*, 1856.

Mrs. John G. Kerr (2).

Mrs. John G. Kerr, of the Canton Mission, "died peacefully on the morning of April 1, 1885," at Maryville, Tenn. She returned from China with her husband, last year, on account of his health, and since Christmas she herself has been steadily wasting away with disease. Her immediate departure had not been anticipated until within a week of her death. "She met her great change without a fear, having her faith fixed firmly upon the rock Christ Jesus." Such is the testimony given by one nearest and dearest.

Mrs. Kerr longed to return to China; but it was not the will of God. We remember her as a kind and genial hostess at Canton, in the autumn of 1874,

and we join with many others in mourning her loss, and in sympathizing with her bereaved husband. She had been a support to him during his many years of arduous service in the Canton hospital. She was an affectionate mother and a kind friend of all, and not less to the natives than those of her own race. Mrs. Kerr had the great happiness, ere she died, of seeing her only son received into the Church of Christ on profession of his faith.—*Foreign Missionary*, May, 1885.

Mrs. Dr. C. J. Laffin.

A cable dispatch brought to the Mission House the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Dr. Laffin, of Batanga, West Africa, on November 3, 1894.

The brief dispatch brought no intelligence as to the cause of death. Letters received, dated October 3, told of the plans Dr. and Mrs. Laffin had of spending two weeks among the Mabeyas, a work in which both had become deeply interested.

The blow to the mission, and especially to the bereaved husband, is a heavy one, as Mrs. Laffin was in every respect a missionary thoroughly devoted to her work and enjoying the confidence and affection of the entire mission. Her journey to the interior, made a few months before her death, elicited her sympathy in behalf of the multitudes of women who had never heard the Gospel, and she would gladly, with her husband, have devoted the rest of her life to working among them had it seemed best to the mission.

Mrs. Laffin was a resident of Binghamton, N. Y., where her mother and brother still reside. These loved ones and the sorrowing husband will doubtless be remembered by many at the throne of grace.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, January, 1895.

Rev. Matthew and Mrs. Laird.

Mr. Laird, of Union county, Pa., graduated at Jefferson College, studied theology at Princeton, arrived with his wife at Monrovia, December 31, 1833, in the same ship with Mr. Cloud. They were faithful in their kind attentions to him in his last sickness; were then attacked by the same disease and followed their beloved friend and colleague soon after his death to the same rest and peace, Mrs. Laird departing this life May 3, 1834, and Mr. Laird the next day. Mr. Laird is remembered as a man of modest but genial disposition, well-balanced mind, talents and scholarship equal to those of most of his fellow-students, and piety of evidently humble and earnest character. Few men were better qualified to be practically useful in missionary life. Mrs. Laird is spoken of in the Annual Report of 1835 "as a woman of no ordinary faith and fortitude."—*J. C. L.*

Mrs. J. H. Laughlin.

Deep affliction has fallen upon the North China Mission. On the 29th of July last (1884), Mrs. J. H. Laughlin was called away from earth after an illness

of about three months. Mrs. Laughlin, with her husband, had been in China nearly three years, and, in connection with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Mateer and J. M. Matthewson, M.D., had established a new station at Wei Hien, 250 miles in the interior from Chefoo. The intelligence of her death will bring inexpressible sorrow to the many friends of this beloved young missionary. Her home had been for several years at Cleveland, O., where her father, Rev. William Johnson, is pastor of the People's Tabernacle. Mrs. Laughlin added the charm of her delightful singing to her father's evangelistic services. The multitudes who worshiped there will never forget that sweet voice which sang the Gospel into so many hearts, nor that beautiful young life, always full of gladness, itself a constant witness for the Saviour. All hearts will sympathize deeply with the mourning household at Cleveland, and even more deeply with the bereaved and lonely husband at his far-off post in China. But to both these have been given the strongest consolations. Mrs. Laughlin had drawn to herself in a wonderful manner the hearts of the Chinese around her. The servants of her household could hardly enter her room without tears. Mr. Laughlin writes: "Some days before the end she called in the native Christians and exhorted them to meet her in heaven, and on earth to be not content with following Jesus at a distance. The strong men wept profusely, and seemed more impressed than I supposed Chinese could be. She loved her home and work, but said it would be 'far better to depart and be with Christ.' The only incli-

nation she had to stay sprang from her desire to continue the work for her beloved Master. When the Chinese Christians expressed to her their sorrow that they should lose her example and teaching, she replied, 'I'm such a poor worker; but if you think that I could help you by staying, you may ask God to let me stay.' And when the missionaries spoke of the loss to the cause, she said to them, 'Then you may pray now that, *if it be best*, my life may be spared.' She herself offered a beautiful prayer to that end, reiterating, however, again and again, in her weak voice, 'But do thine own will, O Lord.'"

Her life was one of brightness, her presence brought sunshine wherever she came. She was most affectionate and ardent, blessed with exuberant health and the happiest temperament, beloved by all, and constantly writing home of the enjoyment which her new life in China had brought her, and yet so clear and assured was her expectation of heaven, and so vivid her appreciation of its holy delights, that to exchange the brightest earthly home for these seemed to her like welcoming the glorious daybreak after a lovely dawn.—*Foreign Missionary*, November, 1884.

Mrs. W. H. Lester.

Mrs. W. H. Lester, one of our most valued and beloved missionaries, has recently "entered into rest." After only a week's illness, during which her case received the best medical care and the loving ministrations of friends, she passed away with serene trust in the merits of her Saviour, July 30, 1884.

About two years ago Mrs. Lester arrived in Chili with her husband, who was soon placed in charge of the Protestant Chilian Church of Santiago. She was young, well-educated and gifted with rare personal attractions in feature, voice, manner and spirit. It was evident that she had given good heed to the Saviour's words, "Abide in me, and I in you." She at once began the study of the Spanish language, and entered immediately into such missionary labors as she could perform. In company with the widow of a former missionary, she visited the homes of the poor and sick belonging to her husband's congregation, taking with her such material comforts as she could procure and the cheer which her presence always imparted. One poor woman, who died shortly after Mrs. Lester's arrival in the country, remarked: "She cannot tell me in words just what she wishes to say, but it does me good to look at her sweet face and to *feel* her sympathy." The children were drawn to her as if by some magnetic charm, and through her kindly ways and enthusiasm, people who had hitherto manifested no interest in the mission were led to become helpers by their gifts or personal labors.

Sadly will she be missed in that Chilian congregation. Deep is the sense of loss in that missionary circle in Chili in which she was so appreciated and beloved. Scores of friends there, as well as in this country, mourn that they are to see her face no more on earth, and heavy are the hearts of near relatives who receive the sad news of her death. But, above all, let the friends of missions remember in earnest

prayer the one most stricken, the devoted husband and missionary, in his bitter loneliness, with the little babe the mother has left to comfort him.

The message that comes to the Church from her short though shining missionary life is: "*Help, help soon, that Chili may have the Gospel.*"—*A. M. Merwin.*

Mrs. W. H. Lingle.

Rev. W. H. Lingle and wife arrived in Canton in 1890, and two years later, on account of Mrs. Lingle's health, were obliged to return to this country, where she died after a lingering illness, November 5, 1893. She was a devoted wife and a faithful, earnest missionary while life and health continued. Yielding to the sure progress of an incurable disease, she received her summons in peaceful trust. Mr. Lingle has returned to his field of labor at Lien Chow.—*Annual Report*, 1894.

Rev. Kying Ling-yiu.

Our beloved brother and faithful fellow-laborer, Rev. Kying Ling-yiu, died at Ningpo, China, on the 4th of August, 1866, at the age of thirty-one.

In 1845 Dr. McCartee was called to see a man about two miles distant from Ningpo, who had received a very severe wound and required constant attendance for some months. The doctor there became acquainted with a bright, frank, black-eyed boy, about ten years of age, the nephew of the wounded man.

Finding that his mother was a widow and poor, he brought the boy to Ningpo. When he left the boarding-school, he at first took charge of a day-school, under the care of Dr. McCartee. In the day-school he proved a successful teacher; he was faithful to the souls of his pupils, and his labors in this, his first undertaking, were not without fruit. He remained in charge of the day-school about a year, after which he studied theology for some time under Mr. Rankin. In 1859 he went with Mr. Nevius to Hangchow. . . . . Early in 1863 he was sent to Yu-yiao, a city about forty miles up the river from Ningpo. He was licensed and ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry in 1864, and became co-pastor with one of the foreign brethren of the church in Yu-yiao. There were only four professing Christians in that place, and one of them was under suspension; but the Master seemed to own the labors of his young servant there, almost from the very first day. At the first communion held after his arrival in 1863, about twenty persons made application for baptism, of whom fifteen were baptized; and there has been no time since then, when there have not been evidences of God's favor resting upon the work at Yu-yiao. At the last communion in May, 1866, nineteen made application, of whom five were baptized. There are now there about eighty communicants and twenty inquirers; and there is scarcely a village or district within ten miles of the city where the Gospel has not been preached.

This is no small progress for the time in China—a church of about a hundred members, hewn out of the

solid rock of heathenism in about three years. Besides, Mr. Kying did a vast amount of sowing that is to be gathered by other reapers. I am sure that, if the man who did it could be consulted on the subject, he would not say that it was because he was perfect; he had his faults as we all have ours, but he was united to Jesus Christ by faith, and by both word and deed showed that he desired to live only for Christ's glory in the extension of the Gospel. He was zealous and earnest in his Master's work; whether he met people in a passenger boat, going into the country, or halting for a while in a rest-house, many of which are erected by the roadside here, or in his own house or in theirs, very few parted from him without having heard something of the Gospel. He was not only thus earnest himself in making known the Gospel, but he had a happy faculty of employing all the talent in the church for the same purpose. Thus, if one of the church members was out of work for a day, Mr. Kying would say to him, "Come, let us take a bundle of tracts and go to such a village and preach; or let us go and visit such a family or person, and come home and have dinner with me." He thus trained his people in such a manner, that they resemble more what is said of the early disciples, who "went everywhere preaching the word," than any church with which I am acquainted, whether at home or here. As a pastor he had few superiors; he was thoroughly acquainted with the state of his flock, and sympathized with them in all their troubles, whether spiritual or temporal. It was not fully known till after his death how much he had helped the

poor of his charge, out of his own limited salary of $10.50 (ten dollars and a half) a month. He managed, too, to know much about every inquirer before he or she made application for baptism. At a communion season some time ago, when a young man was examined for admission to the church, the foreign member of the mission, who was Mr. Kying's co-pastor, was pleased with the understanding and answers of the lad, and thought that he ought to be baptized. Mr. Kying replied that it was true that the lad knew a great deal about the Gospel, but he *would* tell lies; he was not baptized, and it was not long after when he was detected in such a complication of lies and dishonesty, that he had to leave the neighborhood, and he has not been heard of in it since. Between the services on the Sabbath, he had those who did not go home to dinner—and latterly very few went home—divided into classes; he took one class, his wife another, the more advanced members of the church took others, and thus an excellent effort was made to instruct the church members in reading, singing, and Bible knowledge.

His powers as a preacher were of no ordinary kind; and considering the scanty help in the way of commentaries that our native brethren have to the understanding of the Bible, his preaching was eminently judicious. When he went out by the wayside to preach, he generally took one of our Lord's parables as the basis of his remarks, and in listening to some of such discourses, it has often been felt by his foreign brethren that such an adaptation to the universal wants of man had never

before been seen in the parables. The writer will not soon forget a sermon which he heard Mr. Kying preach some time ago from the text, "Neither give place to the devil." The truth was presented in such a powerful, striking, original manner, so thoroughly adapted to the audience, and was listened to with such attention, that, speaking after the manner of men, it was not at all strange that his preaching produced such results.—*Rev. S. Dodd.*

[Some extracts from the pen of the Rev. J. L. Nevius may be added to Mr. Dodd's interesting sketch:]

While a mere boy and still connected with the boarding school, Mr. Kying expressed his wish and determination to devote his life to the work of preaching the Gospel to his countrymen.

Before this wish had been carried into effect, and before the foreign missionaries were satisfied as to his natural qualifications for the work of the ministry, an effort was made by his uncle to induce him to enter into business. His uncle was an opium merchant of some wealth, and without children. He proposed to Ling-yiu to enter his store with the prospect of becoming a partner, promising to provide for him a comfortable home, and to furnish him money to assist in procuring him a wife of a respectable family. This prospect of wealth and worldly ease and happiness seems to have been entirely powerless to shake him in his resolution to devote himself to Christ's work. He chose rather to teach a day school with a salary of five dollars per month, and wait till God should open the way for carrying out his cherished purpose.

In the year 1859, Ling-yiu accompanied me and my wife in our attempt to establish a new station in the city of Hangchau, about 120 miles in the interior, and containing about one million of inhabitants. Here he mingled with all classes of his countrymen and derived important lessons of practical experience which were of great use to him in after life. When we were obliged to leave the city on account of the disturbed relations of China with foreign nations in connection with the last Chinese war, he remained and carried on the work with great zeal and prudence, until he was forced to leave by an incursion of the Taiping rebels, who took and partially destroyed the city.

As a preacher, his discourses were eminently Scriptural. They were also characterized by originality of thought and illustration, and an earnest and impressive delivery. As a pastor he was minutely acquainted with the character and circumstances of each one of his people; was in perfect sympathy with them, and kept a strict watch over them. Perhaps his greatest gift as a minister was his power to communicate to others his own zeal and enthusiasm, and to set every member of the church at work.

In the latter part of June, 1866, his mother, and his wife, a sweet Christian woman and an invaluable helper in the missionary work, were taken from him by death within the short space of three days. He bowed submissively under the stroke, and supported by faith and the sympathies of his people, was continuing his work without interruption. In a few days he was brought low by the same disease. He

was heard beseeching God for life, saying, "Is it not enough?" He pleaded the wants of the Yu-yiao church and of his country, and solemnly covenanted, should God spare his life, to be more entirely consecrated to his work. But his work was already done, and he too entered into rest. Sad, sad indeed, to us, but still sweet. They were pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided. As "these come from the land of Sinim," we can almost hear their joyful welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*J. C. L.*

Rev. John Lloyd.

Mr. Lloyd was an able, faithful and beloved missionary of the Board at Amoy, China. He was attacked by typhus fever on the 22d of November, 1848, and on the 6th of December he finished his earthly course. From remarks made at his funeral by the Rev. W. J. Pohlman, a missionary of the American Board, the following notice of Mr. Lloyd's life, labors and character, is taken.

"The Rev. John Lloyd was born in Huntingdon county, Pa., October 1, 1813. The first fifteen years of his life were spent at home, where he received a strict religious training, and as good an education as the district school afforded. From his sixteenth to his twenty-first year, he acted as clerk in several establishments, and improved all his leisure hours in acquiring knowledge, reading with avidity such books as came in his way, especially those of a historical

character. The pursuits of trade were not, however, congenial to his mind, and he longed to go through a course of study. He commenced his classical studies at Jefferson College, in the spring of 1834. In the second session of his collegiate course, there was a powerful revival of religion at the institution, during which he became a subject of renewing grace. He made a public profession of religion in March, 1835. He has often spoken of a favorite place for prayer by the side of a fallen tree in a field, where he retired for communion with his God, and enjoyed many precious seasons of devotion. Between forty and fifty persons made a profession of their faith in Christ at the same time, one of whom was the Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, with whom our departed friend formed a most cordial and delightful intimacy, which continued through life.

"In September, 1839, Mr. Lloyd took his degree of A.B., and the next year began his studies with a clergyman, preparatory to entering the sacred ministry. In 1841 he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. In 1844 he was licensed by the Presbytery of New York to preach the Gospel; and on June 22, of the same year, he left his native land as a missionary to the Chinese, and reached Macao, October 22. He there met Messrs. Hepburn, Lowrie and Cole, of the same mission; after consultation with these brethren, and those who accompanied him, it was decided that he should proceed to Amoy with Doctor Hepburn, where he arrived December 6, 1844.

"His course from that day to this is well known to

us all. With earnest alacrity, he devoted his energy and time to the acquisition of this difficult language; and now, when he had nearly reached the goal he aimed at, and was becoming fluent in speaking, it pleased the Master to take him to himself: thus teaching us, that however well qualified we may be to carry forward the Lord's work, he can get along without us, and find other agents to accomplish his purposes.

"To the speaker, Mr. Lloyd was peculiarly dear as a family friend, and an endeared associate nearly all the time of his residence at Amoy. He was kind and uniform in his affections, faithful in his friendship and equable in his temperament; firmly conscientious in respect to duty, and stable in his personal religion. He was laborious in his efforts to save the souls of the heathen; vigorous, sound and discriminating in his views of truth; in short he may be characterized as humble, methodical, persevering, devoted and conscientious, a man much beloved, and in whose heart grace reigned. He was permitted to bear public testimony in favor of Christ among the Chinese; for by applying himself almost exclusively to the spoken language, he had made good progress, and could communicate religious truth freely to the people, with whom he was universally popular. Had he lived longer, we had much to hope for from his labors."—*J. C. L.*

Rev. Isidor Loewenthal.

Mr. Loewenthal was born A.D. 1827, in the city of Posen, in Prussian Poland, of Jewish parents.

He was the eldest of a family of eight children. His father had at heart little regard for Judaism, but observed, from custom, its principal rites and ceremonies. His mother was a strict adherent to the traditions of the Rabbis (oral law), and instructed her children carefully in the tenets of the Jewish faith, and in the principles of morality.

His parents bestowed upon him a liberal education. At a very early age he was placed at a Jewish school, where he acquired the rudiments of science, learned to read the Hebrew text, and to repeat prayers he did not understand. At this period, though but a child, he evinced that love of books and thirst for knowledge which characterized his maturer years.

From the first he made rapid progress in his studies, and gave evidence of more than ordinary talents. After a few years he entered the gymnasium in his native city, where he studied the higher branches of a liberal education—the ancient classics, natural science, metaphysics, mathematics to some extent, music, Hebrew, and several of the languages of modern Europe. At the age of seventeen he had passed successfully through the course of study usually taught in such institutions. After leaving the gymnasium he entered a mercantile house in Posen, as a clerk. But merchandising was ill-suited to his tastes which were for books. His hours of leisure from business were devoted to his favorite pursuits. He had a strong desire to enter one of the German Universities, and had made arrangements to do so, but was prevented by the events that led to his emigration to

the United States. He formed associations with educated young men of his own age, of liberal political sentiments, and became complicated in political difficulties, by being so rash as to publish in one of the public journals a piece of poetry of his own composition, containing sentiments adverse to the government. This brought him under the notice of the police, and, being informed that he was in danger of arrest, he hastily fled from his home; after many difficulties, he reached Hamburg, where, after much embarrassment, he procured a passport and took passage on board of an English ship for New York, arriving in the autumn of 1846. Here he was a stranger in a strange land, possessed of but little means and ignorant of the English language. He made efforts to find some employment in New York, but was unsuccessful. He then visited Philadelphia, where he met with the same want of success. Leaving Philadelphia, he went to the country and sought employment from the farmers, offering his services for what they chose to give him; but he was again doomed to disappointment. Being of diminutive stature, and having no acquaintance with farm work, the farmers deemed him dear at any price. His funds being now nearly exhausted, and every door of employment seemingly closed against him, he became very despondent. But, feeling the pressure of necessity to do something for a living, as the last resort he invested the little money he had left in a small basket and a few notions, and, with this on his arm, he started out to the country as a peddler.

In this capacity, on a cold day in November, 1846,

he came to the house of the late Rev. S. M. Gayley, near Wilmington, Del., drenched with rain and suffering from the cold. He had disposed of some of his wares, and was about to depart, when Mr. Gayley, noticing that he was thinly clad, the evening being intensely cold, gave him a cordial invitation to spend the night with him, which he gladly accepted. By conversation with him during the evening Mr. Gayley discovered that his guest was a young man of no ordinary talents, and had received an excellent education; that he had an extensive and accurate knowledge of the ancient classics, Hebrew, and several of the modern languages. His sympathies were at once drawn out towards him. He thought it a pity that a young man of such talents and acquirements should be engaged as a peddler, when he might be more usefully employed. Mr. Gayley invited him to remain at his house, while he would interest himself to secure him a situation as a teacher, which invitation he accepted.

Mr. Gayley secured for him the position of teacher of French and German in La Fayette College, where Mr. Loewenthal entered upon his duties in the beginning of January, 1847.

At this time he had but an imperfect knowledge of the English language. With untiring industry he addressed himself to its study, and, at the close of that session, he could both speak and write it with classic purity. In a very short time, he acquired a considerable knowledge of English literature. He was a most indefatigable student; not only his hours of leisure from college duties, but habitually long

hours in the night, and frequently whole nights, were devoted to study. His usual time allotted for sleep was four hours. Possessed of an iron will, whatever he resolved to do was done if labor could accomplish it. Gifted with a retentive memory he rarely forgot anything he read.

During his stay at the house of Mr. Gayley he never disclosed his lineage, nor did Mr. Gayley ever suspect him of being a son of Abraham, until Mr. Loewenthal, in a letter to him, some time afterwards, informed him that he was a Jew. It was during his residence there, that the veil was taken away from his heart, that he received the first religious impressions, and became convinced of the truth of Christianity. In a letter to Mr. Gayley, in July, 1847, he informs him of his conversion to Christianity, and he gives a history of the means employed by the Holy Spirit in bringing about this change. He states: "It was by Providence I was sent to your door. When I came to your house it was for worldly gain; little did I then think I was to receive there what was infinitely better. It was at your house, by your earnest prayers (at family worship)—to which I first went half from curiosity, half from politeness —by your humble supplications, that I was first awakened to apprehend my danger, to consider I had an immortal soul. I began to open the Bible. I was astonished. I waited with eagerness, morning and evening, for the summons to family worship, to hear you pray. I was more and more convinced I was on the wrong path." During the time he was at college, Mr. Gayley corresponded regularly with him,

and, although ignorant of what was passing in his mind, gave him religious counsel. These kind words, Mr. Loewenthal states in the above letter, were most seasonable—were specially adapted to his case. In the following autumn, during the vacation of the college, he made a public profession of his faith in Christ as the true Messiah, was baptized by Mr. Gayley, his father in the Gospel, and received into membership of the Rockland Presbyterian Church, to which Mr. Gayley then ministered. Mr. Loewenthal entered the Senior class of La Fayette College in the fall of 1847, and graduated with honor. After his graduation, he acted as tutor in the college for some time, and afterwards as a teacher of languages in a school of high order at Mount Holly, devoting his leisure hours to philological studies, in which he made rapid progress.

In the fall of 1852 he resigned his situation at Mount Holly, and repaired to Princeton. Theological studies were much to his taste. There he took a high stand. His public exercises were far above mediocrity, and augured his future eminence. Whilst there he still pursued his philological studies during his leisure hours, and was a contributor to the *Biblical Repertory*. His able articles published in that quarterly established his reputation as a writer. The Society of Inquiry of the Seminary selected him as their essayist, to read the essay at their annual meeting at the commencement at which his class was graduated. His subject was, "India as a Field of Missions." It was a masterly production, evincing great ability and learning. For some time after his

graduation at the seminary, he acted as tutor in Nassau Hall, which position he filled with marked ability.

At this time his thoughts were turned to India as the field of his future labors, and he received an appointment to the new mission to the Afghans. His eminent linguistic talents and acquirements remarkably fitted him for that post. He was licensed in 1856, by the Presbytery of New York, and in August of that year he sailed for India. When he arrived, late in the autumn, at once he went to Peshawar, the mission station, and immediately entered with ardor upon his duties. He soon mastered the difficult language of the Afghans, the Pushto. He acquired with great rapidity the different languages and dialects of that part of India; and as soon as able to speak intelligibly the languages of the people, he diligently engaged in the active duties of preaching. Although his missionary life was only seven brief years, yet he had translated and published the whole of the New Testament in Pushto, had nearly completed a dictionary of that language, and he could preach with facility in Pushto, Persian, Cashmeri, Hindustani and Arabic. It is doubtful whether many foreigners in India had a better knowledge of Asiatic literature, or a fuller acquaintance with the manners and customs of the natives, and with Oriental politics, than he. He had a thorough knowledge of the religious systems of the people; and as a disputant with Mohammedans and other religionists he was a master. He enjoyed the friendship of some of the first men in both the civil and military service in India;

and he had made a valuable collection of manuscripts and rare books. The amount of intellectual labor he accomplished was remarkable. Besides his linguistic labors, he was actively engaged in preaching daily in the bazar, and undertook frequent itinerancies into the neighboring districts; he conducted a large correspondence, and was a contributor to British and American quarterlies.

At the early age of thirty-eight, in 1864, he came to his death by violence at the hand of his own watchman, who it is said mistook him, walking in his garden at night, for a robber, and fired at him, the ball penetrating his forehead. He fell senseless and soon expired.

Mr. Loewenthal was under the usual stature, yet in that small, fragile casket was contained the jewel of a mighty intellect. His natural talents were of the first order, and were assiduously cultivated by study. He possessed genius in the truest sense. His mind was characterized by great versatility, he having what was exceedingly rare, a seemingly equal aptitude for all branches of study. He excelled in whatever he undertook. He was an accomplished musician, mathematician, metaphysician, and preëminently a linguist; and he stood in the first rank as a philologist. His learning was solid and various. He was a writer of great elegance and power. His style was perspicuous, chaste, classic, vigorous and ornate. In the social circle he was a charming companion; he possessed a mind thoroughly cultivated, and richly stored with knowledge, and genial humor with fine conversational powers. As a Christian, he

was sincere, humble, devout and zealous. He was, in a word, a man of God. Sad was his death, and irreparable his loss to the cause of missions. The memory of his many virtues is embalmed in the heart of the Church of which he was an ornament.—*Rev. S. A. Gayley.*

Mrs. H. E. Loomis.

Mrs. Loomis, wife of the Rev. Charles L. Loomis, M.D., died at Corisco, Africa, August 20, 1861. The Rev. W. Clemens, writing soon afterwards, spoke in high terms of her Christian excellence:

"She whose death is here noticed, freely made a sacrifice of all for a missionary life, to toil for the redemption of Africa. She decided for a home among the heathen, and to die for Christ, knowing that she had 'in heaven a better and an enduring substance.'

"On the 21st of January, 1860, she arrived at Corisco, in company with her husband. On the 9th of May of the same year, after having passed their acclimation, they entered on their work permanently, by being appointed to the charge of the station at Evangasimba. Here she labored patiently among a strange people, who could not appreciate the sacrifices of the servant of Christ. Her feeble health was, doubtless, her greatest trial. Seldom has any one been so severely afflicted with repeated attacks of fever as fell to her lot. Naturally robust, and of a strong constitution, she felt these attacks more severely. There were no less than eighteen, two of which were

of a malignant type. She was no doubt made more familiar with death by being laid aside for a time.

"Though very weak in body, her faith was strong in Christ. On being interrogated whether she could trust in the merits of the Saviour, she promptly replied, 'Yes.' As there was much doubt in our minds whether she would recover, she was asked if she could realize that the will of God was good, whether she should recover or should die. The same promptness answered in the affirmative. It was evident she had been thinking of death, and preparing for the result of her sickness. Her friends will be gratified to know that she was free from pain. She said she knew she had some fever, but no pain. On another occasion, she remarked, that she had felt all the bitterness of death, and yet it was not bitter. . . . . It becoming more evident that she could not live, she was asked if she had any word for friends in America. She answered, that she had desired to see them, and especially her mother, once more, but it was immaterial now; they would all soon follow her. She never regretted coming to Africa.

"She so far revived as to communicate with her husband. By request he sang part of the hymn, 'There is rest for the weary.' Her soul could sing, though her lips could not. She united by humming the chorus, 'There is rest for the weary, there is rest for you.' In this peaceful state of mind she left us on the morning of the 20th of August, at four o'clock, to rest from her labors on the other side of Jordan, which she had almost reached while conversing with us. We bade her adieu with the benediction of the

Spirit—'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'

"She now rests sweetly in the graveyard at Evangasimba, beneath a tree whose branches overshadow similar forms, who died in the same faith."—*J. C. L.*

Rev. A. W. Loomis, D.D.

We are called upon to record the unexpected death on July 26, 1891, after a very brief illness, of Rev. Augustus W. Loomis, D.D., of San Francisco, Cal. He first went as a missionary to China in 1844, and was there until 1850. In 1852 he began mission work among the Creek Indians and was with them about a year. In 1859 he was called to take charge of the Chinese work in California, in which department of Christian missions he spent the remainder of his life. Dr. Loomis published several important works in connection with Chinese missions, and his whole work is of the highest value. He was a man of great intellectual attainments and it will be difficult to supply his place in our missionary force.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, September, 1891.

The *Foreign Missionary* of November, 1884, sent its congratulations "across the continent to Dr. Loomis on the completion of twenty-five years of labor among the Chinese in California. No wonder that his last anniversary, September 15, was a joyful day. We see it all—the tasteful decorations, the

flags and wreaths and flowers, and best of all the Christian Chinese gathered to give thanks to their faithful pastor and to the Saviour who had sent him, and cheered him through the early years of neglect and discouragement and enabled him, despite all the abuse, which they have encountered, to gather nearly two hundred Chinese converts into the Church and to fix the truth of Christ in the hearts of hundreds more."

Mrs. Mary Ann Loomis.

Died in Cazenovia, N. Y., December 12, 1866, Mrs. Mary Ann Luce, wife of Rev. A. W. Loomis, of San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Loomis went out to China in 1844, under the direction of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. After laboring there six years they were compelled to return to this country on account of ill health. Partially recovered, they undertook the same service among the missions of the Board in the Indian Territory, which they were compelled to abandon for the same cause. Then, after laboring some years in the home missionary work in Illinois, they were sent to reside at San Francisco to labor among the Chinese on the Pacific coast. Here they lived and labored six years or more. Last spring Mrs. Loomis' ill health again made a change necessary, and they came East, hoping that rest and a few months' residence in a different climate would restore her wonted vigor. But the Lord had ordered otherwise. She was past recovery, and continued to fail gradually,

and rapidly at the last, till her death. Her many friends in China, California and the other States, will be glad to know that her death was fully in accordance with her faithful, devout, quiet and self-sacrificing life.

Mrs. Loomis was born in Winfield, N. Y., in 1815. She early made a profession of religion. There was nothing striking about her death to note except that when past the power of utterance she turned her eyes towards her husband, as if to arrest his attention, and then looking away fixedly in another direction, an expression of great satisfaction spread over her countenance, as if she already beheld "the King in his beauty" and so fell asleep.—*Rev. H. Kendall, D.D.*

Mrs. Olivia Loughridge.

Mrs. Loughridge, wife of Rev. Robert M. Loughridge, of the Creek Mission, died September 17, 1845. "The call from her heavenly Father found her in her Saviour's vineyard engaged in labors of love and mercy."—*Annual Report*, 1846.

Mrs. Mary A. Loughridge.

Mrs. Loughridge, second wife of Mr. Loughridge, died January 25, 1850, at Tallahassee, in the Creek Nation. She was the daughter of Joseph Avery, of Conway, Mass., born December 13, 1819. She spent four years in the Cherokee Nation, laboring assiduously, as long as her health permitted, as a

teacher of the mission school at Park Hill. Returning to her father's house she was married to Mr. Loughridge, of the Creek Mission, on 4th December, 1846, and resumed her missionary labors. "Her eminent qualifications for the work made her loss in the present circumstances of the mission to be severely felt. Whilst we mourn for her removal in the prime of life from a sphere of so much usefulness, we bless God that she was permitted to do so much for the best interests of the Indian children and youth for whom she labored and for whom she prayed."—*Annual Report*, 1850, and *Record*, July, 1850.

Mrs. Louisa A. Lowrie.

Mrs. Lowrie, wife of Rev. John C. Lowrie, was a daughter of the Hon. Thomas Wilson and Mary, his wife, of Morgantown, Va., and sister of the Hon. Edgar C. Wilson, of the same place, in whose family she had her home after the death of her father and mother. She departed this life in Calcutta, November 21, 1833, in the twenty-fourth year of her age. Her last hours were full of peace. A memoir was prepared by her former pastor, Rev. A. G. Fairchild, D.D., of which editions were printed in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and London.—*J. C. L.*

Rev. John C. Lowrie and William Reed, and their wives, the first missionaries from the Western Foreign Missionary Society, embarked for India in the ship *Star*, on 30th May, 1833, and arrived at Madeira on the 24th of June following. The tem-

porary abode of the missionaries at that fertile and lovely spot in the ocean, tended not only to mitigate the fatigues of a long sea voyage but somewhat to recruit the strength of Mrs. Lowrie, whose health had begun to be so far impaired during the last few weeks of her residence in this country as to threaten a permanent pulmonary affection. The voyage was resumed on the 15th of July, and the *Star* arrived in the port of Calcutta on the 15th of October. The change of air incident to her passage into the southern hemisphere and severe gales in doubling the Cape of Good Hope appeared to confirm all the fears which had been entertained as to the character of Mrs. Lowrie's illness, and from that period she began gradually to waste away, so that before the arrival of the *Star* in port all hopes of her recovery were blasted.

The mission was immediately received into the family of Rev. William H. Pearce, and in the midst of their assiduous attentions Mrs. Lowrie lingered until the 21st of November, when she expired, and her mortal remains were borne to the house appointed for all living.

Her desires to devote herself to the spiritual good of the heathen were fervent, and her qualifications for the station were to human view uncommon, but God for whose glory she left her native land and bore her feeble, exhausted frame half round the globe, was pleased, doubtless for wise reasons, to disappoint her earthly hopes and to require her earthly associates a few short weeks after their arrival to consign her to the dust, there to proclaim, as she sleeps in Jesus on

India's distant shores, the compassion of American Christians for its millions of degraded idolators; and to invite others from her native land to come and prosecute the noble undertaking in which she fell.—*Rev. E. P. Swift, D.D.*

Rev. Walter M. Lowrie.

Mr. Walter M. Lowrie, the third son of the Hon. Walter Lowrie, and Amelia his wife, was born in Butler, Pa., February 18, 1819. He pursued his studies at Jefferson College, graduating with the first honor, and at Princeton Theological Seminary. He went to China as a missionary in 1842. The Memoir of his Life, published by the Messrs. Carter, New York, and the Board of Publication, Philadelphia, may be referred to for much general information concerning the early history of the missions of the Board in China, and for particular information concerning Mr. Lowrie's work as a missionary, and his death by the hand of Chinese pirates, August 18, 1847.

One of his associates in the mission, himself one of the ablest and most devoted of the servants of Christ who have gone to China, thus wrote of him:

"The deceased was in no ordinary measure endeared to his fellow-men. He was a man of eminent talents and an accomplished scholar, an able minister of the Gospel, and a faithful and devoted missionary."—*J. C. L.*

Rev. Reuben Lowrie.

Mr. Reuben Lowrie was born of the same parents, in Butler, November 24, 1827. He had looked for-

ward to being associated with his brother, Walter, in the work of missions. After his brother's death, he felt it to be his duty to go out in order to take his place, as far as practicable. After graduating at the University of New York, and finishing the usual course of theological study at Princeton, he spent some time at teaching, with a view to his more complete preparation for the expected work of his life, and he gave a few months to the assistance of the brethren in one of the southwestern Indian missions. In 1854, he went with his wife to China, and on April 26, 1860, he entered into rest. He had been advised to seek renewed health by a visit to his native country, and this measure might have proved successful; but his reply to his friends was that he would not leave China until he had "looked death in the face." It was then too late.

The Rev. Dr. Culbertson, with whom he was associated for several years at Shanghai, thus wrote of him the day after his death:

"His end was peace. He had a long and very trying struggle for life, and was anxious to live, but there has been no quarreling with the will of God. He did not cling to life for the sake of life. There was no hankering after this world. It was not even anxiety for his family that caused him most grief. It was the giving up of his chosen work, as a missionary of Christ, that distressed him. The sting of death was taken away. He had no fear as to the future, but the agony of giving up this work, of leaving undone the task he had marked out for himself, of leaving the heathen for whose salvation he

had so earnestly labored, without seeing them brought to Christ, this seemed like piercing his vitals with a sword. Yet no murmur ever escaped his lips. In all his sickness, though often suffering from great nervousness, he uttered no complaint. Though sometimes despairing of life, he had no desire but that the will of God should be done. A few weeks since he told me that he would not be surprised to find himself suddenly brought to death's door, and about that time, in writing a note, told me he was 'resting in the arms of infinite sufficiency.' Lately, however, he has expressed himself to some of the other brethren as being in darkness—not that he was in doubt as to his spiritual state, but that he did not enjoy the light of God's countenance as he wished. This, however, passed away, and the day before his death he seemed to rejoice in God though he could say but little.

"We all feel his loss very deeply, and our missionary brethren, of all denominations, mourn our bereavement as a heavy loss to the missionary cause. He was loved, tenderly loved, by all his brethren, and all feel that it will be long before his place in our circle can be supplied."

At a meeting of the Shanghai Missionary Conference, held at the church mission school-house, on Monday evening, the 21st of May, 1860—the Rev. E. C. Bridgman, D.D., President, in the chair:

"The Rev. John S. Burdon, of the English Church Missionary Society, called the attention of the Conference to the solemn event that had happened since their last meeting—the death of the

Rev. Reuben Lowrie—and proposed the following Minute in reference to it:

"That this Conference, having heard with heartfelt sorrow of the recent removal, by death, of the Rev. Reuben Lowrie, Missionary of the American Presbyterian Board to Shanghai, and member of the Shanghai Missionary Conference, record their sense of the loss that the cause of Christ in China has thereby sustained.

"Mr. Lowrie, just as he was entering on the useful career which seemed before him, was called to his rest on the 26th of April, 1860, after a residence of only five and a half years in China. His deep, earnest piety, his sound scholarship, his experience of missionary work among the Choctaw Indians before coming to China, and his unwavering devotedness to the early-formed purpose of his life, even amid the ravages of disease—peculiarly fitted him for the work of a Chinese missionary. But 'the Lord had need of him;' and while we bow in submission to the divine appointment, we would desire to express our deepest sympathy with the widow and family of our beloved brother, thus so sorely bereaved; and pray that they may be enabled, in this their hour of need, to realize the full blessing of sanctified affliction.

"This resolution was seconded by the Rev. W. G. E. Cunningham, of the American Southern Methodist Episcopal Mission; and, after a few appropriate remarks by the President, was passed unanimously.

"In order further to manifest our sympathy with the family of Mr. Lowrie both in China and America,

it was proposed by the Rev. Cleveland Keith, of the American Episcopal Church, and seconded by the Rev. J. L. Holmes, of the American Southern Baptist Church, and unanimously agreed to:

"That the Acting Secretary for the evening be requested to write, in the name of this Conference, letters of condolence to the widow and the father of the late Rev. Reuben Lowrie, enclosing the resolution just passed for their acceptance, as a slight token of respect and love for the departed, and sympathy with the bereaved."

Rev. James L. Mackey.

Mr. Mackey was born in Lancaster county, Pa. He was trained by pious parents, and exhibited through life the benefits of that training in an early surrender of his heart to Jesus, and an entire consecration of his life to him, in the work of the Christian ministry. He passed, with a brave heart, through the trials and struggles common to young candidates seeking a preparation for that office. He spent some years in teaching in Strasburg, New London, and elsewhere, and on completing his studies, offered himself to our Board to be one of two to go to Africa, and there, under the burning equator, on the Island of Corisco, to found a new mission, and thus to respond to the call of Ethiopia, stretching out her hands unto God. The better to fit himself for this work, he devoted some time to the study of medicine—the knowledge of which often proved of great service to

himself, to the mission, to the natives, and to sick seamen and strangers cast upon his care.

This is not the place to detail the many and varied trials and dangers through which he was called to pass during the fifteen years of his sojourn in that dark land—literally, as with Paul, the perils of waters, the perils of robbers, the perils by the heathen, in the wilderness, in the sea, among false brethren ; the weariness and painfulness, the watchings, the hunger and thirst, the heat and sickness, and, besides all these, that which came upon him daily, the care of all the churches and the schools, and the management of the mission. Those were gloomy days when, so soon, he was bereft by death of his beloved partner; and when his associates, Brother Simpson and his wife, sunk, with the vessel in which they sailed, into the deep Atlantic, and left him alone with Jesus to bear the burden and heat of the day.

But brighter days came and God smiled upon his work. Other laborers arrived, the mission prospered, and this man of God was spared to see such changes as gladdened his heart. A debilitating climate, however, did its work, gradually undermining his once vigorous health, and after different visits to his native land, with the hope of regaining it, two years ago he crossed the Atlantic for the eighth and the last time, a broken-down missionary, leaving his heart in Africa, and ever yearning to return to the people and the brethren, and the work he loved so well. After a half year's rest, his energetic mind, too active for its frail body, refused to be idle. He thought he could still do something for his fellow-men, and for

his Master, and so he took charge of the New London Academy, and returned to his early employment of teaching. In this work he continued until the close of life, dragging his weary frame along to the school when many would have taken to their bed.

His end was very calm and peaceful. His opinion of himself was truly humble; but his confidence in Jesus was entire. No cloud came between him and his Saviour. He died at New London, Pa., April 30, 1867, in the forty-eighth year of his age, beloved by all who had known him, and lamented by the Church which he had so faithfully served. His body was borne to the grave by a large number of Christian ministers and others, whilst his soul had gone up higher to meet his Lord, and to wear the missionary's, if not the martyr's, crown. He leaves behind him a mother, brothers, sisters, and a bereaved widow, who shared with him, for many years, the toils, the perils and the joys of a missionary's life.—*Rev. Robert P. Du Bois.*

Mrs. James L. Mackey.

Mrs. Mackey, wife of Rev. James L. Mackey, of the Corisco Mission, died March 11, 1850. Her disease was of an apoplectic nature, and as her husband writes, "not occasioned by her coming to Africa." He adds: "A few days before her departure we talked of the subject of death and of our hopes of eternal life through our Saviour. She expressed to me her willingness to depart whenever her divine Master should call her. Her affection was set

on things above. She wished to live only for the honor and glory of God; but he who doeth all things well hath called her to a higher sphere."—*Record*, August, 1850.

Mrs. Robert M. Mateer.

Died at Wei Hien, China, in April, 1886, Mrs. Robert M. Mateer, *née* Archibald. Mrs. Mateer had been but five years on the mission field. She had expected to devote her life to the mission work among the Laos; but being called to share the labors of Rev. Robert M. Mateer, she cast in her lot with great heartiness and a missionary spirit among the people of Central Shantung. No biography could be more comprehensive or touching than the following reference from Mrs. C. W. Mateer, dated April 17: "You will hear through this mail the sad event at Wei Hien. But for my illness I should now be there. God gave me this sister when he took Mrs. Capp from me to her heavenly rest, and she has been very, very dear to me. I have known self-devotion and untiring zeal, but I have nowhere else seen such untiring self-forgetfulness as in Mrs. Robert M. Mateer."

A stricken husband and a little daughter are left to mourn her loss, and many friends in this country, as well as the entire mission, will sympathize with their grief.—*Foreign Missionary*, July, 1886.

Miss Sue L. McBeth.

On Friday, May 26, 1893, Miss McBeth, the senior missionary among the Nez Perces, died at Mt. Idaho.

She was a woman of apostolic zeal, and has left her own imperishable monument in the renewed lives of the majority of the Indian ministers and a very large number of the men and women of this reservation. She had the personal instruction of all the ministers among this people for twenty years past. A due notice of her labors would make a volume. But her departure leaves a vacancy that will be exceedingly difficult to fill. Her sister, Miss Kate McBeth, is well qualified by her intimate knowledge of the people and their language to carry on her work.—*The Church at Home and Abroad*, July, 1893.

Rev. William E. McChestney.

On November 1, 1869, Rev. William E. McChestney sailed with his wife and other missionaries from New York to Canton, China, where they arrived in January, 1870. Mr. McChestney was a graduate of the college and seminary at Princeton, and a member of the Presbytery of Monmouth. He united with the church during his college course in 1864. On his arrival at Canton he gave himself to a diligent study of the language, and was able to speak to the people, in their own tongue, the wonderful words of God.

On the 9th of July, 1872, while on a visit to one of the outstations with the Rev. Mr. Noyes, and while sitting in their boat, a stray shot from a pirate vessel struck him in the head, after which he never spoke. "The following day," writes Dr. Happer, "as the sun set behind the western hills, we committed his mortal

remains to the faithful tomb to await the resurrection. Thus suddenly has death seized one of our number from our side. One evening he is preaching to a crowd of villagers, and on the next evening his body lies in the silent grave. . . . . Our brother had grown in grace and spirituality of mind and of heart, and we had fondly hoped it was in preparation for usefulness among this people. But in the providence of God it appears to have been with reference to his early removal to the service of the sanctuary above." —*Foreign Missionary*, October, 1872.

Rev. Jasper S. McIlvaine.

On the 2d of February, 1881, the Shantung Mission was called to mourn the loss of Rev. Jasper S. McIlvaine, of the Chenanfoo station. Mr. McIlvaine had been connected with the mission about eleven years, and had distinguished himself not only by his scholarship, but by his self-denial and consecration to his work. He had been the pioneer missionary in the interior station of Chenanfoo, having gone thither in 1871, attended only by a native helper. When others had joined him at that station he extended his labors into places still further from the coast, and had succeeded in creating an interest in the truth, over an extended district in Central China. Mr. McIlvaine shared in the personal distribution of funds contributed for the sufferers by famine in the years 1878 and 1879. One of his last acts was to purchase with private funds a chapel in Chenanfoo for the

use of the mission (costing $5000), wishing, as he expressed it, "to set up a beacon light for the whole province on the great thoroughfare of the capital."

Mr. McIlvaine was a native of New Jersey, born in 1844, and received his education at Princeton. His colleague, Dr. S. A. Hunter, writes: "He has had no equal in North China in many respects since the days of William Burns. Holy, consecrated and self-denying, he thought only of the Lord Jesus and his work. . . . . His end was peaceful and calm. His soul rested on the promises. Much of his time was spent in prayer. When his voice failed he wrote with a pencil, 'Lord Jesus, come quickly. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'"

He was ill just a week. His disease was pneumonia, contracted during a preaching tour. He said during his illness: "All the way back from Peking I had such glorious visions of what God was going to do for his Church in China. But now I shall never see them accomplished."—*Foreign Missionary*, May, 1881.

Miss Mary H. McKean.

Miss McKean, a member of the church of Washington, Pa., and one of the most thoroughly tried and valued teachers of the Creek Mission, died January 21, 1861. "She had been connected with the mission between three and four years, during which she not only gave the strongest proofs of her fidelity to the cause to which she had devoted her life, but won the esteem and affection both of her associates and the

children under her care. . . . . She gave the most satisfactory evidence that she was prepared to die." —*Annual Report*, 1861.

The Rev. William J. McKee.

The Rev. William J. McKee, for sixteen years a missionary in connection with our Board of Foreign Missions, died at Socorro, New Mexico, July 21, 1894. Mr. McKee was a native of Harrisville, Pa., a graduate of Knox College, Ill., and of the Auburn Theological Seminary. He had been ordained by the Presbytery of Butler, but was connected with that of Cayuga when commissioned by the Board to the Central China Mission. He sailed for his field of labor November 16, 1878, and with the exception of a furlough home in 1886–7, continued at his post until failing health compelled him to return to the United States about a year ago. He went with his family first to Colorado, and afterwards to New Mexico, in the hope of regaining his health, but the disease which had fastened itself upon him was too deeply seated to yield either to climate or to medical treatment. Mr. McKee was a man of noble Christian character and high missionary purpose. His greatest ambition was to win souls. He had the affection and confidence of his missionary brethren and was greatly beloved by the native Christians, not only in Ningpo, which was his station, but also in the outstations where he delighted to preach the gospel. His death, like his life, was beautiful. The dear one who has shared the joys and the labors of his mis-

sionary life, writes: "So long as there seemed to be any ground of hope for his recovery, he kept up his spirits and conscientiously did everything that he thought would tend to hasten recovery; and yet he not infrequently said that 'to depart and be with Christ is far better.' Ever since I have known him, the thought of being with Christ has been to him the happiest thought of heaven, and it was the thought that cheered him when he knew he could not live."—*N. Y. Evangelist*, September 6, 1894.

Rev. Charles B. MacLaren.

This esteemed young brother, a graduate of the Union Theological Seminary of the Class of 1882, had just entered upon what promised to be a life of eminent usefulness in Siam, when an early summons came to him to enter the world of light. He died at Bangkok, March 4, 1883. It is the same mysterious dispensation that has so often tried the faith of missionaries and the friends of missions, and which renders it hard at first to realize that the dispenser of all good is more deeply interested in the success of his kingdom than its most earnest supporters can possibly be. But God has so often brought light out of darkness under such circumstances; so often made the death of a sainted and devoted missionary more influential for good than his life and labors could have been, that it behooves us simply to go forward, with no abatement of our trust. Not only will the mantle of young MacLaren fall upon another, but we believe that the entire mission, brought thus face to

face with the issues of eternity, will be "lifted up," as our dying friend expressed it, to a higher devotion and a grander success. Mr. MacLaren was a native of Nova Scotia, who came to the Union Seminary to complete his theological education. He was a full sharer in the deep missionary interest which characterized his class, which led an unusual number to devote themselves to the foreign field. We remember him, from all our interviews previous to his appointment, as a young man of gentle and winning manners, and seemingly imbued with the genuine spirit of the Master. His smiling face was a benediction, and his whole manner and bearing at once told, as such manners always do, upon the heathen of Bangkok, both of high rank and of low. Mr. MacLaren leaves a young and devoted wife, who, in the midst of her early grief, promptly indicates her desire to find solace in remaining on the field, and carrying forward the work which she had hoped to share with a loving husband.—*Foreign Missionary*, June, 1883.

Rev. Gilbert McMaster.

Rev. Gilbert McMaster, a faithful native preacher of the Presbytery of Lodiana, died at his station, Saharanpur, India, in 1888. "He had spent twenty years in the ministry and some years previously as a catechist and licentiate preacher, when he was called from his labors here to his rest in heaven. It will be difficult to fill his place in Saharanpur."—*Annual Report*, 1889.

Mrs. Theodore M. McNair.

Annette Gregory, wife of Rev. Theodore M. McNair, missionary of our church at Tokio, Japan, died February 11, 1887, in her twenty-ninth year, after more than a year's continued illness. She went with her husband to that field of labor in December, 1883, and for a time it seemed as if she would be able to bear the work. In January, 1886, she was prostrated by typhoid fever, which after running an almost unprecedented course resulted in her death. She has left the best of all records, her work for Christ well done, and her burden of suffering well and cheerfully borne. Mrs. McNair was a daughter of Henry D. Gregory, Vice-President of Girard College, Philadelphia. Her mother has been long and well known in both the foreign and home mission work of the church. Her bereaved family circle have the heartfelt sympathies of the Church and of the Board.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, May, 1887.

Rev. George McQueen.

Mr. McQueen was a native of Schenectady, N. Y., a graduate of Union College and of Princeton Theological Seminary, and a truly devoted and efficient missionary in Western Africa. He went to Corisco in 1852. He entered immediately upon the work of the mission at Corisco, organizing a school of native children, preaching by the aid of an interpreter immediately upon his arrival, and devoting himself

with irresistible energy to the work which his hands found to do.

On the 26th July, 1855, he was united in marriage to Miss Georgiana M. Bliss, of Longmeadow, Mass., formerly a much respected and loved teacher in Schenectady, who, with the true spirit of missionary consecration, went out to meet him on the field, and to share his self-denying labor. After remaining at Corisco more than a year and a half, the failing health of Mrs. McQueen rendered necessary a return to America, where they arrived in July, 1857. Thus, by the ordering of a kind Providence, the friends of Mr. and Mrs. McQueen were permitted to meet them, and to look upon his face for the last time on earth. June 7, 1858, they sailed upon their return voyage, reaching their field of labor in health and safety, and the first letters received by their friends in America were filled with hope and promise. A spirit of religious inquiry seemed to pervade all who had come within the influence of the school, and the most encouraging prospects appeared to open before the mission.

Soon afterwards, Mr. McQueen was attacked by the fever of the coast, in so severe a degree as to defy all remedies. His mind was kept in peace. To his weeping wife he said: "Remember who has promised to be the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless." When she asked, "What word would you have our infant boy in America remember from you?" he answered, "We have given him to God. If it pleases him to spare his life, I would have him to be a minister of the gospel, to stand in my

place, that I may have a name in God's house." He then calmly informed his wife of the arrangements he had made for her future comfort and that of their child, and commended them to God in a most fervent petition. He sent messages to friends at home by name, saying that he should meet them again soon, for he was going home, and praying earnestly that his own family might have grace to bow submissively to this dispensation of the Father of all. Being asked as to the prospect before him, he said: "My hope is not so bright as I could wish, but comfortable. I know that my Redeemer liveth." He sent for one of the native boys and gave him a message for the other boys of the school. It was this: "I came from America to tell you of these things of God. I have lived as a light among you. You must tell your people these things, and live as lights among them. You must make the salvation of your souls the one great thing." To the principal chief in his district he said, "Remember the words I have told you—I am going home."

Mr. Mackey, one of his colleagues, read to him, at his request, a few verses of the 14th chapter of John. At the end of the third verse he interrupted the reading, saying, "That is enough. We have the promise." On Friday afternoon, March 25, 1859, he fell asleep quietly, and a pleasant smile foreshadowed the blessed rest upon which he had entered. He was in the thirty-second year of his age.—*Schenectady Reflector.*

Rev. Robert McMullin and Mrs. Sarah C. McMullin.

Mr. McMullin was born in Philadelphia in 1831, was graduated at Pennsylvania University and Princeton Theological Seminary, and went to India with his wife, arriving at Calcutta in January, 1857, a few months before the mutiny of the Sepoys filled that country with distress. Both Mr. and Mrs. McMullin enjoyed the heritage of birth in our best families, and of connection with many others of like culture. They had had therefore every advantage of education and religious training, and, inspired by sincere devotedness to Christ, they went forth to the work of missions enjoying the sympathy of many friends, who not unreasonably formed high expectations of their usefulness. Their days in India, like those of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, were but few, and ended in sorrowful times, yet who shall say that they lived and died in vain? Rather, who can doubt that the example of these four families of our missionary brethren, passing through the fire of heathen rage to the crown of life, has not had a blessed influence on the piety of the Church at home, like that of the martyrdom of Stephen on the first disciples of Christ? The letters of Mrs. McMullin, formerly Miss Pierson, of Paterson, N. J., like those of Mrs. Freeman, can never be forgotten by those who have read them. See notices above of Messrs. Campbell, Freeman and Johnson, also Mr. Fullerton's letters in the Appendix and the *Annual Report* of 1858.—*J. C. L.*

Mrs. Peter Menkel.

The death of Mrs. Peter Menkel, wife of the captain of the *Nassau*, which occurred at Benito, June 13, 1893, cast quite a shadow over the Gaboon and Corisco Mission, as she had not only endeared herself to the missionaries, but had rendered valuable services at Benito. Mrs. Menkel accompanied her husband on his return to Africa after a visit to this country in 1890.—*Annual Report*, 1894.

Mrs. Charles R. Mills.

On February 3, 1874, Mrs. Charles R. Mills, of Tungchow, China, died of pleurisy after an illness of a week's duration. Mr. and Mrs. Mills embarked for Shanghai October 14, 1856, where they arrived February 7, 1857. Mrs. Mills had been among the most robust of the female missionaries in China, and seemed to give promise of a long career of usefulness. She had been sanctified by affliction, and her influence seemed too valuable to be lost by the mission; but the inscrutable wisdom of God has called her to her reward, leaving a family of little children in a strange land without a mother's care, yet faith was triumphant and her end was peace.—*Foreign Missionary*, June, 1874.

Mrs. F. V. Mills.

Rev. Frank V. Mills and wife went to China in 1882, and were stationed at Hangchow. Their work

was interrupted by Mrs. Mills' failure of health after eight years' faithful service, during which they were bereaved of both their children. They returned home on a furlough in 1890, and Mrs. Mills died at her home in Windsor, Conn., February 16, 1891.—*Annual Report*, 1891.

Revs. John A. Mitchell and R. W. Orr.

Mr. Mitchell was appointed as a missionary to China before that country was open to the residence of foreigners. He and his colleague, the Rev. Robert W. Orr, took up their abode, therefore, at Singapore, where a considerable emigrant Chinese population was within reach of missionary efforts. In that city Mr. Mitchell, who was threatened with pulmonary disease when he left this country, departed this life October 2, 1838, in the thirty-third year of his age. He was a native of Tennessee. He is spoken of as "well qualified for his work, and his heart was wholly devoted to it. Thus possessing talents and grace, and being in the prime of his days, with a vast field of useful labor before him, he gave great promise of usefulness; but his sun went down at noon, and the church was again taught its dependence on God."

His colleague gave the following interesting account of his last illness and his happy religious experience: "The grave had no terrors for him. At all times he seemed to have a calm and firm trust in God, a willingness to leave his soul in the hands of his Saviour. But he often rose far above this, and

had the most joyful and blessed anticipations of the rest which remaineth to the people of God, and ardent longings to depart and be with Christ. Indeed, he told me that he had never enjoyed so much happiness, in the same length of time, as he had during this sickness. He often spoke with lively gratitude of the exceeding kindness of the Lord in providing for all his wants, and giving him grace to bear every trial with cheerfulness. He had the habit of referring everything to the providence of God, so that if anything turned out differently from what he expected or wished, he was ready to say, 'This is the will of my heavenly Father, and he knows exactly what is best for me.' When conversing with the people of God, or with others, he loved to bear his testimony to the goodness and faithfulness of the Lord. It was the impression made on all who saw him, that his spirit was ripe for heaven. I have never known a person of more clear and undoubted piety.

"In the last few days of his life there was nothing in his experience extraordinary or triumphant; yet there was what is more desirable—a firm and intelligent reliance on the atoning blood of Christ, as the only remedy of the sinner. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.'

"He often spoke of his strong desire to preach the gospel among the heathen, but generally concluded by remarking that the Lord could accomplish all his purposes of love without him, and that he had work for him to do in another and more glorious state of existence."

These obituary notices are restricted to missionaries who died in the service of the Board. Otherwise the name of the Rev. Robert W. Orr would occupy a prominent place among them. His health giving way, he was constrained to withdraw from the foreign field; he engaged in the work of the ministry in this country, and was a professor in Jefferson College, in which he had been graduated with the highest honor of his class. He was an able, devoted and respected missionary and minister, and died a few years after his return from the East.—*J. C. L.*

Rev. William T. Morrison.

Rev. W. A. P. Martin, D.D., of Peking, pays the following tribute to his friend, and for a short time his associate in the field, who died December 10, 1869:

"Ten days ago we were startled by the announcement, 'Morrison is dead.' The most of us had not even heard of his illness; and the melancholy tidings awakened in our midst such emotions as result from the combination of a sudden surprise with a great sorrow.

"Never robust, his health had been seemingly good since his arrival in the North; and when early in the present month he was confined to his room by an attack of rheumatic pains, none of his friends felt any alarm. He was himself utterly unconscious of danger, conversed cheerfully in the intervals of pain on the afternoon of the 10th, and in the evening, experiencing temporary relief, informed his wife that

it would not be necessary to trouble the doctor that night.

"About 9 P.M. he groaned heavily and muttered, as though not well awake and yet suffering from a paroxysm of uncommon sharpness. Relapsing into quiet, he was carefully covered; and his wife, fearful of disturbing the repose which he so much needed, refrained from speaking to him through the hours of the night. He remained perfectly quiet; and it was not until late in the morning that she essayed to arouse him, when, to her horror, she grasped the icy hand of a corpse.

"His spirit had taken its flight after the brief struggle of the previous evening; and a *post-mortem* examination revealed the fact—till then unsuspected—that he had been suffering from disease of the heart. Such, to human view, was the untimely fate of one whose future was full of promise. Still young, and newly entered on this post of the great field, we anticipated for him a long life, rich in productive labors. But God's thoughts are not as ours!

"Endowed with a vigorous, logical and systematic mind, Mr. Morrison had enjoyed the advantage of thorough discipline in one of the best of our American colleges. He entered the field furnished with no common preparation; and gave abundant proof of his qualifications, in faithful and not fruitless labors both in the south and north of China.

"When a man consecrates such a mind and such a heart to the work of evangelizing the nations, the work itself is one of self-denial, and it matters little what worldly advantages he may have left behind in

order to enter upon it. When, however, the missionary has also turned his back on wealth and luxury, the evidences of his sincerity and elevation are such as the world will more readily appreciate.

"Mr. Morrison was reared amidst the affluence and temptations of our commercial metropolis. His father a merchant (now retired), and his other relatives in prosperous business, he had before his eyes the dazzling allurements of earthly gain. But like one of old, what things were gain to him he counted loss for Christ. No trace of repining at his lot, or regret for what to others might have seemed an imprudent choice, ever disturbed the serenity of his mind.

"Nor was it only on his first embarkation in the missionary work that he was called to answer the heart-searching question: 'Lovest thou me more than these?' Worn with labor in an unhealthy climate, he was compelled to return to his native country in such a state of bodily weakness, that on reaching the American coast he was unable to stand erect. His recovery was slow, but with returning health, his heart turned with an irresistible longing towards his far-off field. The solicitations of friends, and the prospect of ease and comfort in ministerial life at home, conspired in vain to detain him. Before his health was fully established he set out a second time for China, coming in this instance to the more salubrious regions of the North. Here he labored but little more than a year, when he was called to his rest.

"Left alone in charge of his station, he addressed himself to his work with such earnestness as greatly

to impress both foreigners and natives. He was uncommonly careful and conscientious in preparation for his pulpit duties. Instead of satisfying himself with the reflection that to a heathen audience he might say anything that came uppermost in his mind, he was accustomed to prepare his discourses for the handful of poor people who frequented his chapel, with as much patient assiduity as if they had been intended for the élite of New York City.

"Having to contend with the difficulties of a new dialect, he wrote his sermons out carefully with the aid of a Chinese teacher; and only a few weeks before his death I heard him deliver one on the 'Love of God in Christ,' which, for richness and felicity of illustration, I have rarely heard equaled in the language of this people.

"His prayers, whether in Chinese or English, were remarkable for their fervor. And even in saying a grace at meat, his heart would overflow in gratitude and praise for those spiritual mercies, which to him were ever present as a conscious living reality.

"During the last year of his life he was observed to be growing in grace in a very marked degree. Instrumentally, this resulted in part from his sense of responsibility in entering a new field with a new lease of life, and partly from a conscientious sanctification of the Sabbath-day, reacting in the sanctification of his own soul. On that day he refused to feed on any other fare than the hidden manna—feasting with delight on the pure word of God, and rejecting the miscellaneous matter offered as Sunday diet by even religious newspapers.

"When called to cease from his labors, Mr. Morrison was thirty-four years of age, having labored four years at Ningpo, and a year and a half at Peking. Who can tell how much of the success at the former station was due to his godly example and earnest assiduity in the instruction of the native pastors? At the latter station we are unable to point to such visible fruits; but we cannot refrain from thinking how much he might have accomplished if his life had been spared. May those who remain be like-minded!"—*Foreign Missionary*, May, 1870.

Rev. John H. Morrison, D.D.

Tidings have been received of the decease of this veteran missionary, who died at Dehra, India, on the 16th of September, 1881. Dr. Morrison entered the missionary work in India in the year 1838, and thus was entitled to a place among the oldest missionaries of the Board. He was characterized by great earnestness and boldness in the presentation of truth. He never shrank from danger, or failed to declare the whole counsel of God, though often his audience was exasperated to bitterness by paid agents of the Brahmans or the Mohammedan imaums. On account of his fearlessness he was known in mission circles as the "Lion of the Punjaub." And yet no man was more affable or more friendly than Dr. Morrison, none more genial in personal intercourse or more devoted to his work. The Christian Church will remember Dr. Morrison as the man who after the great

Sepoy rebellion of 1857 moved the Lodiana Mission to call upon all Christendom to observe an annual week of prayer for the conversion of the world. (In 1863 he was Moderator of the General Assembly at Peoria, Ills.) He leaves a wife and several children, of whom a son and a daughter are engaged in the work of the Lodiana Mission. For the last four years most of his time has been spent at Dehra, where such light labor as he was able to assume was still carried on. The announcement of his death is not only sudden, but unexpected, as he had apparently good prospects of continued health, though advanced in years, until he was struck by the terrible but fatal cholera. His dying words were: "It is perfect peace—I know whom I have believed."

(Dr. Morrison was born in Orange county, N. Y., June 29, 1806.)—*Foreign Missionary*, December, 1881.

Mrs. Anna M. Morrison,

The wife of the Rev. John H. Morrison, was a daughter of Dr. E. D. Ward, of Bloomfield, N. J. Soon after arriving at Calcutta, she was attacked by cholera, and called to the heavenly rest, April 27, 1838, just as she was entering on the scene of earnestly desired work for Christ among the Hindus. The following accounts of the last illness and the devoted piety of Mrs. Morrison are taken from a letter written at the time by her bereaved husband:

"The perfect calmness and composure with which she faced the king of terrors in one of his most

frightful forms, would have led an observer to the conclusion that stupefying drugs, or the hand of death, had deprived her of bodily or mental feeling, had it not been for the violent paroxysms of agony she suffered, and the clearness and intelligence with which she spoke to those around her. Her greatest solicitude appeared to be lest she should, by complaining, dishonor him who had died for her salvation. Once, when a most violent spasm suddenly seized her, and threw her into almost insupportable agony, she did cry out, 'O Lord, relieve me from this dreadful suffering;' but immediately checking herself, she added, 'if consistent with thy holy will. Not my will but thine be done.' And then she reproached herself at having uttered a complaint, saying, 'Oh, do not let me complain so. He has never called me to suffer more than he has enabled me to bear, and I *know* he will support me now.' From the first she said she did not think she would recover; but appeared not to suffer even the slightest agitation in the near prospect of death. On the contrary, she remarked to one standing by her bedside, 'The fear of death used to trouble me so as to make me doubt whether I was a child of God; but now it has no terrors; there is not a cloud; all is *bright* and clear.' When it became very evident that she could not last much longer, and the physician gave up all hopes, I asked her if she was ready to receive the message to go home; she calmly replied, 'Yes.' I then told her the opinion of the physician, and asked her how she felt in the near prospect of death; she simply replied, 'Happy.' Soon after, observing that she was fast sinking, I asked

her, 'How does the prospect now appear?' She said, 'Glorious,' and spoke no more until she joined in the song of the redeemed ones around the heavenly throne—'Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever.'"

A memoir of Mrs. Morrison was prepared by the Rev. E. J. Richards, and published by M. W. Dodd, New York.—*J. C. L.*

Mrs. Isabella Morrison.

Mrs. Morrison, second wife of the Rev. J. H. Morrison, died February 14, 1843. "To her we trust the promise was fulfilled, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'"—*Annual Report*, 1844.

Mrs. Anna Morrison.

Mrs. Morrison, third wife of the Rev. J. H. Morrison, died December 29, 1860. "Her mind was graciously kept in peace, and she departed this life in the hope of a joyful immortality."—*Annual Report*, 1861.

Mrs. John H. Morrison.

Mrs. Morrison, widow of the late John H. Morrison, D.D., died at Sabathu, India, September 4, 1888. "She was strong and earnest in spirit and

abundant in labors for the truth."—*Annual Report*, 1889.

Mrs. Susan Dutcher Morrison.

Miss Susan Dutcher, in a month after her marriage to Mr. Morrison, connected with the Choctaw Mission, was removed by death in January, 1851. For several years she had been an efficient teacher in this mission. She was greatly beloved by the scholars in the primary department of the school.—*Annual Report*, 1851.

Mrs. W. J. P. Morrison.

The death of Mrs. W. J. P. Morrison was the afflictive event of the year 1888. She died of cholera August 19, at Murree, a sanatorium near Rawal Pindi (India). Mr. Morrison and his family were spending a year at Rawal Pindi for reasons of health. Mrs. Morrison was a daughter of Rev. R. Thackwell, of Dehra, and was born in India, so that two families and especially her own young children, mourn over her early departure, but they sorrow not as those who have no hope. . . . .

Mrs. Morrison's whole life had in one way or another been identified with the work of missions. In every capacity she had endeared herself to the missionary circle, and though called to her reward while still in her youth, the savor of a godly influence is bequeathed to the mission circle and to the native church.—*Annual Report*, 1889.

Rev. Joseph H. Myers.

The Rev. Joseph H. Myers, of Lodiana, India, has laid down his life in the field of his choice. (He died November 19, 1869.) His was a short career—only four and a half years at the work, but they were years of endeavor in teaching youth, guiding inquirers, proclaiming the gospel, preparing tracts and doing other service for the salvation of the heathen, and for stirring up the church at home. He wrote many letters to Sabbath-schools, and was anxious to bring the young into working sympathy with the cause of missions. He was a choice Christian and a noble missionary. Too soon for the work, but not for himself, has he fallen. His life is not thrown away. It will yet bear fruit, and India will gather it, and the church at home will feel its power.—*Foreign Missionary*, February, 1870.

Rev. Dr. S. H. Kellogg, an intimate friend and classmate of Mr. Myers, writes, from India: "His letters were always fragrant with Christ, full of love to God and man; but this had been growing much of late—so much that my wife had remarked that the Lord must be preparing Mr. Myers for some very special experience of sorrow or labor, and Dr. —— made the same remark to me two weeks ago. In a late letter—one of the last—Brother Myers wrote: 'I cannot sufficiently praise the Lord for his goodness to me in spiritual and temporal things.' Again he breaks out: 'O for more spirituality! O, to be full of the Holy Ghost.'

"But our own loss and dear Mrs. Myers', who can measure it? She is a woman of like spirit, and I doubt not she is sustained, but it is a very heavy loss; a very heavy loss to their two little ones that they will not even have the memory of such a father."—*Record*, February, 1870.

Mrs. Myers continued at her post six years after the death of her husband, when it became necessary to return with her two sons to America. She died at Wooster, O., September 6, 1888, shortly after the death of the elder of these sons.

Mrs. Mary Latta Nassau.

It is with great regret that we have to record the death of Mrs. Nassau, wife of Rev. R. H. Nassau, M. D., near Benita, Corisco Mission, on the 10th of September, 1870, of African fever. As Miss Mary C. Latta, she went to Africa as a teacher in 1860, arriving at Corisco in November. She was married to Dr. Nassau in 1862. Her missionary course has been one of singular devotedness and usefulness. A more lovely and happy Christian woman we have seldom known. We mourn over our loss, but for her to depart and be with Christ is surely far better. Great sympathy will be felt for her bereaved husband and sister-in-law and for her two children.—*Record*, January, 1871.

Mrs. Mary Brewster Nassau.

Died, at Talaguga, Africa, August 6, 1884, Mary Brewster, daughter of the late Rev. Julius Foster, and wife of Rev. R. H. Nassau, M.D.

The death of Mrs. Nassau has filled with peculiar grief the hearts of many friends of missions. It seems but yesterday that she sailed for Africa, with the well-considered expectation of sharing with her newly-married husband the hardships and privations of a pioneer work far up the Ogovee. Mary Brewster Foster had consecrated herself to the mission work, with the expectation of going, as a single lady, to Persia; but, yielding to an attachment which was subsequently formed for Dr. R. H. Nassau, and, feeling that she would still be in the line of her cherished object, she accepted his invitation to return with him to his field of peculiar hardship in Central Africa, where they arrived in December, 1881. Before sailing, she had deeply impressed the Christian women of her own presbytery and synod with the intelligence and depth of her missionary spirit.

She had been deeply beloved as a teacher before her consecration to the mission work, and she left no doubt in the mind of any that in whatever field her lot should be cast, she would prove a most successful laborer in the cause of Christ. At Talaguga, in a rude abode which her husband built mostly with his own hands, surrounded by savages still living in the wildness of nature, and for whom everything remained to be done, she prosecuted her work not only with cheerfulness, but with real joy. Her death,

though sudden, had not been wholly unanticipated as a possible event, but the circumstances of it were peculiarly sad. In her last hours no physician in regular practice attended her, and no white woman was at hand to render assistance in the tender assiduities which were needed under such trying circumstances. Her heart-broken husband was compelled to direct everything, even the preparation of the coffin and the grave.

She has passed to her reward as a real martyr to the cause of the gospel in Africa. Another of those significant graves which now surround the coast of that dark land has been made; another outpost of the picket line has been consecrated. Why has this one woman been called to give so much, even her life, while many hesitate to recognize *any* claim of the Master for the heathen that are perishing?—*Foreign Missionary*, December, 1884.

Rev. John L. Nevius, D.D.

Dr. Nevius was born in Ovid, N. Y., March 4, 1829. He was graduated from Union College and from Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1853 he was married to Miss Helen Coan, also of Ovid, N.Y., and with her he sailed in the same year from Boston for China, as a missionary of the Presbyterian Board. His first years of labor were spent in the Central China Mission and at the Ningpo and Hangchow stations. In 1861 he visited Chefoo on a tour of inspection, and he must be regarded as one of the founders of the Shantung Mission.

My acquaintance with John L. Nevius began in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He had already resolved upon the missionary work, but he put on no airs of martyrdom in consequence of his purpose. There was no brighter or more sunny spirit in the halls or on the campus; there was no more consistent and earnest Christian in our whole circle. He was full of life and vigor, physically, socially, intellectually and spiritually. The same communicable magnetism extended over everything that he attempted, whether in athletics and the hilarity of our recreations, in the hard, close work of the recitation room, or in the earnest prayer and spiritual quickening of the religious conference. The prophecy of a devoted and successful missionary life was clearly stamped upon his joyous and breezy, yet thoroughly consistent, student-life in the seminary.

When Dr. and Mrs. Nevius sailed for China, ocean voyaging was no holiday affair. They went on board a sailing ship at Boston, and for weary months, with poor accommodations and poor fare, they were tossed upon the pathless sea. But they were well mated in their heroic spirit as well as in oneness of soul and of consecrated purpose. Both had decidedly intellectual tastes and abilities; both made valuable contributions to the permanent literature of missions, and yet there never was any shrinking from the plodding, hard work of the missionary life.

There are several salient points of interest and of high example in the life of Dr. Nevius. Among them may be mentioned his thorough and abiding *consecration* to the work of his divine Master. I knew

him in his youth, and had also frequent and protracted interviews during his last visit at home in 1891–1892, and I could discover no abatement in the thoroughness of his great purpose or in the spiritual tone of his life. Another element which he exemplified in high degree was the *manliness* which all Christian service, and especially that of the missionary, demands. He was a prince among men. Of only medium stature, but solid and substantial in appearance, with a face at once strong, and yet full of benevolence and of joyousness, he inspired respect with all classes. He left no criticism on the lips of officers or fellow-passengers on his ocean voyages, but always left the steamer with the warm friendship of every class, even the sailors. He had that rare tact which captivated everybody, and thus he always scored a victory for the truth and the cause which he represented. Dr. Nevius possessed that *generosity of spirit* which won the affection of all fellow-missionaries. This was shown in the great Missionary Conference in Shanghai in 1890, at which, out of about four hundred, representing all missions in the Chinese empire, he was chosen as one of two coördinate presidents to conduct the sessions, extending through many days. Dr. and Mrs. Nevius owned their own home in Chefoo, where their doors of hospitality were always open, and the fact that missionaries of many societies availed themselves of that hospitality was an index of the warm esteem in which their host and hostess were held.

Dr. Nevius presented a high example to all other missionaries in the assiduity and success with which

he conquered the native language. No mere smattering could satisfy his purpose. I well remember a triumph which was given to him at Chefoo, in the autumn of 1874, when I happened to be on a visit to the Shantung Mission. An English court was in session for the trial of an Englishman who had murdered a Chinaman. The one-sided and unjust management of similar cases by the English courts, always discriminating against the native in the favor of their own race, had created a widespread indignation among natives of Chefoo and the surrounding country, and it was necessary to secure the most accurate interpretation of testimony from Chinese sources. The court had its experts and the Custom Service also proffered its best interpreters. But at last these were set aside, and the court requested Dr. Nevius to act. He gave the blunt and fearless testimony of some of the large and stalwart Chinese peasants with a literalness that made the English judges wince. It required no little moral courage, in the presence of the stately wigs and ermine and the gathering of the proud-spirited Englishmen, to give literally the testimony which showed the intense Chinese indignation towards the arrogance and injustice of an alien British court; but this was done, and with an accuracy which none dared to question. As a vindication of the thorough scholarship of one of our ablest missionaries the whole scene was one of triumph.

Dr. Nevius always manifested a deep *sympathy for the people* among whom he labored. No man ever won the hearts of the natives of all grades more fully than he. His whole life was a rebuke to those who

never quite succeed in coming down from the stilts of a higher cultus into a heartfelt and assuring sympathy with the inferior race among whom they labor. He not only had a warm place in the hearts of all native Christians, but he also had the respect of the heathen wherever he was known.

A dozen years ago a famine swept over portions of the Shantung Province, carrying off two or three millions of people. Generous amounts were contributed for the relief of the thousands of sufferers, by Christians and philanthropists in this country, also by foreign and native merchants in the Chinese ports. But the men who were to actually venture into the desolated districts where famine and pestilence went hand in hand, and where life was endangered by the uncontrollable hunger and misery of the starving, were found only among the missionaries, and in this work Dr. Nevius had a large part. Taking with him a large amount of money, in Chinese cash, altogether amounting to one or two wagon loads, he rented a small house in the very midst of the worst suffering and danger. Protected only by the care of his heavenly Father and the respect of the people, he spent some weeks in such moderate and yet adequate distribution as preserved some thousands of people from perishing, until a new crop of grain could be gathered. His work was thoroughly systematized, and such was the respect accorded him that no act of violence or of theft was committed. A grand object-lesson setting forth the benevolence of the Christian faith was presented to the people, and after the famine was over Dr. Nevius followed up the good impressions with

evangelistic labors, and the result was seen in some three or four hundred converts gathered to the fold of Christ.

He took a large part in what is known as the *itinerating work* of the Shantung Mission. He would have had better reason than most men for remaining at home, owing to the delicacy and repeated illnesses of his wife, but it was the joint wish of the two that his work should not be restricted on that account. Again and again, with a large wheelbarrow of his own invention, packed and balanced with his needed supply of books and personal comforts, and propelled by a mule ahead and a trusty Chinaman behind, he traversed wide districts of the Shantung Province, visiting, like Paul, the churches which he had planted, comforting the saints, and inviting all men to the blessed way of life. All over the Province he was known and loved.

Dr. Nevius had a deep *sympathy for the poverty* of the people. He never lost sight of the fact that the mission work is a spiritual and not a humanitarian enterprise, and yet with admirable poise of judgment he showed, as did his divine Master, an interest in the wants and woes of the people. Many portions of Shantung are more or less barren; the lines of agriculture are exceedingly restricted. He had learned that most of the fruits that are produced in the United States, but of which there were comparatively few in China, might be successfully raised in the Shantung Province, to the infinite relief of the poor people. He therefore had planted in his own grounds improved fruit trees, from which scions

could be taken for ingrafting the poor specimens of pears and apples known in Shantung. He also sent out through the surrounding region an offer to supply these scions gratis to all who would pledge themselves to extend the same privilege to others. This, together with his encouragement in the planting of seeds for the production of thousands of trees, has raised up a promising industry in Shantung.

But the time had come for the Master to call this noble and devoted missionary to his rest. He had reached the age of sixty-four. The robust health which he had enjoyed for most of his life had begun to flag. Even before his return last year from his visit to America he showed signs of failure. Still he kept up his work. On the 19th of October (1893), while he was engaged in completing his arrangements for attendance on the mission meeting at Wei Hien, two hundred miles distant, he suddenly fell to the floor and expired, without a struggle and apparently without a pang. So sudden was his translation to the rest above, that his friends who quickly gathered about him could only say that "He was not; for God took him." He has left a stricken wife to whom he was all that a husband could be, and he has been called away from a mission of which he had been a pioneer and a counselor for more than thirty years. The Presbyterian Board and the whole church to which he belonged have met an irreparable loss.—*F. F. Ellinwood, D.D.*

Rev. John Newton, D.D.

The past year has brought a great loss, not only to our Lodiana Mission, but to all Northern India. On the 2d of July, 1891, Rev. John Newton, D.D., our senior missionary in India, after fifty-six years of devoted service, entered into the rest of heaven. An old man at the time of his death, his long life included, with the exception of one year, the whole period of missionary effort by our Church. Rev. William Reed and Rev. John C. Lowrie, D.D., our venerable Secretary, were his only predecessors there.

Dr. Newton went to India in 1835, arriving at Calcutta in June of that year, accompanied by Rev. James Wilson and his wife. Setting out from Calcutta in a native boat on the Ganges they began their long journey of 1200 miles to their chosen field. Three months later they arrived at Cawnpore, where they exchanged their boat for a smaller one in which they sailed as far as Futtehgurh. At this point they left the river and proceeded further by palanquin drawn by oxen. At last, after a journey of five and a half months from Calcutta—a journey now accomplished by railroad in fifty-four hours—they reached their destination, Lodiana, a populous town, important as a centre of influence for the Punjab. This densely peopled region, containing over twenty-two millions of Hindus and Mohammedans, had at the time when Mr. Newton entered on his work there, only one missionary, Rev. John C. Lowrie, who had preceded Dr. Newton by one year. Mr. Lowrie was soon obliged by failing health to leave the field, and thus

almost at once Dr. Newton had thrown upon him the duties and responsibilities of leadership in this new and important mission. These duties and responsibilities during fifty-six years of faith and devoted service, he discharged with rare wisdom and steady zeal.

His labors were most various. Always foremost with him was the direct preaching of the word and that hand-to-hand effort by conversation with individuals which he felt to be one of the missionary's most effective methods. He was a powerful and attractive preacher, both in English and in the vernaculars. The Scriptures were his constant and absorbing study. Thoroughly versed in them, he unfolded their truths with great patience and tact, melting down opposition and indifference by a gentle, vital warmth. Certain occasions in particular are recalled by those who knew him, when the spiritual power of his personality was especially felt. Rev. Mr. Clark, of the Church Missionary Society, speaks of the solemn effect produced upon his mind at the Lahore Conference in 1865 by the reading of a part of the first chapter of Acts, by Dr. Newton. He says, "The impression made by his merely reading a few verses has not been effaced by almost thirty years." Dr. Lucas writes: "One night in the Lodiana church, when called on to close the service with prayer, he poured out his soul in a prayer I shall never forget, a prayer that seemed more nearly to 'take hold of God' than any I have ever heard, a real wrestling of soul in which one could feel the soul travailing in pain, a prayer which told

us again that we had indeed in our midst a prince with God."

Dr. Newton took with him when he first went to India an old-fashioned wooden printing press, which he set up in a little house secured for the purpose, and thus laid the foundation for that publishing establishment which during the next fifty years was destined to issue about *two hundred and sixty-seven million pages in ten different languages.* In this literary work Dr. Newton throughout his missionary career was eminent. The Punjabi language is indebted to him for the foundations of its religious literature. Besides the translation of the New Testament into Punjabi and numerous tracts in that language, his literary labors, with those of his associate, Rev. L. Janvier, included a Punjabi grammar and dictionary, a commentary on Ephesians in Urdu and important tracts in both Urdu and Hindi.

But notwithstanding Dr. Newton's invaluable services in the line of direct missionary work, all who knew him agreed in prizing most highly his lovely character and deep piety. His sound practical judgment was much relied on by all, and perhaps none of his efforts for the Punjab have borne greater fruit than those wise counsels so gladly sought by many younger missionaries. He had a rare catholicity, showing a sincere and loving sympathy with all forms of Christian work. It was by his invitation that the Church Missionary Society came to the Punjab in 1850, and it was largely due to his influence that such warm fraternal relations were maintained for forty years between the American missionaries and those

of the Church of England. It is an English churchman who says of him that he was "one of the holiest men and one of the most lovable and best beloved men that the Punjab has ever seen." His prayers are particularly mentioned by this Episcopal brother also, who describes them as marked by "a simplicity, a tenderness, a loving confidence, a reverence and a reality felt by all who heard them."

From the Lodiana Mission, of which Dr. Newton was the senior missionary, was issued in 1858 that call to the observance of the week of prayer which has since become so widespread and so fixed a custom throughout the Christian world. This circumstance is but another illustration of the prayerfulness characteristic of Dr. Newton, of its influence on his associates and through them on distant lands and unnumbered souls. Dr. Lucas writes: "In answer to prayer, God gave him back all his children to labor with him in India. He said once that it was his mother's prayers that brought him to India. Blessed mother that! How little she thought as she knelt day after day and gave her beloved son to go far from her home and preach Christ, that she was beginning the work in North India which her grandchildren and great-grandchildren are now carrying on!"—*Church at Home and Abroad*, April, 1892.

Mrs. Elizabeth Newton.

Mrs. Newton, wife of Rev. John Newton, of the mission in India, died September 2, 1857. The character, example and influence of this excellent

Christian woman for a period of twenty-three years in missionary life were all of the happiest kind, and awaken deep regret for her removal; but she has entered into the joy of the Lord. Her last end was eminently peaceful.—*Annual Report*, 1858.

Mrs. Newton was the mother of six missionaries in India, four sons and two daughters, and one granddaughter was also a missionary.

Mrs. Eliza Newton.

Mrs. Newton, the second wife of Dr. John Newton, to whom she was united in 1866, was an English lady, and on the death of her husband, the state of her health not permitting her longer residence in India, returned to her friends in England, where she died December 4, 1893, in the seventieth year of her age.—*Annual Report*, 1892 and 1894.

Rev. John Newton, Jr., M.D.

Tidings have been received from North India of the death of this "beloved physician," whose distinction it is that he gave his whole life and soul to the physical and spiritual healing of the most unfortunate of all men, the "loathsome" lepers. He died July 29, 1880, at Sabathu, of cancer in the stomach, after a period of great suffering. He was the eldest of the four missionary sons of Rev. John Newton, D.D., and brother of Mrs. Forman, who died

at Lahore about a year ago. He leaves a wife and children. Dr. Newton was an earnest preacher as well as a physician, and excelled as a writer. Though of scholarly turn, he was much engaged in itineration, bazaar preaching, and labor among the soldiers of the local garrison, while perhaps his most responsible charge was that of a leper asylum having eighty-nine inmates. A missionary associate says of him, "No love in this dark world has ever seemed to me so much like the Saviour's as that of Dr. Newton for his lepers."

A correspondent of one of the Indian newspapers has published the following brief tribute, which is all the more valuable as coming from an outside observer of this mission work:

"For a long time, I do not know how long, he has been suffering and struggling with a disease which he supposed to be consumption, I believe, but which very recently proved to be cancer in the stomach. When he wrote his last letter to the *Pioneer* about the Sabathu Leper Asylum, he was on his way to Kogthur, beyond Simla, seeking rest and change of air. About a week before his death he returned to Sabathu dying, and suffering indescribable agonies, from which he was mercifully released in less time than was expected. He was a true missionary, obeying, in the letter and in the spirit, the original command given to the first missionaries, not only to 'preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand,' but to 'heal the sick, cleanse the lepers,' etc. He did heal the sick, and he did cleanse the lepers, as far as medical skill and sanitary science empowered him.

He preached the true gospel of faith and works, which the 'poor Indian whose untutored mind' cannot always take in, found very intelligible. Like Chaucer's Parson,

> "'Cristes lore, and his Apostles twelve,
> He taught, and first he folwed it himselve.'

The funeral, which took place yesterday evening, was numerously attended by Europeans and natives. Soldiers, who loved and respected him, carried the coffin from the house to the grave in the old cemetery, where his mother and a young child lie side by side, and where there was happily room for another grave, though the cemetery has long been closed for funerals. The Rev. John Newton, D.D., the aged father of the deceased, who has been nearly fifty years a missionary in India, read a part of the lesson used by the Church of England, and added some words of his own to those of St. Paul, concluding with an extempore address. A hymn was sung by the soldiers present, from Moody and Sankey's collection, No. 104, 'Home at last, thy labor done,' the words and tune of which are extremely sweet and touching."—*Foreign Missionary*, October, 1880.

Mrs. Cynthia C. Noyes.

Mrs. Noyes was born at Jackson, O., December 12, 1844, was educated at Hayesville in the same State, and sailed for China with her husband, Rev. H. V. Noyes, February 3, 1866. She was attacked with

hemorrhage of the lungs July 4, of the same year, and from this attack she never rallied.

On Thursday, August 8, she "fell asleep in Jesus." No words could express more appropriately her quiet and peaceful departure. The Lord was very gracious to her and granted her abundantly his comforting and sustaining grace. From witnessing his great goodness to her through all these months of suffering and from my own experience of supporting grace, I shall carry with me, in all the future, a deeper impression than I ever had before of the sustaining power of the gospel in time of affliction, and of its unspeakable value to perishing sinners.

From the very first of her sickness, death in itself had never seemed to her as a thing to be dreaded. She thought of it as going to heaven, and this appeared, as she often expressed it, "very sweet" rather than painful. She had seen a much loved sister die in great peace, a year before she left her home, and never since had death seemed forbidding. She felt that it was painful to part with her friends, and especially the companion of her life; it was a very keen disappointment not to be permitted to teach "the heathen children," which for many years had seemed to be almost the one desire of her heart, but when God appointed that she should part with those dear to her, that she should *suffer* rather than *do* his will, to the best of my recollection I never heard anything like a murmur escape her lips, nor do I think there was such a feeling in her heart; but often, oh, how often have I heard her say, "It is all right! Of course it is all right!"

I do not remember that she was ever but once greatly troubled with reference to her acceptance with God. It was last January, while she was feeling quite strong, and a short time before she became so much worse. One Sabbath I had noticed all day that something was troubling her, and just at night she came to me, and with intense earnestness said: "Oh, Henry, do you suppose it can be that I am not a Christian?" and then burst into tears. This depression soon passed away, and from that time until the day of her death she seemed to have a sweet assurance that all was well, and this arising from a simple, child-like trust in the Saviour of sinners. She once said to me: "It seems so clear to me—I can feel it, that nothing can wash away my sins but Jesus' blood. I have been sick a long time, and it ought to make me a great deal better; there are a great many things that ought to make me better, but they seem to do no good; there is nothing that can wash away my sins but JESUS' BLOOD."

Toward the close of life the calm assurance of acceptance ripened into a longing, earnest "desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." Two days before she died I asked her how she felt, and she replied: "Yesterday I felt a little gloomy, but to-day everything seems bright. It seems as though I could hardly wait." The next evening she spoke of her own accord, and said in reference to her approaching end: "If it was not wrong to be impatient, it does seem as though I could hardly wait." She had only to wait a few short hours. On the morning of the day she died, at worship I was about

to lead in prayer without reading the Scriptures, as I thought she would be able to listen to only a very short service, when she spoke and said, "Won't you repeat the 23d psalm?" I did so, and then remarked —"The 4th verse I have often heard quoted, 'the dark valley of the shadow of death,' but the word *dark* is not in the verse in the Bible." She spoke very quickly and earnestly, and said, "No, it isn't a dark valley; it's a very bright valley." Well could she say so, for she was already in the valley, and the light from beyond the river was already shining brightly upon her path.—*Rev. H. V. Noyes.*

Rev. Gopeenath Nundy.

This Hindu minister and missionary was born in Calcutta, about the year 1807, of respectable parents belonging to the Kayath caste. At an early age he received at home instruction in Bengalee, his vernacular language, and afterwards he learned English.

Exposed at this time to influences tending to skepticism as to the truth of any religion, he was led to believe in Christianity, and to trust in Christ as his Saviour, under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Duff, and in 1832 he was admitted by him into the visible church of Christ by the rite of baptism. In the year 1833, Gopeenath accompanied Archdeacon Corrie, afterwards bishop of Madras, to the northwest, and took charge of an English school at Futtehpore.

During the years 1837, 1838, a fearful famine prevailed in the northwest provinces of India, and a large number of orphans were collected by Dr. Madden.

Gopeenath was very active in procuring orphan children, and afterwards diligent in training them for future usefulness. Dr. Madden transferred a number of these orphan children to the care of the Rev. Henry R. Wilson, of our mission, at Futtehgurh, and Gopeenath accompanied them, and was employed by the mission as an assistant. His services at this time were invaluable to the mission, not only in consequence of his previous employment and training, but also as he was enabled to act as interpreter to Mr. Wilson in preaching and distributing books among the natives.

In 1844 he was ordained to the holy ministry. He was afterwards stationed in the cantonment of Futtehgurh, where he opened a school for boys, and also established a flourishing school for girls, which is still in existence. The superintendence of these schools, with almost daily preaching, gave him constant employment, and made his labors very useful.

Futtehpore having become vacant, he was transferred to that station in 1853, where he remained until his death. Gopeenath never was so happy, nor developed his character so fully, as when placed in charge of this station at Futtehpore. He was abundant in labors, and established schools for boys and girls in the city and the jail, besides giving instruction for a time to fifty Patwarees, or village record keepers. In June of 1857, his labors were interrupted by the mutiny, and he was obliged to fly to Allahabad. What he suffered during the mutiny is known to the religious public. In that trying period, according to the statement which he has published,

he evinced a spirit not unlike that which animated the martyrs and confessors of the primitive Christians.

He submitted to a surgical operation for hernia, in March, which afforded but a bare possibility of relief. Prayer was proposed, when he said—"I am not afraid to die; I can trust that Jesus whom I have so often preached to others." The operation proved fatal, and Gopeenath expired early on the morning of the 14th of March, 1861. His friend, the native minister in Calcutta, thus speaks of his character:

"In his person Gopeenath was tall, and had a commanding appearance, and his complexion inclined to fair. Though, owing to circumstances, his English education, when judged by the standard of the present day, was somewhat deficient, he had fine parts. His acquaintance with the Urdu language, in which he usually preached, though not critical, was intimate, and amply served all the purposes of his vocation. He had great energy and decision of character. As a man, he was pleasing in his manners, amiable in disposition, cheerful in society, hospitable and benevolent. As a Christian, he was sincerely pious, fervent in spirit, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. As a missionary, he was in labors most abundant, feeding his flock diligently, preaching in season and out of season, full of zeal for promoting the honor of his divine Master. Failings he had—and what man has not his peculiar failings?—but these failings leaned to virtue's side. He was truly one of the excellent of the earth. Let our countrymen note the fact that it was only Christianity that made Gopeenath what he was."

To this let me add, that he possessed the esteem and respect of all the Europeans at Futtehpore. They all united in saying that *he was a good man*, and abundant in labors of love. They attended his funeral, and accompanied his corpse to the burial ground. A funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. J. J. Walsh, from the text, "He, being dead, yet speaketh," and remarks by the Rev. W. F. Johnson were made at the grave.—*Rev. J. J. Walsh.*

Mr. John F. Odell.

Mr. Odell was a native of New York. His short but interesting religious and missionary life is shown by the following notices of him, which are taken from the Annual Reports of the Board.

In the Report of 1864: "A valuable assistant has been added to the staff of laborers at Bangkok, at the request of the missionaries—Mr. John F. Odell. He is a young man from New York, who went to Siam on secular business, and there became a member of the church, under the ministry of the brethren. Good hopes are entertained of his being a useful missionary."

In 1865: "The last Annual Report mentioned the appointment of Mr. John F. Odell, then in Siam, as an assistant missionary. His health was delicate, and eventually it was considered best for him to return to this country, but he was called to depart this life on the voyage, on the 26th of August. He was a young man of much promise, and his early removal

is deeply regretted by his brethren. He was kept in peace to the last, and was supported by a good hope of eternal life. As showing his disinterestedness, it should be stated that when he applied for an appointment to missionary service, it was arranged agreeably to his request that no expense should be incurred by the mission on his behalf unless his health should be so restored as to enable him to fulfill all the duties of the desired post of labor."—*J. C. L.*

Rev. Thomas S. Ogden.

Mr. Ogden was a native of New Jersey, but he pursued his collegiate studies at the University of Michigan, and spent the usual course of study at Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1857, with his wife he went to Corisco as a missionary. He entered at once on active service in the instruction of the Benga boys, and afterwards he engaged zealously in the usual routine of missionary work, and soon showed that he was an energetic laborer—indeed one who would become marked for a high degree of efficiency. Repeated attacks of sickness, however, had caused apprehension that he could not long continue in these labors, and at one time the mission had given their approval to his making a visit to his native country for his health. He did not embrace the opportunity of returning, and when another attack of fever occurred it proved fatal. He died on the 12th of May, 1861, greatly lamented by the natives, as well as by his brethren and the church at home.

Dr. Loomis, one of his colleagues, wrote of his last illness as follows:

"He seemed conscious of his approaching end before any one else. He said his mind was at peace, but he thought he should never recover. Just before his death, he was asked if he found comfort in trusting in Christ in a dying hour? He seemed surprised at the question, then replied with emphasis: 'Yes; in whom else *can* we trust but in Christ alone?'

"From his first arrival in Corisco, he omitted no opportunity for preaching to pass unimproved—in the churches, in the towns, by the wayside, often at Ilobi, he urged assemblies and individuals to repentance. At his death, he was pastor of the church and superintendent of the Sabbath-school at Evangasimba.

"To rear up an efficient native ministry, and to give to them the word of God in their own native language, were the objects which called forth his most earnest efforts. He cheerfully struggled on against a hostile climate, happy both to toil and to suffer in God's work. He continued these labors when he should have been confined to his sick-bed. He fell, as he believed, at the post of duty, with the harness on. His dying words were, 'Who will go? Can you go? Who will go to preach on the mainland?'"—*J. C. L.*

Rev. James H. Orbison.

Rev. James H. Orbison and his family arrived from India, March 24, 1869. He was apparently in good health and expected in due time to return to India,

after making arrangements for the education of his children. On the 19th of April he was removed by death at Bellefonte, Pa., after a short illness. His mind was kept in great peace, and we cannot doubt that his death was his entrance into the heavenly rest. Mr. Orbison first went to India in 1850. On a visit to this country in 1858 he was again married. He leaves a wife and four children, for whom tender sympathy will be felt in their great bereavement. The removal of a devoted missionary in the midst of his days is one of the mysteries of Providence.—*Record*, June, 1869.

Mrs. Agnes Campbell Orbison.

"Mrs. Orbison, wife of Rev. James H. Orbison, died at sea on the 20th of May, 1855, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, and was buried in the Bay of Bengal. Her tomb is the deep—her home is heaven. Her example and works remain for earth. I would like much to visit sympathizing parents and friends at home, but now is the time for work, and I hasten back to my station." Such is the message sent by the afflicted husband who accompanied the deceased on a voyage for health from Calcutta to Penang. "During the voyage she suffered much, but did not complain; she never did. . . . . Her spirit rose superior to disease, and her pale countenance beamed like an angel's."—*Record*, October, 1855.

Mrs. Orbison was the daughter of a Scotch family (Kay), and was married in India in September, 1853.

Rev. Joseph Owen, D.D.

Rev. Joseph Owen, D.D., of Allahabad, India, died December 4, 1870, at Edinburgh, Scotland.

Dr. Owen sailed from this country August 5, 1840, for India, and spent nearly the whole of his ministerial life in the foreign field, and most of his time at his station at Allahabad His labors, like those of most evangelists on the heathen ground, were of a varied character—preaching, teaching, translating and revising former translations of the Scriptures, and preparing commentaries on different books of the Bible. Dr. Owen took high rank as a scholar and was an indefatigable worker as a missionary. (He completed for the Bible Society a second revision and edition of the Old Testament in Hindi, also for the American Tract Society a commentary on Isaiah in the Urdu language.)

Dr. Owen remained in India for more than twenty-eight years, when feeling the need of some respite from toil he left his station in 1869, expecting after spending a few months more in Scotland, to visit this country and then to return to India. Some three months before his death he was attacked with dysentery, from which he never recovered. To his friends at home he sent this message: "Tell them that I have never for a moment regretted that I went as a missionary. I only regret that I was not more faithful." And to the native Christians at Allahabad he sent his dying request, urging them to be firm in the faith always abounding in the work of the Lord.

Dr. Owen was the oldest missionary that had died

in the service of the board. He leaves a widow and an infant child, also a son by his former marriage.—*Foreign Missionary*, February, 1871.

Mrs. Augusta M. Owen.

Mrs. Owen, wife of the Rev. Joseph Owen, of the mission in India, died December 13, 1864. She was sustained by the presence and grace of the Saviour even to the last, ending her life in great peace. She enjoyed the respect and warm regard of her friends and missionary associates, and it was no doubt gain for her to die.—*Annual Report*, 1865.

Rev. George Paull.

Mr. Paull died at Evangasimba, Corisco, May 14, 1865. He was taken sick with African fever at his station at Benita, returned to Corisco where he could have medical treatment, and died after three weeks' illness. Mr. Paull was the son of Joseph and Eliza L. Paull, born at Connellsville, Pa., February 3, 1837. He graduated at Jefferson College in 1858. In the spring of the year there was a revival in the college, and he was one of the subjects of it. Several years before he had been deeply exercised on the subject of his soul's salvation; but it was not until this time that he felt it his duty to make a public profession of his faith in Christ, and in April he united with the church at Connellsville. In 1859 he entered the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, finish-

ing his course in the seminary in 1862. He then supplied the church of Tyrone, near his father's, for several months; but his convictions of duty to his divine Master led him to consecrate himself to the foreign missionary work. He accordingly offered himself to this service, and was appointed to the Corisco Mission. In the meantime, before his preparations were made to go to Africa, he spent six or seven months preaching to the church in Morrison, Ills. There his ministry was greatly blessed. Even in the short time which he stayed the church was much increased in numbers and strength, and every inducement was made by the congregation to retain him as their pastor; and it was with many tears on their part, and much feeling on his, that he separated himself from them to enter upon the laborious and perilous work to which he had devoted his life.

Mr. Paull was ordained an evangelist at Connellsville by the Presbytery of Redstone, in September, 1863. In November he left his father's house and soon after sailed for his chosen field of labor. In consequence of the war then raging in our country, but few vessels from the United States were going out to Africa; he was therefore under the necessity of going by way of England. He was detained there for some time waiting for a vessel, and during his short stay in Glasgow, he preached in several of the churches there with great acceptance, and made many friends by whom his memory is affectionately cherished.

Mr. Paull reached Corisco early in May, 1864, and almost immediately entered upon his missionary

work. He was appointed by the mission to take charge of the station at Evangasimba, the work of which station is laborious and attended with much responsibility; few men could be found who would have conducted its work with more discretion and good judgment. He was, however, assisted in the work of the station by Mrs. Mackey, who remained during her husband's absence. Immediately after Mr. Mackey's return, in December, he expressed a desire to go to the mainland to enter upon the work of building up a new station. He had made several trips to the mainland outstations, and knew well the kind of work that would devolve upon him there. He was not unapprised of the danger to which he would be exposed in undertaking such a work alone; but his faith was strong and his zeal ardent, and he urged upon the mission to give him an appointment to Benita, a point on the continent about fifty miles north of Corisco.

He went to this new station in January, 1865, and entered upon his work with the assistance of several of the native Christians from Corisco. From the very commencement his work there was attended with the deepest interest. Though he had not gained command of the language, so as to preach without an interpreter, multitudes were deeply interested; numbers asked to be taught how to pray to the true God, and how to seek the way of eternal life; and in a very short time some professed to have found the Saviour. His labors of preaching, teaching and instructing inquirers, together with the superintendence of building his house, multiplied on his

hands, and proved too great even for his strong physical powers. He was taken down with illness, and God saw fit to remove him in the very commencement of his labors, when, in our judgment, only the dawn of his usefulness in Africa was opening before him. God sees not as man sees; we bow in humble submission to his will; clouds and darkness are round about him, but justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

Mr. Paull was a man who sought to consecrate all his powers to the service of his divine Master. . . . . An intimate friend and classmate of his in the Theological Seminary, writes of him: "I have read of the heavenly-mindedness of Edwards and Payson and Martyn and Brainerd, and of the singleness of their devotion to the cause of God; but I never witnessed a living illustration of such exalted attainments in the divine life, until it was my privilege to be the hourly companion and friend of George Paull." One of his last intelligent utterances on his death-bed was, "Oh, for more consecration to the cause of Christ! I wish only to cast myself at his feet, and feel that he is my all." For him to live was Christ, and he could say, in the words of the apostle, to die is gain.

In his social character, Mr. Paull was amiable and pleasant; he made friends wherever he went; the love of Christ was so shed abroad in his heart, that it affected his whole character, and no one could spend a day in his company without feeling that he was a consistent and holy man. His attachment to his friends was most ardent, and he commended the Gospel by his unblamable life, and his cordial and

affectionate manner towards all with whom he became acquainted.

As a preacher, he was clear, instructive and convincing, at times eloquent and powerful. Of strong physical powers, a vigorous and well-cultivated mind, and good common sense, he would have been an acceptable and instructive preacher in the most cultivated community; but with all his powers of mind and body and large heart, he chose to devote himself to the degraded heathen in Africa. God accepted the sacrifice, blessed his labors in his brief work, and called him to his reward.—*Rev. J. L. Mackey.*

To the foregoing obituary may be fitly added the Minute adopted by the Presbytery of Redstone concerning Mr. Paull:

"*Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God, in his inscrutable providence, to remove by death from the Foreign Mission field, a young brother greatly beloved, and who had shown himself eminently fitted, by nature and grace, for the great work to which God and the Church had called him; and whereas he was born and reared among us, and by this Presbytery set apart to the work of the ministry in a foreign missionary field; and whereas his self-consuming, untiring devotion to the Master's cause, not only reflected great honor upon the Gospel of God, but also on this body, by whom he was given to the foreign service of the Church; therefore,

"*Resolved*, 1. That while, as a Presbytery, we record with gratitude to God the gift of one to the Church specially qualified for the great work to which he had consecrated his life, we would, at the same

time, bow with profound submission to the very mysterious behest which summoned him so soon and so suddenly from the service and labors of the Church militant to the higher and holier service of the Church triumphant.

"*Resolved*, 2. That in the life and labors of our departed brother we recognize a spirit akin to that of a Brainerd, an Eliot, a Schwartz, akin to the spirit of him who said: 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up'—a zeal for the salvation of bleeding Africa, which prematurely and almost literally consumed the vessel in which it burned—a love for the souls of men and the glory of God which many waters could not quench—which quailed at no sacrifice, however great, and which could say with the great apostle missionary to the Gentiles, 'Neither count I my life dear unto myself so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.'

"*Resolved*, 3. That while Presbytery would bewail the loss to benighted Africa of so burning and shining a light whose inchoate and earliest labors on the mainland were signalized with remarkable and immediate success in the conversion of souls, we would also record our unfeigned condolence and sympathy with the bereaved parents and other friends in the early demise of such a relative and son; divinely assured that however great *their* loss, to him it was unutterable gain."—*J. C. L.*

Mrs. F. B. Perry.

Mrs. Perry, wife of the Rev. Frank B. Perry, died at Monrovia, Liberia, in January, 1889. She was a woman of good education and of earnest spirit and was devoted to the spiritual elevation of her race.—*Annual Report*, 1889.

Rev. Stanley K. Phraner.*

Stanley Ketchum Phraner was born May 26, 1860, at Sing Sing, N. Y., where his father, Rev. Dr. Wilson Phraner, so widely known throughout our Church, was settled. After leaving Williams College he spent about ten years in the West, leading an outdoor life, and acquiring that knowledge of men and of business affairs which was so useful to him in after-years.

In 1887 he came to New Rochelle, connecting himself with the First Presbyterian Church. Active in its Young People's Society and the Sunday-school, he found a field of special usefulness among the soldiers at the United States Recruiting Depot on Davids' Island. There he reorganized a mission which had been discontinued for several years. He established it upon a permanent basis, and his devoted efforts will long be remembered by those whom he benefited. His bright, cheery Christian faith and zeal won him many friends.

Led by the Spirit of God to give himself to the

**N. Y. Evangelist.* Inserted while these Memoirs were passing through the Press.

Gospel ministry, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1890. While there he consecrated himself to the work of Foreign Missions. Having been assigned by the Board to the Laos field, he was, on July 24 of the same year, 1890, ordained at New Rochelle by the Presbytery of Westchester. At the close of the service the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, of which he was still a member, tendered a public reception to him and his bride, for he had recently been married to Miss Elizabeth Pennell, of Omaha, Neb.

After a long and trying journey he reached his field at Cheung Mai, where he was soon called to mourn the loss of his wife. Prostrated with grief and with greatly impaired health he yet gave himself with unstinted zeal to the work of the mission. He soon acquired the native language, and found great pleasure and abundant success in work among the native churches, and in itinerating tours around the country. He developed great aptitude for the varied work of a missionary, and seemed particularly adapted for work in his chosen field. After a brave fight against disease for the past year, he was, by order of the physicians of the mission, reluctantly constrained to turn his face homeward for rest and medical treatment. In the meantime he married Miss Eliza P. Westervelt, who went from this country to Laos as a missionary in 1884. A despatch from her, dated at Singapore, announces the death of Mr. Phraner January 15, 1895. His journey has ended unexpectedly, and he has been received into the rest which remaineth for the people of God. His wife

and two children have the tenderest sympathy of all their friends, and his death will be deeply mourned by many, both here and in his chosen field. His brief but devoted life as a missionary is a rich legacy to the Church at large, and should inspire some of her sons to take up the work he has been compelled to lay down.—*Rev. W. B. Waller.*

Mrs. Elizabeth Pennell Phraner.

Rev. and Mrs. Stanley K. Phraner arrived at Cheung Mai, Laos, in December, 1890, but we are compelled in sorrow to write that Mrs. Phraner, whose health was much impaired during the long journey from America to Laos, grew still more feeble after reaching her field, and on February 12, 1891, she passed from earth to heaven. The deepest sympathy is felt by his missionary brethren and by all the members of the Board for Mr. Phraner, thus bereaved at the very threshold of his missionary life.—*Annual Report*, 1891.

Rev. Edgar McDill Pinkerton.

Rev. E. M. Pinkerton and wife arrived in Bahia, Brazil, in 1891, and on February 23, 1892, he died a victim to yellow fever after three days' illness. Mr. Pinkerton leaves a young wife who had shared his labors for about eight months, and who was herself suffering from malarial fever at the time of her husband's death. But to her, God seems to fulfill his

promise of needed grace, overwhelming as is her loss.

Mr. Pinkerton was a graduate of the University of Wooster in 1888, and of Lane Seminary in 1891. Of his qualifications for his chosen work the officers of those institutions bore ample testimony. He sailed in July, 1891, for Brazil, the field which he had asked of the Board might be his sphere of labor, and to which he felt called of God. There is much comfort in the thought that he was in just the work and in just the place which he had desired to be. He was happy in his work, but God has seen fit to take him. Let us pray that even his death may be instrumental in advancing the cause which was so dear to his heart.—*The Church at Home and Abroad*, May, 1892.

Rev. Joseph Porter.

Mr. Porter was born in Derby Plains, in the State of Ohio, January 5, 1808. In his sixteenth year, while living with his eldest brother, as he humbly trusted, his conversion to God took place. Three years afterwards he became a communicant in the church, and entered on studies with a view to the ministry. He also engaged actively in efforts to do good, establishing a Sabbath-school; and before he graduated at Oxford, he had been led to form the purpose of being a missionary. With his wife he embarked for India in 1835, and reached Lodiana, December, 1836.

In October, 1837, he was ordained to the gospel ministry, by the Lodiana Presbytery. In 1842 his

wife was taken to her rest. With the exception of the two years he was absent on a visit to his native land in 1848 and 1849, Lodiana was the scene of his labors from the time of his arrival. While at home Mr. Porter was united in marriage to Miss Mary Parvin, daughter of the late Rev. Theophilus Parvin. She survived him, and after some years became the wife of the Rev. Levi Janvier, D.D.

For several years before his death, Mr. Porter had charge of the Lodiana Mission press, and was indefatigable in his labors to make it efficient. He also had charge of all the mission buildings, and seemed to take pleasure in relieving his brethren of the secular affairs of the station. This he did the more cheerfully, as for several years an affection of the throat, which finally undermined his constitution, prevented him from doing much in the way of direct preaching. He was well acquainted with the Hindustani and Punjábi languages, and, when his health permitted, was an acceptable and affectionate preacher in these dialects. His last work on earth was correcting the final proof sheets of a Punjábi dictionary, on which he and two of his brethren had long labored. This labor he continued until the day before his death, or until his hand refused to perform what his heart desired.

In his intercourse with the natives, whether Christian or heathen, our departed brother was ever kind and considerate; but no one felt more deeply when his kindness was repaid with ingratitude. He was ever ready to give advice and aid to those who requested his assistance. He was highly esteemed by

his brethren, and all who knew him, for his kindness of heart and work's sake. His mind was more accurate and practical than brilliant or imaginative. In speaking or writing, his sole aim was to make a *true* impression, and his sincerity seldom failed to carry conviction to his audience and readers. His memory was remarkably retentive as to facts and dates. His judgment was sound, and his opinions on all subjects within the range of his information were ever valuable. He did not exercise himself in things too high for him. Like Paul, he determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. On this his heart was fixed. One of the most conspicuous traits in his character was perseverance. By this he accomplished much in his missionary career.

On the day previous to his death, he had the orphan girls called in, and as they gathered around his couch, he spoke to them of the importance of listening to the preached word, remembering that it was from God, and was able to make them wise unto salvation. With deep feeling, he urged upon them the importance of preparation for death, so that when they should be in his situation they would not fear. They wept with him; but whether any lasting impression was made the future must show. The morning of his death his mind wandered much; still, on being asked if Jesus was precious, he replied, in Hindustani, "There is none beside," and in his wandering he seemed to mistake the door where the bright morning light was shining, for the entrance into heaven. But soon the last tones of his voice died away on our ears, and he sank like a weary child to rest. Jesus, no doubt, was

with him, and the dark valley of the shadow of death was lightened by his smiles. The river of death seemed very narrow, for there was scarce a sigh or a groan to tell when it was passed.

He died on the morning of the 21st of November, 1853, in the forty-sixth year of his age. Had he been permitted to choose the place, and time, and circumstances of his death, he would, in all probability, have chosen them just as they occurred. He breathed his last in Lodiana, at the time of the annual meeting of the mission, and in the presence of eight of his missionary brethren. At their next session, the following minute was adopted:

"*Whereas*, Since our last session it has pleased the Lord to remove our dear brother and fellow-missionary, the Rev. Joseph Porter, from the labors of earth to the fruition of heaven,

"*Resolved*, That this meeting, humbly acquiescing in the afflictive providence, and deeply sympathizing with the widow and children of our deceased brother cordially record on our minutes our high sense of his sterling qualities as a man, a husband and father, of his humble evangelical piety, and of his faithfulness as a missionary of the cross, who, after seventeen years of devoted labor at this station, has died at his post respected and lamented by all who knew him."—*Rev. J. M. Jamieson, D.D.*

Mrs. Harriet J. Porter,

The wife of the Rev. Joseph Porter, died at Lodiana, India, March 10, 1842. She was a native of Indiana,

it is believed, and she arrived in India with her husband in 1836. The Rev. John Newton, in sending an account of her death to the Mission House, said: "Sorrow has filled our hearts. We have this day committed to the tomb the mortal remains of a beloved missionary sister. Mrs. Porter has finished her earthly course, and is now, we feel assured, where pain is not experienced, and sympathy is not needed. The redemption for which she long prayed, and which she continued to expect, through the precious blood of Christ, is now completed; save only that her body, which was sown in corruption, is yet to be raised in incorruption and glory. But notwithstanding this comforting reflection, we cannot but mourn that we have been deprived of the society of one to whom we all felt much attached, and who, if her life had been spared, might, at least, have exemplified the excellency of Christianity, by patient suffering."—*J. C. L.*

Rev. Charles F. Preston.

A great and, humanly speaking, an irreparable loss has fallen upon our mission in Canton. Charles F. Preston, who died July 17, 1877, had preached the gospel to the Chinese for more than twenty years, and was justly regarded as the most fluent of all foreigners in the use of the difficult Chinese language. With the exception of the time occupied in one visit to this country, he has held a daily service for many years, in which he generally addressed from four hundred to eight hundred people. Though an un-

impassioned speaker in his native tongue, he was always enkindled to an unusual degree when addressing his Chinese audiences, and succeeded beyond most preachers in winning attention. His chapel in Treasury Street was like an eddy in a great perennial stream. It drew from the thousands of passers-by many each day who had never before heard of Calvary. Coming, it may be, from distant interior provinces, they saw this earnest foreigner, and before him an attentive body of listeners, and turned aside to see and hear. It was not the usual theatrical performance of the temples, as they soon learned, nor any speculation of a zealous vender of earthly wares; but, strangely enough to them, it was the message of a disinterested man, who had crossed the ocean to tell them of God's great love to men, of a Redeemer dying upon the cross for their salvation. Many, filled with wonder, came again and again. Some found the way of life speedily, but many more went away pondering the word in their hearts. Such is the blessed seed-sowing which Mr. Preston has left in the hands of the Lord, whose word, like the rain and the snow, never returns unto him void, but which sooner or later shall accomplish that which he pleases and prosper in the thing whereto he sent it. His death, though not without forewarning, took all by surprise. He had felt anxious for many months to be transferred to the California field, principally for the education of his children. This had not been acceded to by the Board for various reasons. More recently ill-health had increased his desire, and as soon as there seemed to be a prospect of danger on that account he

was advised by a letter from the office at New York to return home whenever health should demand it, irrespective of the question of a transfer to California. But the case was too urgent for correspondence; he should have left, merely by consent of the mission, as soon as serious danger threatened. This is according to the usage of the Board; but Mr. Preston, in his great faithfulness, resolved, like the lamented Reuben Lowrie and Henry V. Rankin, not to take any step which might seem like a desertion of his post; and, like them, he may be said to have sacrificed his life to his high conscientious principle. No one in Canton understood the great risk which he was incurring, and he himself, though depressed and apprehensive, failed to realize that there was immediate danger. A letter reporting a recommendation of the mission for leave of absence was written by his own hand, with the expectation that a response from the Board two months later might be in time. But even before his letter was posted, the end came; and the very same mail brought the recommendation and the tidings of death.

He had set out for Swatow for a change of air, but on reaching Hong-Kong he was too weak to proceed and sank rapidly toward his unexpected rest. Thus suddenly did the summons of the Master come, and doubtless with plaudits of "Well done, good and faithful servant!" The loss to the mission is sorely felt. Many foreign residents of Canton, in various spheres, share in the common sorrow. The natives who have known him, whether as a missionary or merely as a citizen and neighbor, also feel the loss of a good man.

It was my privilege to know Mr. Preston well as a contemporary in Princeton Theological Seminary, where the cheering ring of his cordial words and hearty laughter seem to echo even now whenever I revisit those sacred halls. There was a high degree of missionary interest in the seminary at that time (1853–4), and among those of Mr. Preston's contemporaries who went to the foreign field were Rev. John L. Nevius, D.D., now of Chefoo; Rev. Messrs. Clemens and Williams, who went to West Africa; Rev. Robert McMullen, the martyr of Cawnpore; the gifted Rev. Isador Lowenthal, who was shot at Peshawur, near the Afghan border, and Rev. A. B. Morse, who went to Siam, but was soon compelled to return on account of ill-health. Of all these only Dr. Nevius and Mr. Morse now survive.

A marked characteristic of Mr. Preston at that time was his constant cheerfulness. He regarded his consecration to the mission work as no dreary sacrifice. None were called upon to waste their pity upon him on account of his high resolve. He had "never thought of anything else," he constantly averred. He could not remember the time when he was not a Christian, or when he was not a missionary. This was always the simple history of his consecration. He had been given to the Lord by his parents from his birth, and God's covenant had in his case been verified from the first. The outlook was bright and cheering to his mind; for the great errand of carrying the gospel to the dark-minded heathen was, in his view, the very highest object of human aspiration.

On visiting him in Canton three years ago, I found him bright and cheery as ever. Surrounded by his family, he seemed the happiest of husbands and fathers, and he made others happy about him. Every morning at ten or eleven o'clock he was sure to be found at his chapel, and every afternoon he met his Chinese teacher, endeavoring to the last to perfect himself in the language, that he might more and more effectively proclaim the gospel to the perishing.

He had a large acquaintance among the foreigners in Canton, and was even exceptionally popular among those of every nation. His cheerful home was a favorite resort in the evenings for some of the young men connected with the mercantile establishments or with the United States Consulate.

Mr. Preston is very widely lamented by Americans and others up and down the China coast, and by many in this country. The whole church and the thousands of the heathen to whom he preached have suffered a heavy loss.

A secular paper in Canton says of the deceased:

"We regret to have to record the death here of the Rev. C. F. Preston, of Canton, who may be said to have died with his harness on, after hard service in the missionary field extending over about twenty years. Mr. Preston was a member of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, and his labors have been principally confined to the city of Canton, where he has preached daily for very many years. He was admittedly one of the best Chinese speakers in the south of China, and was well known as a most conscientious and hard-working missionary. As a

manly, genial and open-hearted Christian gentleman, he was respected and loved by all who knew him, and his loss will be greatly felt by a large circle of friends, not only in Canton, but in other ports in China."

The following is from a letter just received from the Hon. S. Wells Williams. No man knew Mr. Preston more thoroughly than he:

"NEW HAVEN, September 11, 1877.

"*My Dear* ——:—How sad the breach made in the mission at Canton by the death of dear Preston! How large the vacancy made in their ranks by his departure you can understand and lament better than I can; but I can and do mourn the loss of one of the best workers ever sent out by the church to do its duty among the heathen, and one of the dearest friends I ever had among those workers. His name will be remembered among the Cantonese, and his record found in the hidden book which God is daily making up of the work done in his behalf and from love to his cause—the book where the record is full and impartial.

"Mr. Preston gave himself to preaching, and during his life at Canton made known the truth to as many people, probably, as any man who ever lived there; I should say to more. I hope Mr. Henry will be able to take up the same good work, and make the chapel in the city where Preston labored a centre of light and influence for good."

Mr. Preston has left a wife and six children. The mother and daughters will return to this country,

where his only son has been pursuing his studies for four or five years.

They will receive the sympathy of many hearts on both sides of the ocean.—*Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, D.D.*

Rev. James M. Priest.

The cause of Christ in Liberia has to mourn over the death of the Rev. James M. Priest, who died May 17, 1883, after forty years of exemplary Christian life and steady labors in the same station, Sinoe. —*Annual Report*, 1884.

Mr. James R. Priest.

It is with regret we learn the death of Mr. James R. Priest at Sinoe, Liberia, December 19, 1880. Mr. Priest was a teacher appointed two years ago and much was expected from his piety, talents and education. Sincere sympathy is felt for his wife and aged father, Rev. James M. Priest, now a second time bereaved, his wife having died a few months ago.—*Record*, March, 1881.

Rev. John W. Quarterman

Mr. Quarterman was a native of Georgia, a graduate of Columbia, S. C., Theological Seminary, and for twelve years a faithful missionary in China. He died October 13, 1857 in the thirty-sixth year of

his age. He was an humble, faithful and godly laborer, one who sought not the praise of men and who abounded in every good work. In his will he left his property to the mission. The loss of such a man in the prime of life is a great bereavement; but his work on earth is done and he has been called to receive his reward.—*Annual Report*, 1858.

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Ramsay

Mrs. Ramsay, wife of Rev. James B. Ramsay, of the Choctaw Mission, died at Spencer Academy, July 17, 1849. Mrs. Ramsay was born in the city of New York, of pious parents, and became a subject of grace under the ministry of Rev. D. R. Downer. In 1846 she was married to Mr. Ramsay, who had been appointed superintendent of Spencer Academy. In April of that year Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay set out from New York to enter upon their new duties. "The influence of this lady upon the young men and youth in the academy was most salutary; and her kind and self-denying labors will be long remembered." A few hours before her death, to the question put by her husband, "Do you regret coming to the Choctaws?" she replied emphatically, "No." She was perfectly sensible of her danger; talked freely upon the subject; felt, if possible, more deeply than ever the indwelling corruption of her heart, and trembled in view of it, but was enabled to realize the preciousness of her Saviour, and to feel that he was all in all.—*Record*, July, 1850.

Miss Addie C. Ramsay.

God has accepted the offering of one of our young workers and, at the very threshold of her labors, taken herself instead of the work she meant to do for him: but it is mournful tidings to the Mission House, and will be a heavy blow to many near, personal friends, that Miss Addie Ramsay has died from yellow fever, at Barranquilla, Colombia, August 19, 1889, six days after landing there. She sailed with her party from New York, August 1, and was seasick most of the way. Their vessel touched at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, where she went ashore and, it is supposed, came in contact with yellow fever which developed immediately upon reaching Barranquilla. Much sympathy will be felt for her sister, Mrs. Candor, who with open arms was awaiting her coming, and for her parents who have been for more than thirty years missionaries to the Indians.

Miss Ramsay has been herself a teacher, for several years past, in a school for Seminoles, at Wewoka, Indian Territory, and started for South America with high aims and in a spirit of hearty consecration. —*Woman's Work for Woman*, October, 1889.

Mrs. Jane M. Ramsay.

Died of consumption, May 30, 1853, at the residence of her father-in-law, Robert Ramsay, Peach Bottom, Pa., Jane Martha, wife of Rev. J. Ross Ramsay, of the Creek Mission. She was born May 29, 1822, and was the youngest daughter of John and

Jane Livingston. In infancy Martha was dedicated to God in baptism, and as she grew up was carefully taught his fear. Under the various means of Christian culture her mind became early stored with useful knowledge, the most salutary and comforting to her in after-life.

Possessing naturally an active mind and having opportunities of education, which she eagerly embraced and improved, she became qualified at an early age for teaching, in which she engaged until her marriage and entrance upon missionary work. With her husband she reached the Creek Mission in 1849, and soon entered with alacrity upon the duties of directing the household affairs of the mission school, instructing the Indian girls in the useful arts of domestic life and preparing suitable clothing for the boys. Her chief aim was to advance their moral and religious culture, in which she had great success; and at the same time won the esteem and affection of the missionaries and children. During the first winter she spent at Kowetah, she conducted unaided the religious instruction of many boys at the mission, and often expressed herself delighted with the work. But it was not her Master's will to permit her thus to labor long.

In a little more than one year after she entered upon the mission, she became a victim of chills and fever. Neither relaxation nor medical skill could arrest the malady. Symptoms of consumption soon made their appearance. Still, loth to quit the field of labor, for nearly two years she bore patiently these sufferings. It at length became apparent to

herself and all her associates, that it was her duty to return home, and try the effects of a more salubrious climate. This she did, after having spent almost three years in the missionary field, two of which were to her years of almost constant suffering; in which time also she was called to mourn the loss of her first born. She returned to her friends, only to spend a short season with them, suffer a few more months of affliction, and then die. She had honored the Lord by the life she had lived; it was his purpose she should glorify him by the death she should die. Her death was full of hope and joyful anticipation of heaven. She was assured of her acceptance with God, had no dread of his wrath, no dismay at the approach of "the king of terrors." Triumphant expressions fell from her lips. "Sweet Jesus! Precious Saviour, come! I shall soon be at home! Is this dying? Weep not! Farewell!" And then on the confines of eternity, as if already catching a glimpse of the beatific vision of God, she exclaimed, "Holy! holy!" and her happy spirit gently passed away.

"Yet shall we weep; for oft and well
Remembrance shall her story tell,
Affection of her virtues speak,
With beaming eye and burning cheek;
Each action, word, and look recall,
The last the loveliest of all,
When on the lap of Death she lay,
Serenely smiled her soul away,
And left surviving Friendship's breast
Warm with the sunset of her rest."

—*Rev. T. M. Crawford.*

Rev. Henry V. Rankin.

Henry V. Rankin, son of William and Abigail (Ogden) Rankin, was born in Newark, N. J., September 11, 1825.

In the autumn of 1840 he entered the sophomore class of Princeton College, where he was graduated in 1843. Commencing his college life at the age of fifteen in the exuberance of a social nature that found full scope among his new companions, his first year at Princeton gave no promise of the good fruits subsequently produced in his earnest and active life. Yet even during this period the influences of an early religious training, deepened by the death of a younger sister, which had occurred two years before, served to restrain him from yielding to many temptations which beset him.

Early in his second college year a sermon preached in the chapel by the late Prof. Dod was blessed to his thorough awakening, yet he abode for many weeks in darkness before receiving in faith the Lord Jesus Christ as his only and all-sufficient Saviour. During this time, with characteristic frankness, he freely opened his whole heart to those from whom he thought he could obtain spiritual guidance. The Christian counsel thus sought was cheerfully given, and to some of the faculty and students of Nassau Hall Mr. Rankin felt deeply indebted, throughout his whole life, for the sympathy and aid imparted by them in these days of his distress. The light and joy of faith were at length given by the Holy Spirit, and remained within him until the day he fell asleep in

Jesus. In the newness of his spiritual life, our young brother resolved to serve God who had graciously revealed his Son to him, by becoming a missionary to the heathen. He pondered, upon his knees, the questions suggested to his mind respecting his call and adaptedness to this work, and his purpose was fixed to preach to those who had not heard it, that gospel whose power and preciousness he now so fully experienced. His determination having been made, he immediately communicated it to his parents and family friends, and received in return their sad but unmurmuring assent. He was now in the junior class of college and in the seventeenth year of his life, yet the youthful impulse of his heart to carry to some heathen people the unsearchable riches of Christ never lost its power over him. During his student life a wide circle of loving friends endeared his native land to his affectionate heart, and after his licensure to preach, attractive fields of labor were opened near his home, yet there was no faltering in his purpose. In the spring of 1842 he united with the First Presbyterian Church, in Newark, of which his parents were members. After his graduation at Princeton in 1843, Mr. Rankin studied for a year at Pittsfield, Mass., and Cincinnati, O., with reference to the special work to which he was called. A second year was passed by him in the Theological Seminary at Auburn, after which he returned to Princeton, and pursuing the course of theological study in the seminary there became an alumnus of that school of the prophets in the summer of 1847. Having placed himself under the care of the Presbytery of Eliza-

bethtown, he was licensed to preach by them at their stated meeting in October, 1846, and preached as he had opportunity until he had completed his course at the seminary.

Soon after leaving Princeton, Mr. Rankin accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church in Rochester for six months, and remained there, useful and beloved in his public and private ministrations, until May, 1848. Thence he went to St. Louis upon the invitation of the Second Church of that city, then under the pastoral care of William S. Potts, D.D. The Sabbath-school of this church, with a missionary zeal worthy of imitation, several years before this time had assumed the entire support of the Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, whose useful labors in China were so suddenly terminated by his death at the hands of pirates in August, 1847. Intelligence of this sad event had reached the young people in Dr. Potts' Church, and they chose Mr. Rankin to take the place of their martyred missionary called thus to a higher service. He went therefore to see them face to face, and his visit was productive of a mutual interest and correspondence which ceased not till the close of his life. Hitherto he had no choice as to the particular field wherein he should labor, but now, out of these youthful lips, a definite providential call came, which led him to regard China as his future home. He returned from St. Louis to his father's house in Newark, and in the First Church of that city, where he had made his first public profession of faith, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Elizabethtown on the 18th of July, 1848.

Upon this occasion, after a sermon by the Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D., the ordination prayer was offered by Dr. David Magie, and the charge to the missionary given by his brother, Rev. Edward E. Rankin.

On the 20th of July, two days after his ordination, Mr. Rankin was married, in the Second Church of Brooklyn, by Dr. Jonathan Greenleaf, to Mary Greenleaf Knight, daughter of Mr. Franklin Knight, and niece of the officiating minister. A brother of Mrs. Rankin is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New Jersey. One of her sisters subsequently married the Rev. William W. Scudder, of the Arcot Mission, of the Reformed Dutch Church in India, from whence her loving spirit ascended to the Saviour on the 14th of September, 1855. Another is the wife of Dr. D. B. McCartee, of the Ningpo Mission, in China, under the Presbyterian Board, and had the sad satisfaction of ministering by the dying bed of her beloved brother. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin sailed from New York in company of a few other missionaries on the 7th of October, 1848, and reached Ningpo early in the ensuing year.

They found a large and open field, upon the cultivation of which they entered at once. Within the city walls was a population of three hundred thousand souls; in the villages pressing closely upon it were tens of thousands more, and other populous cities were within reach of their influence and labors. The mission of Ningpo had been commenced about four years before, and some progress had already been made in the several works of preaching, teach-

ing, printing and visitation. In schools of Christian instruction the efforts of both were early enlisted, and from them the first fruits of a spiritual harvest were gathered. Near to the dwellings of the missionaries on the river side the schoolhouse and chapel stood, fountains of saving truth unto some who were gathered through the labors of that little band, who had come at the call of the Spirit and the Bride to impart instructions to those that were perishing. In the heart of that great city other places were found where the same work could be carried on. The leaves of the tree of life were distributed from the printing press, which daily received attention in its mechanical work and in providing words of truth written in a language to which such words were new. Apostolic journeys were made from the central station into the regions beyond, and from time to time new churches were gathered. Men born in China and educated in all its idolatry, through the blessing of God upon these labors, became disciples of Christ. Elders were chosen to rule in these newly organized churches; a few, thoroughly instructed by the missionaries in Christian doctrine, have been licensed to preach the gospel, and after probation ordained as pastors. When, near the close of his active ministry, Mr. Rankin looked back to the state of things existing when he commenced his labors, he found abundant occasion for praise to the Lord of the harvest who had not permitted his servants to labor in vain. He recalled the time of feeble beginnings, the day of small things, when a few children were gathered in the schools and a small number of hearers came to the chapel

service; through fifteen years of toil in the strength of his manhood, he and his fellow-workers had wept and prayed amidst many discouragements, yet the work had still gone on. One and another had been stricken down with sickness and left for a season, or forever, the scenes consecrated by the presence of God's Spirit. In early manhood Mr. Rankin became the senior missionary of the Presbyterian Board at Ningpo, but the line of heavenly light was shining broader and brighter over the dark-minded people among whom he and his companions had been holding forth the word of life.

In the year 1856, Mr. Rankin was constrained by the failure of his wife's health to visit the United States. His own strength then seemed unimpaired by the constant drain upon his energies in the multiform duties of his station. On the day he landed with his family in New York, which was the Sabbath, he preached for his brother, a pastor in that city, beginning thus a series of labors which was continued in different portions of the country so long as he remained. Visiting almost every State in the Union, in addition to pulpit preaching, he sought opportunities in seminaries, colleges and schools, to present to the youth of the land the claims of the foreign missionary work. When the object of this home visit had been obtained, Mr. and Mrs. Rankin again turned their faces with gladness towards the land of their adoption, the place of their chosen labor. Arriving in China, where the grave of their first born had been made, they were called to the severe trial of laying two more of their children in the dust.

Amidst scenes thus hallowed by toils and tears, the parents, with three of their offspring still spared to them, entered anew upon their duties and continued them until 1860, when it became evident that the life of Mrs. Rankin depended upon her return to America. After painful and prayerful deliberation, he decided that, for a season, he must be separated from a wife and children whom he dearly loved. He felt that the work in China was too pressing and the laborers too few to permit him to bear them company. For two years he bore the burden and heat of each day alone, yet sustained by the presence of that Lord in whom he trusted, and cheered by the constant work he was doing for him.

During this period the storm of civil war was raging in China. As the rebel army swept over large portions of the empire, the city of Ningpo became in its turn an object of their attack. When the hosts of the Taiping leader approached the walls, the missionaries, knowing the hostility of these people to all idolatry, hoped to find favor from them for the Christian community in the city and suburban villages. Two of their number, of whom Mr. Rankin was one, went forth from the gate and sought an interview with the commander-in-chief. From him they obtained the promise of immunity from death and pillage for all the Christian Chinese. "The angel of the Lord was round about them that feared him and delivered them." When the city was captured, the idol temples were destroyed and many of the people perished by the sword, but the native believers in Jesus were kept from all

harm. Amid these anxieties and labors the year 1861 was closed.

In the autumn of the next year, Mrs. Rankin returned to find her husband greatly broken down in health. His naturally vigorous constitution was giving way under the pressure of continued work in the unwholesome climate of Ningpo. He went, in September, to Shanghai, that he might meet and welcome his wife and two youngest children. In December they returned to Ningpo, where, although suffering much, he continued his labors until late in April, 1863. On the 20th of that month he wrote thus to the Senior Secretary of the Board: "I wrote you on the eve of departing for Shantung, where my failing health admonishes me to seek a change before the weather completely prostrates me. As you will have learned before this, I began to be troubled towards the close of the summer with diarrhœa and dyspepsia, which were increased during my stay at Shanghai. These were followed by a severe abscess, which, on account of my feeble health, cannot yet be operated upon, and which has been very troublesome. I have also suffered from a heavy cough, which left me for a couple of months but has again returned.

"I am greatly reduced in flesh and at times exceedingly weak, though for days together I seem to improve in all respects. I have preached occasionally during the winter and tried to do some other missionary work, but it has been done truly in great weakness, and I almost feel that I am a cumberer of the ground. Dr. John Parker, who is now our mis-

sion physician and a very sensible as also a truly pious man, advises me to go home, and the brethren of our mission, feeling that Shantung is a forlorn hope, have urged the same upon me; yet, after much prayer and thought, it appears to me that my duty is rather to avail myself of an opportunity now offering for Chefoo, where Dr. McCartee has encouraged me to go, and pass the summer at Tungchow. The climate of Shantung has been so much extolled for invalids that it would hardly be just to the Board and the church to turn one's back on China without first trying it; and the circumstances are so favorable in that I can obtain perfect rest at the house of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Nevius, and have the attendance of our valued physician. If the experiment proves favorable in my case, it may be tried with increased confidence by others. Going home in this critical period in our country's history is not only a matter of risk, but also it would be discouraging to the church, especially so soon after the arrival of my family. Moreover, the laborers are now so few that none of us can be spared if it is possible for us to live here.

"An admirable opportunity lately occurred from Shanghai, for Japan and California, but though advised to take it by my best friends, I did not have the heart to turn my back on China. It may be that God will yet permit me to labor for him a few years more in this field; but, if not, his will be done. My wife and children and our associates are all well. I feel that the work here is under the management of wise and able men, and that they are all far better

examples to the flock than I have been. In reviewing my missionary career for the fourteen years and more since I reached China, there is much to sadden me; for I fear I have been rather a busy than a faithful laborer. Oh! were it not for the blood of Christ to wash away all our delinquencies and sins, life would be worse than a blank."

Mr. Rankin reached Tungchow in May, and, surrounded by loving friends, lingered in the house of his pilgrimage until July 2, when he fell asleep in Jesus and his spirit departed for the better country. One of his latest letters was addressed to a secretary of the American Tract Society. It enclosed a donation for the objects of that institution, in the beneficent effects of whose work at home and abroad he expressed a deep interest; the letter closes with these words: "It has been a blessed privilege to be a missionary to this benighted yet most interesting people for so long a time, and I only wonder that so few are disposed to fill up our rapidly diminishing ranks."

The last days of our brother were days of peace; knowing that the time of his departure drew nigh, he resigned himself cheerfully to the will of God.

He had been since his conversion a constant and diligent student of the Scripture, and its power to comfort him was manifest as his flesh was failing. A friend was quoting by his bedside the passage: "All things shall work together for good," when he corrected him, expressing at the same time his own present confidence of faith. "No! not shall," said he, "but all things work, are working now, for good."

On the morning of July 2, 1863, he was lying feebly but tranquilly, speaking to the dear friends about him. His last message had been sent to his eldest child, a son at school in the United States. A note full of filial and brotherly affection had been sent to one of his sisters at home. His farewell words were spoken calmly to the beloved wife and two little daughters, who were with him in his chamber of sickness. With the exception of a brief period of aberration, his intellect was clear to the last. To his dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. McCartee, and Mr. and Mrs. Nevius, and to a native Christian, who were attending him, he expressed his abiding interest in their common work and his unfaltering trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. As the sun reached its meridian, his blessed spirit ascended to behold the Sun of righteousness. The legacy of Jesus was received by him in all its fullness—peace here, glory beyond. After nearly thirty-eight years of life upon earth, more than half of which were full of usefulness, he fell asleep.

Within the soil of that empire, for whose people he had given his strength that he might win some of them to Christ, his body rests.

The voyager in the northern Chinese seas, as he approaches the province of Shantung, may see upon the hill that overlooks the city of Tungchow, among other stones there set up, one of pure white marble. Beneath it is all that was mortal of Henry V. Rankin.

There, by loving friends, who mourned not as those without hope, was his body laid to await the day of

resurrection. But this marble monument is not his best or most lasting memorial.

He is remembered by many in his native land as an unwavering friend, a Christian scholar, a devoted follower of Jesus, and an eloquent preacher of the gospel. His frank and generous spirit and his guileless life have left their fragrance in many homes, and his works have followed him to the mansions of his Father's house above.

In the schools and chapel of Ningpo, the place of his missionary labors, his memorial abides in souls once benighted by heathenism, now rejoicing in the light of gospel truth. His remains are still speaking their instructive doctrine. His pure and prayerful life still abides an eloquent example.

From select portions of God's Holy Book, which he translated and published, the words of life shall long enter into heathen dwellings. The sweet hymns composed by him shall long continue to ascend from lips that have learned to sing in the language of China the praises of Emanuel.

These are his best memorials and they can never be forgotten. Before the throne of God some are now standing, and others shall be gathered who have been instructed by our departed brother in the way of salvation. As they cast their crowns before the Lamb, they will ever praise him through whose grace this faithful teacher was sent to tell them the glad tidings of the love of that Saviour whose cross he so earnestly preached.—*Rev. E. E. Rankin, D.D.*, 1864.

Rev. William Reed.

Mr. Reed was one of the first two missionaries appointed to the foreign field. His early years, of which little is known to the writer of this notice, were spent in Mifflin county, Pa. He was graduated at Jefferson College, pursued his theological studies at Allegheny, was appointed as a missionary early in January, 1832, spent several months after his licensure to preach the gospel in efforts to awaken among the churches an interest in the cause of missions, embarked for India with his wife in May, 1833, and arrived at Calcutta in October, 1833. He and his colleague spent the next nine months in that city and its vicinity, learning the language of the Hindus. During this period Mr. Reed's health began to give way. Symptoms of pulmonary disease gradually became so marked that his medical advisers recommended his return to his native country, their opinion and his own concurring in the hope of his life being thereby prolonged for several years, if his health should not be completely restored. Accordingly he and his wife embarked for Philadelphia in July, but his health rapidly declined, and on the 12th of August, 1834, he entered into rest, in the thirty-second year of his age. His remains were committed to the sea, near one of the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal. Mrs. Reed and her little son reached the end of the voyage in December; both are still living, and are held in high esteem as active members of the church, she having again entered into married life. Mr. Reed was a man of excellent mind, respect-

able scholarship, blameless character and sincere piety. These gifts and spiritual grace, united to the best habits of industry and much of energy, led the church to form the hope of his being very useful in the service of Christ among the heathen. It was not unreasonable to expect that in a long life such a man would do great good. Nor can it be questioned that even the short course allotted to him was spent in the best way; his life and his example were known to a large number of Christian friends; his being one of the first missionaries of a new and distinctively ecclesiastical organization, was itself a fact of much moment at the time and worthy of remembrance. But in reference to him, as also to many others, the church must recognize the will of the Lord as the highest reason to account for all the mysteries of Providence. "As for God, his way is perfect."—*J. C. L.*

Mrs. Elizabeth (Graham) Reid.

Mrs. Reid, wife of Rev. Alexander Reid, of the Choctaw Mission, died June 4, 1854. She reached that mission under appointment of the Board in September, 1850, and was united in marriage to Mr. Reid the same month. Her parents were of Newark, N. J., and she was the sister of Rev. Alexander J. Graham, of the same mission, who died July 23, 1850, about two months before she joined it.

Her end was happy and peaceful, but her loss was most sensibly felt, not only by her sorrowing husband and the mission family, but by the pupils of

Spencer Academy, to whose welfare and happiness she had assiduously devoted all her energies during the four years of her connection with the mission.—*Annual Report*, 1855.

Rev. Solomon Reutlinger.

In April, 1865, Rev. S. Reutlinger, then laboring in Wisconsin, wrote to the Ex. Committee offering himself as a missionary. He was born near Zurich, Switzerland, in 1838, and studied for a missionary at the Basel Mission House. When his course was completed the Basel Society were unable to send him to Africa, for the want of funds. He came to this country and was pastor for a time of the German Reformed Church at Ashford, Wis. There he wrote, "I cannot be at peace; the call to the foreign field seems clearer than ever, although I have tried to persuade myself that I am here at my post of duty." In harmony with his wishes and with the demands of the work he was appointed in 1866 to Corisco, to which country he sailed the same year, and in January, 1867, landed on the island of Corisco. With energy and zeal he devoted himself to this work and has labored efficiently both on the island and on the mainland to win souls to Jesus. On the 9th of June he started from Benita to go into the interior, and to a point never yet reached by a white man. On the road he was attacked with erysipelas in the head and face. It was some days before this was known at Benita, when Dr. Nassau started to his relief. The disease during this time was unchecked by medicine. He

was brought back to his station at Benita, but all the remedies tried to conquer the disease proved unavailing, and he sank to rest on the morning of July 17, 1869. He was for most of the time unconscious of his real condition. "Our brother's integrity," says Dr. Nassau, "and conscientiousness while living left with us the testimony of a heart at peace with God." His widow hopes to remain at her post and continue her work among the women at Benita.—*Foreign Missionary*, November, 1869.

Mrs. Reutlinger, who went with him to Africa, is still there in the service of the Board.

Rev. Ellsworth G. Ritchie.

Sad intelligence has been received from the Shantung Mission of the death of Rev. Ellsworth G. Ritchie, who died on the 12th of September, 1890, at Tungchow, from an attack of dysentery.

He had been ill about two weeks, and confidently expected to recover until the very last, but, upon being informed by his physician that he had but a very short time to live, he answered immediately, "I am not afraid to die," and expressed even joy at the thought of being so soon in heaven. During his remaining five hours of consciousness he seemed only concerned with completing arrangements for his departure and the sending of affectionate messages to his friends.

Mr. Ritchie leaves a young wife who had shared his labors for only about a year, but to whom God

seems to fulfill his promise of needed grace, great as is her overwhelming loss. The mission and the Board share the sense of loss. Hopes are disappointed, and the force of the mission is seriously impaired.

Mr. Ritchie had been selected to fill an important position in the Tungchow College, a sphere for which he was thought to be particularly fitted.

He was the son of Rev. A. Ritchie, of Cincinnati, who had carefully watched over his early training and had hoped that he might fill some post in the church at home; yet he had cheerfully given him up, in view of his strong desire to preach the gospel to the heathen. In his application to the Board for appointment, made many months ago, Mr. Ritchie says, "I find in my diary of about five years ago a prayer that I might some day become a foreign missionary." This desire and prayer had only gained strength during his course of education and was fulfilled in his appointment to north China. The field, also, which he had hoped might be the sphere of his labor was the one to which he was sent. There is comfort in the thought that he was in just the service and in just the place in which he had desired to be. God had granted him his wish, and he was happy in feeling that his own choice was in accordance with the will of God.

Of his qualifications for the work, Dr. Herrick Johnson, as one of his instructors, wrote many months ago: "Here is a choice soul of excellent culture, refinement and genial courtesy, with good gifts of mind and heart. He stands well as a student, is

genuinely and heartily consecrated, has a fine public address and will win his way anywhere."

That this high estimate was sustained in the good opinion of his fellow-missionaries is sufficiently attested by the fact that they had selected him to fill so important a position.

The impressive fact is borne in upon us once more that no one seems necessary for God's work in evangelizing the world. Rich gifts of mind and heart are required, and as we may believe are most acceptable to the Master, but again and again we are reminded that our reliance is not on human but on divine power.—*Church at Home and Abroad*, December, 1890.

Rev. William S. Robertson.

The following simple but not less eloquent obituary notice of the late Rev. W. S. Robertson, written by the esteemed native judge, L. C. Perryman, has been translated from *The Indian Journal*:*

"The teacher, Mr. Robertson, late superintendent of the Tullahassee school, departed from this world on the 26th of June, 1881. It is now about the thirty-third year since he came into this country. When he came here, although a young man, he had finished his education, and brought his diploma with him; and he entered upon the work of teaching children. When fully settled in this, having procured a wife and brought her with him, they went on helping

* Mr. Robertson's connection with the Creek Mission began in 1850.

each other with the one object of being a light to the children of the Muskokees until the war came. The school being discontinued, they moved north and taught the Indians that live north, until, when peace was made, they returned again to the Muskokees.

"He then entered upon his former work, and continued to make that his sole object until he finished his time upon earth. A man of such learning as he it may be that we shall never have again, and it may be that we shall never see again a man of such righteousness. It may be that there is not another white man such a friend to the Indians as was he.

"The nation intrusting large sums of money to his hands every year, asking of him no written security, but relying fully on his integrity, he continued his care until death came to him. And it is probable no one can say that he ever wasted anything, no one that he ever deceived him. And there is no one that says he ever meddled with our politics. But the Muskokees say he was a very righteous man, and the light of his work will continue as long as the Muskokees exist.

"We may well grieve over the loss of our teacher, and sympathize with the family he has left in their grief."—*Foreign Missionary*, October, 1881.

Mrs. A. Rudolph.

Mrs. Rudolph, wife of Rev. Adolph Rudolph, of the Lodiana Mission, India, died September 8, 1849. She was a woman of great excellence of character and her missionary labors in the charge of the Girls'

Orphan Asylum were incessant and invaluable. Her removal is greatly lamented by her associates in the mission, but their loss is doubtless her gain.—*Annual Report*, 1850.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudolph.

Mrs. Rudolph, the second wife of Rev. A. Rudolph, went to India in 1851, and died at Sabathu April 10, 1884. For more than thirty-two years she shared the mission work with her husband, and her removal was a sore trial to this aged disciple. They were both highly esteemed for their great fidelity to their work.

Mr. Rudolph's health failing he left India for Germany, his native country, not long after his bereavement. There he gained such benefit that with the best medical encouragement he set out on his return to his chosen work; but he was taken with such serious illness on the way that he was compelled to relinquish the hope of further labor as a missionary. His last days were spent with his son, a minister in Germany, he being sustained by a blessed hope through divine grace.—*Annual Report*, 1885 and 1888.

Rev. Robert W. Sawyer.

Mr. Sawyer was a native of New York, pursued his course of collegiate and theological study at Princeton, N. J., went with his wife as a missionary to Western Africa in 1841, and died at Settra Kroo, December 1, 1843. His death is thus referred to in

the *Missionary Chronicle* of May, 1844: "We mourn over the death of this excellent brother. The church has no servant more devoted than he was, and none more worthy of respect and confidence."

Mrs. Sawyer, with great devotedness, continued at the station alone for some time. She was married in December, 1844, to the Rev. James M. Connelly, who had joined the mission in that year. At the end of 1849, after much faithful labor among the Kroo people, considerations of health required their return to this country.—*J. C. L.*

Rev. James L. Scott.

We learn with much regret the death of Rev. James L. Scott, at Dehra, January 2, 1880, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was a missionary in India from 1839 to 1867, when he returned to this country on account of his health. He was reappointed in 1877 with the expectation of useful service in preparing a commentary on the Psalms in Hindustani, and also to be employed in work connected with the Woodstock School of which Mrs. Scott is principal. But he was not permitted to continue long in his chosen work. He was highly esteemed by his brethren as a man of excellent qualifications for missionary labors and one who was always found faithful. We doubt not he has entered into the heavenly rest. Sincere sympathy will be felt for his wife and children.—*Record*, April, 1880.

"Mr. Scott was patient, conscientious and faithful

in the discharge of all his duties, the same earnest, cheerful worker whether presiding over the Christian village of Rakha with its many perplexing cares, engaged in literary labor, or preaching the gospel in the district."—*India Missions Semi-Centennial*, 1884.

Mrs. Christiana M. Scott.

Mrs. Scott was the only daughter of the late Rev. W. F. Houston, of Columbia, Pa. Having lost her mother when very young, she was trained up principally by her father, and at the age of about fifteen she publicly gave herself to the Saviour, and soon became an active member of the church in her native place. Her hand and heart were ready for every work of love and benevolence. She established an infant-school, and conducted it herself, until her health constrained her, reluctantly, to give up the work. She also superintended a large Sabbath-school of colored people, and labored successfully in endeavoring to raise this neglected people from their degraded condition. She was an active member of a female association for promoting the cause of missions, and not only labored diligently for the interests of the society, but having considered the subject of going in person to labor for the heathen, she in the most solemn manner dedicated herself to the Lord in this blessed work. Not many months had elapsed after this vow was made and recorded in her private journals, before the Lord brought her faith and principles to the test, by providentially, and quite unexpectedly to her, opening up a way for her to go in

person; and feeling assured that his hand was leading her, she pledged herself to go. In the following year her father was taken from her; but with his last parting breath he again consecrated her to the work of the Lord among the heathen; in 1838 she was married to the Rev. James L. Scott, who was on the eve of sailing as a missionary for northern India.

In August, 1839, she and her husband arrived in Futtehgurh, and joined Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in their labors. Mrs. Scott was soon actively engaged with Mrs. Wilson in the female department of the orphan asylum; and a few months after this, when Mrs. Wilson's health rendered it necessary for her to spend a season in the hills, Mrs. Scott took the entire charge of the female department of the school, and conducted it for nearly twelve months with great energy and success. When her connection with the school ceased, she gave more of her time to the language, and translated a small volume into Hindustani, which was published.

After remaining at this station for about two years, when Mrs. Wilson's health again failed, and rendered it necessary for her to return to America, Mr. and Mrs. Scott were called to take the entire charge of the asylum at Futtehgurh. Here she commenced once more with her usual energy to instruct the girls in English and Hindustani, to superintend their work, and to labor with her own hands; and her exertions were so great that one short year had not elapsed before these, in connection with other causes, had laid the foundation of fatal disease.

When her physician advised her to spend a season in the hills, knowing how much her husband was required at his post, she resolved to go alone, and taking her infant son, she traveled by "dak" a distance of about five hundred miles, in ten nights, with none but the heathen around her. When her physicians advised her to return to America, she again proposed and finally determined to go alone, because she felt that the Lord required the sacrifice at her hand. In a letter from Simla, she says to Mr. Scott, "If my health should remain as good as it now is, and there should be no prospect of my being taken off rapidly, would you not consent to send the children and myself, and you remain another year?"

After a due consideration of the subject, she resolved to make the sacrifice, and leaving her husband and darling boy she set out with her two little girls for America. Mr. Scott accompanied her part of the way to Calcutta, and when separating from him she said, "I trust we shall meet again here below, and if not it will all be ordered aright by our covenant-keeping God." Mr. and Mrs. Freeman accompanied her as far as Calcutta, and enjoyed many precious seasons of prayer and Christian fellowship with her. Mr. Freeman, in a letter to Mr. Scott, says: "Your dear wife never appeared so lovely, happy and heavenly, as during our journey together, and this very heavenly happiness made me feel sad that you are not with her to enjoy it. Many were the happy hours we spent together, and I only regret I was so unfit for such hours. Even the dear little children felt a tenderness and solemnity quite unusual, and

talked with their dear mother of God and heaven; and their little eyes were filled with tears as they rose from worshiping God."

In due time they reached Calcutta, and all things were ready for her final separation from her missionary friends. With her two little girls, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman's little daughter, and a daughter of an English officer under her charge, and herself and charge all under the care of a pious friend, they went on board the vessel which was to have borne them across the ocean; and as Mrs. Freeman approached to take one more fond embrace of her little girl, and bid a long farewell to her feeble protector, knowing a mother's anxious heart, Mrs. Scott pressed her hand and said, "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." "This," said she, "has ever been my motto, and I have never trusted in vain." Having thus parted with her friends, she set out for her native land by way of England. For the first week she enjoyed her usual health, but from that time her strength began to fail, and by the time she reached the Cape of Good Hope she was so far reduced that she gave up all hope of ever returning to India. At the Cape she took fresh cold which brought back all the worst symptoms of her disease. On the 10th of April, 1848, she was confined to her cabin and rapidly sank till the 16th, when she breathed her last at the age of thirty-six.

A few kind friends whom the Lord had gathered around her did all that could be done; and the same calm, trusting spirit which had marked her in life sustained her in death. When asked if she was

happy, she answered: "Very happy in Jesus." Pointing upward, she said: "He is there," and laying her hand on her breast, she said: "He is here." The pious officer who had taken her under his protection very kindly promised her that if she should be taken away he would conduct her little charge to her friends in America—a promise which he did not fail to make good.—*Rev. W. H. McAuley.*

Mrs. James L. Scott (2).

The death of Mrs. J. L. Scott, which occurred on June 2, 1892, at Mussoorie, a mile or two from "Woodstock" on the lower range of the Himalayas, casts a shadow over many hearts both in India and America. Mrs. Scott reached India with her husband on his return from a furlough in 1853 and settled first in Agra, where the Board was then seeking to establish a permanent station. A few months ago, as one of the Secretaries of the Board stood with her and some friends on Lal Tiba—some 7500 feet above sea-level —surveying the snow-clad mountains a hundred miles and more away, Mrs. Scott pointed to a house on the hillside across a ravine where she and her children with another missionary's family spent many anxious weeks during the mutiny, while their husbands were shut up in Agra Fort. The agony of those weeks no tongue can tell. The health of Mr. Scott failing, he and his family returned to the United States in 1867, when Mrs. Scott opened a boarding school where her Mount Holyoke training

stood her in good stead, and where she became more thoroughly equipped for the work to which she gave the later years of her life—the headship of Woodstock School. With this work in view, she returned to India in 1877, and succeeded by the blessing of God in building up an institution second to none of the kind in the Empire, commanding the confidence of missionaries of every denomination, of European residents and of the government. The Rev. Reese Thackwell, of Dehra, writes: "Her tact and energy and unquestionable ability made the school what it is."

With this estimate of her work all familiar with the facts most cordially agree. To all the ordinary graces of a well-cultured mind Mrs. Scott added superior organizing ability and rare business qualifications. But above all she was a *missionary*, and brought to the discharge of all her duties love for the souls of those committed to her care, and love for India for whose salvation she had given her life.

For a year or two past Mrs. Scott had felt that the continuous strain and the increasing infirmities of advancing years required her to relax her hold, and to seek rest and change in the home land. After much patient and anxious search a successor had been appointed, but Mrs. Scott was not permitted to welcome her. She sleeps beside her husband in the beautiful little cemetery at Dehra under the shadows of the Himalayas. Laid to rest in heathen India, she will rise from the dust in Christian India. Blessed Hope!— *Church at Home and Abroad*, September, 1892.

"The reaper has been entering many missionary homes and has gathered little children like buds of spring, but Mrs. Scott is taken a shock of corn fully ripe."—*Woman's Work for Woman*, August, 1892.

Rev. David Scott.

God sometimes appalls his church by sudden dispensations which shake to the centre our weak faith; and were we not sure that he will take care of his own honor, and vindicate it in his own time, we might well give up in despair.

It is no new thing in the history of the church to find men, after long preparation, and with peculiar adaptation to the work, called to lay aside their armor at the very moment they are ready to enter the battle.

There is no human explanation of these strange facts. According to the conclusions of reason, such facts are altogether evil. No light shines in the darkness. God, by his own act, seems to have given a fatal blow to his own cause. But Revelation gives us another view of these mysterious providences, which, while failing to solve the problems, yet gives us faith to believe that they *can* be solved, and will be solved, in the future.

No part of the church has been more severely smitten in this way than the foreign field. Lowrie and Culbertson and Rankin in China, and those martyrs of the India rebellion, and many others who now shine as stars, were called away from their work at the most critical and inopportune time, according to

human judgment. And the same thing will happen again and again.

One great lesson that God intends to teach is, that the world is not to be subdued by many nor by few, nor by human power or wisdom, even when put in operation by his church. Gideon's army was reduced to a minimum before it was ready, according to God's plan, to go forth to conquer.

These afflictive strokes are rebukes to the church as it stands and counts its scores of missionaries among the millions of heathendom, and cries out with failing faith, "What are these among so many?" But the grand results of missionary labor will not be witnessed in their fullness until the church comes up to that high experience of faith and believes with Joshua that "one man of you shall chase a thousand: for the Lord your God, he it is that fighteth for you, as he hath promised you."

But another lesson which this event is intended to teach, and one more cheering to the church and afflicted friends, is, that the preparations of an intellectual and spiritual kind made by God's servants in this life are not destroyed by death. There is another world and another sphere of labor, where all the toilsome preparation for active service here finds room for indefinite expansion and exercise. We misjudge the divine providence when we consider the work of one of God's children as prematurely brought to an end by death. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

We are not permitted to look into that realm of ceaseless activity and joy, but we know that our brother who has gone from us will find ample opportunity to use the power that he acquired here, in a degree which he could never have put forth in this life. Take this, then, as a grand consolation in the midst of this mysterious providence which so sorely tries our faith and startles the church. The field which David Scott entered in Persia, and which he was permitted to occupy for such a brief period, may suffer for a time; his family and friends may be heart-broken under the affliction; but oh, the grandeur of those immeasurable fields to which his talents and his acquirements and his labors have been transferred! Let us endure our present weight of sorrow, seeing him who is invisible, and let us listen to the voice of our Master as he softens this bereavement by saying to each one of us, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." As our brother knows now, and as we shall know if we are saved.

David Scott, Jr., was the son of David and Mary Baxter Scott—worthy members of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church. David became a member of the Sabbath-school in 1863 or 1864. On the 9th of June, 1865, he made a profession of his faith and united with the Fifteenth Street Church. Soon after, he expressed to his pastor his earnest desire to become a minister of the gospel. At this time he was a clerk in the office of the Manhattan Gas Company, receiving a salary of $900 a year. His pastor at first discouraged him from seeking the ministry, on account of his entire want of education and because

he was at an age which would render it difficult for him to make up his deficiencies. Nothing more was said of the matter until a year had elapsed, when David again approached his pastor, stating that his mind was irrevocably made up to be a minister if it was possible. He said that during the past year he had been attending the night schools at Cooper Union, and had made great advances in his studies. His pastor could no longer oppose what seemed to be a call of God. He was immediately sent to the High School at Lawrenceville, N. J., and through the liberality of the Rev. Samuel M. Hamill, D.D., the principal of the school, his expenses were merely nominal. At the end of two years he was prepared for college. Dr. Hamill, writing to his pastor at this time, says: "I will take as many young men of the same kind, on the same terms, as you choose to send me. David has been a blessing to the school."

In the fall of 1870 he entered the Freshman Class at Princeton College, where he remained four years, being graduated with high honors, and taking the classical scholarship of the year. This involved his spending a year in classical studies either in this country or in Europe. Entering the Theological Seminary at Princeton immediately after his graduation, he remained a year, and then proceeded to Germany where he spent the next year at the University of Leipsic, according to the terms of his scholarship. Here, while pursuing his classical studies, he gave all his spare time to the study of the Oriental languages, having already determined to give his life to foreign missionary work in the East.

Returning to Princeton in 1876, he was appointed a tutor in the college, prosecuting at the same time his theological studies in the seminary. Having finished his course in Princeton, he offered himself to the Board of Foreign Missions, and was accepted and appointed to the mission at Teheran, Persia, with the understanding that, while engaging in ordinary missionary work, he was to give himself more particularly to the production of a Christian literature. In a letter written to his pastor at this time, he says: "It has been a subject of much prayer with me that the Board would be guided in their decision as to where they should send me. I felt that I could not decide the question for myself, but was willing to go where I could be most useful. I look, then, upon this decision of the Board as an answer to prayer." Mr. Scott was ordained by the Presbytery of New York on the 24th of June, 1877, and, having been united in marriage to a young lady of this city, he, with his wife, set sail for his far-off field of labor in September.

After a most arduous journey, made more difficult by the approaching war between Russia and Turkey, he arrived at Teheran in November and entered at once upon the study of the Persian and the Turkish languages, acting on the Sabbath as chaplain to the English residents at the capital. In the spring of 1878, his wife, having given birth to a son, was attacked by a dangerous and most painful sickness, which threatened her life if she remained in Persia. By the advice of the English and French physicians in the city, as well as of his brethren of the mission,

he determined to bring his suffering wife home, and, after a winter's journey of almost inconceivable trial, he arrived safely in New York in March. Soon after his arrival he called upon his pastor, who congratulated him on his manifestly robust health. But God's ways are not as our ways, for on the 2d of April, 1879, instead of the suffering and delicate wife, the strong man after a brief illness was suddenly called to his reward. He had been permitted in infinite mercy to bring his wife and child from among strangers and heathen, and deposit them safely in the bosom of sympathizing friends before he was called to his higher work.

One of the most striking traits in Mr. Scott's character was his *persevering* industry. When once his mind was made up that he must serve his Master in the ministry, nothing could stand in his way. Relinquishing a position with a respectable salary, with an early promise of increase, he entered upon his long course of preparation, relying for support upon that God whose service he had espoused. Without any brilliancy of parts, but with an indomitable spirit, he mastered all the subjects which he undertook, and came out of the college and seminary a finished scholar.

Perhaps this trait led him to that extreme devotion to his work which in a measure induced his early death. From the time that he entered the night school at Cooper Union to the hour of his leaving Persia, he never knew what relaxation was; and his vacations at Princeton were spent as a clerk in one of our public institutions, in order that he might lighten the

burden of those who were responsible for his support.

Mr. Scott's piety was unobtrusive, but deep and growing. His one great object in life was to devote all his acquirements and his very life, if necessary, to the advancement of his Master's kingdom on the earth. This, I may say, was the master passion of his life from his very boyhood. I think that he had many of the characteristics of his Scotch ancestors, and I believe that he would have gone to the stake, if called to do so, as quietly as he went to his books. Mr. Scott never talked much about his feelings, but a great deal about his work. The simplicity that was in Christ Jesus clarified his entire life. Throughout the whole of his college career he was a bright example to his fellow-students, who honored him because he was so humble, so consistent, so gentle, so unassuming.

Faithful, pure, modest, earnest David Scott. He has gone quickly to his reward.

Those who knew him best were looking forward to great results from his missionary work, but God has shattered our hopes and thwarted our plans, teaching us not to depend on human power or human wisdom. —*Rev. S. D. Alexander, D.D.*

Mrs. Emeline M. Seeley.

Mrs. Seeley, wife of Rev. A. H. Seeley, was born in Charlton, N. Y., on the 9th of November, 1821; her maiden name was Emeline Marvin, and she had the inestimable advantage of being born of pious

parents, who early dedicated her to the Saviour. Little is known of her childhood and youth, but she was early instructed in the Scriptures, and taught to feel her obligations to God, both by precept and example. It is not known precisely when she indulged a hope in Christ; it is supposed that she made a public profession of religion at an early age. From the time she united with the church, she was engaged in doing good as she had opportunity, and took an active part in the Sabbath-school and female prayer-meeting connected with the village church.

In July, 1847, with her husband she arrived at Futtehgurh, their missionary station in India. Here for nearly six years she lived the life of the righteous. From the weakness of her eyes, a naturally delicate constitution, the cares of an increasing family and other causes, she was not permitted to engage in much active work; but still she was exerting a most happy influence for the good of her fellow-beings. This influence arising out of the harmonious blending of the Christian graces, as manifested in her daily walk, though silent and unostentatious, was not the less beneficial and powerful. Her heart was in the work, to which she had so early dedicated herself, and for whose accomplishment she had severed herself from the society of friends and the endearments of home. She gave to it her prayers and counsels, and always manifested great reluctance to leave the field, even when the state of her husband's health seemed to point out the possibility of such an event. She had, only a few days before her death, expressed to one of her missionary sisters the strong

desire she had to live and die amidst the scene of her labors. The writer of this recalls with much pleasure the delight she manifested on her return a few weeks ago from a visit at Ẏākūtganj, where nearly a hundred Hindus were assembled to hear the word of God. She spoke of the interesting services with so much feeling, and seemed so much encouraged with the manner in which the word was received, as to show how much her heart was interested in the success of our operations for establishing the Redeemer's kingdom here in India.

Her last illness was sudden and short, but it found her prepared for death. It was a solemn moment, and amidst weeping and sorrow we rose from our knees, to witness her departure to a better and happier world. Passages of Scripture and portions of hymns were repeated to her, which seemed to give her much enjoyment. Once she said, with deep emphasis, "*Jesus died for me!*" And then again, "Oh, these wicked hearts!" and still more frequently would she exclaim, "Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus!" She sent messages to her dear friends at home, and particularly to a beloved brother, towards whom her heart seemed to yearn much. She had in a few short hours all the bitterness of parting with her loved ones, and to realize the momentous truth that she was to stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and yet she had no fears. Under such circumstances, we were rejoiced to see her mind so calm, and her faith so triumphant. Every thing was done that could be done for her comfort, and the doctor was in constant attendance on her to the moment of her

departure, but all was without avail. The hand of death was upon her, and a little after eight o'clock P.M., on the 9th of May, 1853, she breathed her last, and passed from earth to her Saviour's arms. On Sunday evening, the 10th, her remains were carried to our little church, and I preached to a large and sorrowing congregation, from the sweet and consoling words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." From the church we carried her to our small burial ground, now nearly half filled with the graves of our native Christians and our own sweet little ones. She is the first of our little band who has been honored with a burial there. How pleasant is the thought that she will rise at the resurrection, surrounded by those she loved, and for whose good she left her native land, and endured the bitter pang of parting with friends and relatives.

We have lost the society of a valued friend and laborer. For nearly six years we were privileged to enjoy her presence, and be cheered by her counsels and prayers. But we sorrow not as those without hope. "If ye loved me," said Jesus to his desponding disciples, "ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father;" so should we rejoice when those whom Jesus loves are called away from earth, for they go unto the Father. They are gone, but not lost—gone to a better and happier world, where Jesus reigns, and sorrow never enters.

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

"In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

"We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay,
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way."

—*Rev. J. J. Walsh.*

Miss Sara C. Seward, M.D.

Dr. Seward was a native of the State of New York, the daughter of the late George W. Seward, youngest brother of the distinguished Secretary of State, William H. Seward. She studied medicine in Philadelphia, and in 1871 went to Allahabad, India, as a medical missionary under the Woman's Union Missionary Society of this country. In 1873, she transferred her connection to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, but without change of field. Through the divine blessing on her skill and energy, and in the midst of many discouragements, a successful dispensary work was built up, which in August last was transferred to a plain but commodious structure erected for the purpose on a well-chosen site in the heart of the city. While enthusiastic in her profession, Dr. Seward made the missionary idea prominent in her medical work. Writing some time before her death she said: "It has always been the custom each morning on assembling to read and talk with the women, using either

the Bible or some simple book, striving to impart truth in a plain, direct way." The spiritual results of that useful life so suddenly cut off, eternity alone will reveal. Dr. Seward died of cholera at Allahabad, June 12, 1891.—*The Church at Home and Abroad*, August, 1891.

Rev. Samuel M. Sharpe.

Mr. Sharpe was a native of Steubenville, O., and a graduate of Jefferson College and of the Allegheny Theological Seminary. Accompanied by his wife, a daughter of the Rev. J. M. Jamieson, D.D., he went to the United States of Colombia as a missionary in 1858. He had made excellent progress in learning the Spanish language, and had just preached his first extempore sermon in it with much acceptance, when he was taken with a fever, which in a few days ended a life of excellent promise, on the 30th of October, 1860. The Rev. W. E. McLaren, his colleague, wrote of his last days as follows:

"Mourning, as we did, over the physical pains of his dying bed, we could not but rejoice to witness the triumph of faith in his last hours. When he began to realize that there was but little hope of his recovery, with a radiant face, he said, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' During the most of his sickness his mind wandered, but even then prayer was the language of his lips. In his more lucid moments he gave precious evidence that he, like the Psalmist, feared no

evil; for the Lord was with him: his rod and his staff they comforted him. The day before his death he called all the household to his bedside, bidding farewell, in a most affectionate manner, to his wife, his friends and the servants. For each one he had a word of Christian exhortation or warning. A number of young men, who have been under religious instruction in connection with the mission, were present at this time, and seemed deeply impressed as their dying instructor proclaimed to them, for the last time, the precious truths of the gospel. His last words to them were, 'Soi mui feliz' (I am very happy).

"How inscrutable is the providence which has taken our brother from us just at this time! We can only say, 'It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good.' "—*J. C. L.*

Rev. James M. Shaw.

Mr. Shaw died at Tungchow, China, June 11, 1876. He sailed from San Francisco, September 1, 1874, and gave promise of being an earnest and successful missionary. In March last (1876) he set out with others on a missionary tour, but when some 200 miles from home he was obliged to return on account of sickness, from which he never recovered. Physicians could give him no relief. His sufferings were great, but in all he felt the gracious presence of his Saviour, and had an abiding and joyful trust in him. He leaves a wife and little one to mourn his loss. He was the son of Rev. James Shaw, D.D., of Ohio, who died

since his son sailed for his work in China.—*Foreign Missionary*, September, 1876.

Rev. Candaur J. Silliman.

Mr. Silliman, a native of Alabama and a graduate of Columbia, S. C., Theological Seminary, spent a few months among the Choctaws as a missionary in 1856. His health was feeble, and proving to be inadequate to the work he started on his return to his friends at home, but was taken to his rest on the journey. The committee expressed their sorrow "on account of the early removal of one who promised to be so useful in the sphere of duty assigned to him by Providence."—*Annual Report*, 1857.

Rev. Ashbel G. Simonton.

Mr. Simonton was born in West Hanover, Pa., January 20, 1833. He was the son of a respected physician of that place, and a nephew of the Rev. William D. Snodgrass, D.D. His early studies were pursued in his native town and afterwards in Harrisburg, to which place his family removed after his father's death in 1846. He was graduated at Princeton College in 1852; and after spending two years as a teacher in Mississippi, he entered the Theological Seminary, at Princeton, in 1855. During the first session, he was led by a sermon of the Rev. Charles Hodge, D.D., to consider the subject of foreign missions. "I then resolved," he wrote, "to examine

the question seriously and prayerfully, and to suffer nothing to interfere with its decision." As the result of this examination, his purpose was formed to devote his life to the service of Christ amongst the unevangelized, a purpose in which he never wavered. In his application for an appointment as a missionary he expressed his willingness to go to any field of labor, though his thoughts had been somewhat specially turned to Brazil. The Executive Committee had been for some time considering the subject of forming a mission in that country, and they were glad to appoint Mr. Simonton as the first missionary. The work contemplated, in a Roman Catholic country, where public services of Protestant worship for the benefit of the natives had as yet been conducted only in a very limited way, was regarded as one of peculiar delicacy, and also as one of no little difficulty; maturity of character, superior talents and scholarship, good address, and complete devotedness of heart and life to the Saviour and his cause, were indispensable qualifications in the pioneer of the mission; and these were happily combined in Mr. Simonton.

Arriving at Rio de Janeiro in August, 1859, he first engaged in perfecting his acquaintance with the Portuguese language, in the meantime conducting religious services in English for the benefit of our countrymen and others resident in that city. These services were highly valued, for Mr. Simonton's sermons were of marked ability and deep interest; but he turned from engagements of this kind to his main work, that of making the gospel known to the

Brazilians. He soon became an effective preacher in their language, and his ministry was remarkably blest in the conversion of souls. A church was organized in Rio de Janeiro in 1862, and additions were made to its communion at almost every time of administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; in nearly all cases, these converts had been previously connected with the corrupt church of Rome or under its influence. Besides his work in the pulpit, he employed the press as an important auxiliary. He translated the Shorter Catechism and other works into Portuguese, a language peculiarly destitute of evangelical reading. An expository work from his pen, on a part of the Scriptures, was in hand, and it is hoped that it will be found ready for publication. A monthly journal, the *Imprensa Evangelica*, was published by him and sustained chiefly by his articles, which were often of rare value, and which attracted the attention of readers amongst nearly all the educated classes of the country. His attention was directed, moreover, and with special interest, to the training of native young men of promise for the work of evangelization; three of these young men were under his instruction and that of the other missionaries. He had been joined in his missionary work by several colleagues, with whom his relations were most pleasant, and who were accustomed to look to him as their leader, not merely because he had been longest in the country, but also on account of his excellent qualifications for usefulness in their common work.

During a visit to this country in 1862–3, he was

married to Miss Helen Murdock. She was endowed with such gifts and grace as secured for her the warmest esteem of Christian friends, and gave the promise of no ordinary degree of useful influence in the service of Christ. Her early removal was deplored by many, and was felt by her husband to be the greatest loss; yet it was no doubt a part of his preparation for serving the Lord in a higher degree, both on earth and in heaven.

Mr. Simonton's general health was uniformly good, but he probably overtasked his strength in his various labors, and when he was taken with a fever in November, 1867, his constitution did not recover from the attack. He had gone to Sao Paulo, on a visit to his colleague and brother-in-law, the Rev. A. L. Blackford, in the hope of becoming free from symptoms of disease; and there he was ministered to with the utmost affection, and enjoyed also the best medical aid; but his illness could not be arrested, and he departed this life December 9, 1867, supported to the last by a good hope through grace.

Our departed brother occupied a large place in the affections of his brethren, and in the respect of the American residents in Brazil. One of his colleagues thus referred to him: "He was looked upon by all the members of the mission as our leader and chief stay, as he had been our pioneer. We took no important step, save from absolute necessity, without first hearing his counsels. The most talented, most learned, and best informed of our members; master of the language, and possessing in an unusual degree

tact and prudence for planning and executing, we have no one left to fill his place."

The esteem of his countrymen and of many Brazilians found expression, when the sad news of his death was received in Rio de Janeiro, in resolutions drawn up by the United States Consul and adopted at a meeting held in the Consulate:

"*Whereas*, It hath pleased divine Providence to remove from us by death our highly esteemed and beloved friend, Rev. A. G. Simonton, in the midst of his usefulness and in the full vigor of early manhood; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That in the death of our lamented friend, we feel, each of us, that we have experienced a great personal bereavement; and we desire to gather about his grave with those who were united to him by ties of kindred blood, and mingle our tears with theirs.

"*Resolved*, That having been intimately acquainted with Mr. Simonton for several years past, we found in him a man of rare intellectual and moral endowments; a Christian, whose sense of duty for himself was joined with a large spirit of tolerance toward others—a moralist, whose irreproachable purity of life found nothing uncongenial in innocent enjoyment—a gentleman whose manliness was kind, whose frankness was delicate, and whose outspoken convictions never gave offense, and were received with respect, if they were not adopted. As a neighbor, he took the most friendly interest in whatever concerned the welfare of others, and long shall we miss his cheerful greeting at our places of business, and the

added charm which his genial presence never failed to lend to the domestic circle. He was gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, without hypocrisy.

"*Resolved*, That we respectfully tender our sincere sympathy to the afflicted relatives of the deceased in this country and in the United States, and to his bereaved associates in this empire; and we promise to unite with them in keeping alive in our hearts the memory of our excellent friend, and in humbly endeavoring to imitate the virtues which adorned his character."

The early removal of such a laborer is one of the mysteries of divine Providence. It is indeed no unusual event; the missionary records of our church bear witness to similar examples in other countries. Doubtless, there are wise and gracious reasons for these bereavements. If they lead the church to feel more deeply its dependence on the blessing of God in the work of missions, and if they lead the associates of our departed friends to engage with renewed earnestness, faith and hope in the work of the Lord, these afflicting events will not have been in vain; as for the departed, they are with the Saviour, "which is far better."—*J. C. L.*

Mrs. Simonton.

"Died, in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, June 27, 1864, after a very brief illness, Helen (Murdoch) Simonton, wife of the Rev. A. G. Simonton." Mrs. Simonton had not been quite one year in the missionary field,

for the service of which she seemed to have eminent qualifications. Born of Christian parents, who dedicated her to God in baptism, she gave early indications of great sweetness of disposition and tenderness of conscience, with decided talent. Enjoying the best opportunities of education, her character was very favorably developed under judicious culture. Soon after leaving school she made a public profession of religion in the First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, Md.; and from that time became a decided and consistent Christian, taking an active part in every means of getting and doing good, in the Sabbath-schools, tract visitation, and every work and labor of love opened to Christians in that city.

In May, 1863, she was married to Mr. Simonton, who had been recalled to this country by the illness of an aged parent. With him she left the endearments of her happy home, to serve her beloved Master as a missionary in Brazil. Having an excellent, well-cultivated mind, a sound judgment, a very tender, loving heart, with simple faith, deep humility and unselfish zeal, she was eminently adapted to be an invaluable help-meet in the missionary field. Her extreme modesty made her seem at first retiring and too diffident; yet it lent a delicate refinement to her manners, and gave her unusual facility in winning the confidence and affection of all with whom she had intercourse.

Having made rapid progress in the language for which her previous training had prepared her, she was becoming qualified for great usefulness in a most inviting field when she was called suddenly away,

leaving an infant daughter. The summons, however, found her not unprepared. She calmly said, "I am ready to go; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Such removals may seem to us a dark mystery, but God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. Having accepted that unreserved consecration as she laid herself on the altar of missionary service, her Saviour was pleased to say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you;" and the missionary field became the stepping stone to the higher employments and felicities of the heavenly service.—*The Presbyterian.*

Rev. George W. Simpson.

There are few chapters in the book of divine Providence in which mystery is not somewhere written. God's ways are in the seas, his paths in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known. These truths are brought forcibly to our minds by the startling intelligence which has lately reached us of the sudden and tragic death of two of our beloved missionaries to the western coast of Africa, the Rev. George W. Simpson and his youthful wife. Whilst making a short sail for the benefit of their health, in a British brig, the vessel was suddenly overturned by one of those violent tornadoes which so fearfully prevail in southern latitudes. Our beloved friends, together with all others on board the ill-fated vessel, a Krooman only excepted, found a winding-sheet in the waves, and sunk to rise no more till the sea shall give up its dead.

Mr. Simpson was the son of pious parents, who consecrated him in his infancy to the service of his Saviour. His mother was truly an "Israelite indeed," a woman whose praises dwelt on the lips of many of God's children, and who "did what she could" for the glory of God. The mantle of the parents fell upon the child. In early life he learned to cherish the deepest reverence for our holy religion, and ere youth had given place to manhood, he was found among the ranks of the open and active followers of the Lamb. He engaged for a season in teaching, that he might thereby acquire the means of prosecuting his studies preparatory to entering on the work of the ministry. He passed through his collegiate course in Easton College, and shortly after its completion he entered the seminary at Princeton. There it was that his mind became deeply imbued with the spirit of missions. It was under the training of those venerated men who have so long taught in that school of the prophets, that the claims of the heathen came up vividly before his mind. He felt indeed that "the field was the world," and the question pressed itself on his heart whether it might not be his duty to labor in some of its far-off moral wastes. And the more he pondered on the subject, the more fully did the conviction fasten itself upon him that he was called of God to tell the untaught heathen the way of life. It is a sacrifice which none can fully understand but those who have made it, to break away from kindred, friends and native land, and live and die among a people who, as a mass, are strangers to God, and whose every taste and sym-

pathy is foreign to your own. But our brother resolved to make it, for the glory of God and the good of souls. He might have labored in God's vineyard at home with great acceptance, and have filled one of our best pulpits, but "he conferred not with flesh and blood." He sought not "the praise of men, but of God." He wished to do his duty, whatever of ease and worldly comfort the performance might cost him. The task which lay heaviest upon him, preparatory to his great undertaking, was to communicate his views to his mother, and gain her free consent to a final separation. He was the Benjamin of his family, and his parents' idol so far as they had an idol upon earth. He feared therefore to unfold to them the working of his mind. He did it first by letter, and afterwards unbosomed his every thought and feeling on the subject. With tears he told his mother that without her consent he could not enter on his work. She gave it—gave it, though it cost her sleepless nights and bitter tears. Who was she, she felt, that she should lift up her voice or hand against the bidding of the Lord?

When all matters were arranged for his final departure, and he only awaited the sailing of the vessel to carry him off to his heathen home, Mr. Simpson spent the season that was left him in his native land in visiting the churches and kindling up in the hearts of the people a deeper interest in the cause of missions. It was surprising to all who heard him, to observe the amount of knowledge he had acquired respecting the religion, and customs, and peculiarities of the African people, among whom he was destined

to labor. He spake like a missionary who had been long in the field, rather than as one who was just entering on his work.

I need not speak of their labors in Africa. They are before the church, spread out on the pages of the *Record*. Their work is done, and they "are not, for God took them." They have performed the duty assigned them in the King's service, and have been called away seemingly before their time, "to be crowned in the King's presence."—*Rev. W. W. Latta*, 1851.

Mrs. Simpson.

Mrs. Simpson, wife of the Rev. George W. Simpson, was the child of pious parents, her father an elder in the church of Fagg's Manor, Pa. Her early training was of a carefully religious character. The Bible and the Catechism were her earliest books of study. Thence she learned those great principles which laid the foundation for that maturity of Christian character to which she afterwards attained. Amiable and pleasant in private life, a regular and interested attendant on public worship, yet delaying to make a profession of her faith in Christ, she excited much anxiety for her spiritual welfare; but on the 12th of April, 1844, she was admitted to the communion of the church. Thenceforward she aimed to be wholly a Christian. The Bible class and the Sabbath-school were both highly prized by her; the one affording herself instruction, the other a field of usefulness to others.

About this time the subject of missions engaged her attention, and she felt a desire to labor among the heathen, and especially in Africa. She lost much of her relish for ordinary duties and labors, and though always doing cheerfully and industriously what was necessary, often said in playfulness, "I would rather be teaching the negroes in Africa."

When the proposal was made to her to go to Africa, she felt it to be an opening in the providence of God to gratify a long-cherished desire, and took the subject into very serious and prayerful consideration. She did not arrive at a final conclusion without many anxieties, misgivings and fears. Her wide circle of friends were nearly all opposed to her going, regarding missions to Africa by white people as a forlorn hope. Her parents, too, withheld a consent, without which she felt that she could not go. In her estimation filial duty required obedience even in this matter. When, however, she obtained what she desired in this respect, she cheerfully consented to go, and immediately began to prepare for her departure.

She went not rashly. She counted the cost, and felt that if the Lord should call for her death in that field she was willing to meet it. The struggle between duty and affection was severe and constant; and yet there was no disposition to withdraw the pledge she had given to labor for the Saviour in Africa. She looked forward to the time of their embarkation with a calmness which astonished all who knew her.

The parting scene was mingled with tears and smiles, but borne by her with a grace and sweetness

of character which greatly alleviated the sorrow felt by her family and friends in bidding her adieu.

Her own feelings are well expressed in a letter received on the eve of her sailing, being sent back by the pilot. Speaking of the missionary meeting in Dr. Phillips' church, she says, "They sang the hymn in which is 'Yet with determined courage go,'" and then adds, "These lines have been running in my head all morning, and I heard Mrs. L. hum them once or twice. Oh, must I see you no more? Have I parted from you all forever on earth? I cannot bear the thought. But I shall meet you often at the throne of grace. I feel that you will pray for me. Pray that I may not be suffered to bring reproach on this blessed cause. And yet I fear you will forget me. But you won't forget our mission. *Though we all be swallowed in the deep*, don't forget to pray for Africa. I love you all more than ever; each one comes up to mind separately; and my heart bleeds to leave you. But I go willingly; I trust the love of Christ—the boat is leaving." While on her voyage she wrote to her mother, "I could be *quite* happy sometimes, could I feel certain you are. I wish, mother, you had told me you felt *very* willing to have me come. You are satisfied now, doubtless. I wish you could feel it a *privilege* to be thus permitted to give a daughter to so glorious a work."

Her last letter to her mother was full of considerations tending to comfort and strengthen her, and as it were, prepare her for the trial awaiting her in the sudden loss of her children in Africa. "I trust, dear mother, you do not feel unduly anxious about us.

Earth is pleasant, oh! how pleasant; still we cannot enjoy the happiness here, which in heavenly mansions awaits those who love God. We know this, although we cannot understand it. Then why are we loth to make so blessed an exchange, or to have our beloved ones make it? You must not be anxious for my safety. We have your God in Africa. His care is as constant here as in Pennsylvania. The death of Christ is as meritorious here, and the Holy Spirit's influence as free and as powerful; the Christian's hope as firm, and I can humbly say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' When in a fever lately, I felt it an unspeakable comfort to know that I had not my peace to make with God. I hope we shall all meet as a family in heaven. Pray for us, but don't be anxious."

In April following, 1851, she was asleep with her husband in an ocean grave! How sad, how mysterious such an event! Yet the Lord has done it. It was in her heart to do something for Africa, but the Master had a short work for her. Being dead she yet speaks, and the Lord may make her death even more effective than her life.—*Rev. Alfred Hamilton, D.D.*

Miss Jennie M. Small.

Miss Small was from Denver, Colo., and joined the Siam Mission in 1885, where she did excellent work for Christ. She died of cholera at Petchaburee, June 5, 1891. In the light of her early departure, the following paragraph from her letter of application to the Board has a deep significance: "I have counted well

the cost of missionary service and am quite willing to endure all for the sake of him who has done so much for me."

She was taken ill Tuesday evening and from the first anticipated death. Wednesday night she bade farewell to the school-girls, telling them, in Siamese, that Jesus had called her and that she had great joy in going, and charging them to meet her in heaven. Her sufferings were intense, and she begged Dr. Thompson, who had hastened up from Ratburee and was beside her for twenty-seven hours, not to prolong her life. She said the Lord saw Petchaburee needed a missionary's grave and she was willing it should be hers. It was made in the churchyard and, on June 6, her body was laid there "with the usual Christian ceremonies, accompanied by much weeping on the part of the girls and Christian women who stood by." Mr. McClure writes: "In life Miss Small had not been very free in expressing her religious feeling, but in death her faith shone forth sublimely—not a shadow of hesitation, but every evidence of joy at the prospect before her." Miss Cooper writes, how "unobtrusive" she was in making her work public, how "faithful to duty no matter how much was put upon her slight frame," and the "pleasant companion" she was, "whom one could not but love from the first hand-clasp."—*Woman's Work for Woman*, September, 1891.

Rev. H. H. Spaulding.

Last Monday, August 3, 1874, our beloved Father Spaulding fell asleep in Jesus. For some months

past he has been slowly failing. A few weeks ago he came to us from Kamia—making in two days the long hard journey of sixty miles in a common farm wagon. We hoped that the change and the constant medical attention he could receive here would avail to raise him up again. But his days were numbered. An old man and full of days, he is now gathered to his fathers.

Rev. H. H. Spaulding was born in 1804 in the State of New York; was graduated from Western Reserve College; studied theology at Lane Seminary, and, in 1836, was by the A. B. C. F. M. appointed missionary to the Nez Perces Indians. In company with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding—the first white women to cross the continent—he came to this field of toil. In November, 1847, occurred the ever-memorable Whitman massacre. Mr. Spaulding, who was in the vicinity of the massacre, had a very narrow escape for life. The murderers were on his track. Hiding by day, he, night after night, barefooted, made his way over sharp rocks and stinging thorns until, almost dead, he reached a place of safety. Then with his family he left the field for a time. In 1862 he reëntered it, remaining, however, only a few years. In 1871, he again resumed the work under appointment from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, continuing until now called to his rest.

Although his work has been thus interrupted by long intervals of absence, it is wonderful how much chiefly by his instrumentality has been accomplished for this people. From savagehood they have been raised to a good degree of civilization. From know-

ing nothing of the gospel, a very large proportion of the tribe have become its professed followers. No man of his church—perhaps no man living—has in the last three years baptized and received into the church of God so many converts as Father Spaulding. Of the Nez Perces and Spokans over 900 have in that time by him been added to the church. He has prepared and given to this people a translation of the Gospel of Matthew and a small collection of Nez Perces hymns. He had also far advanced a translation of the Acts of the Apostles. Such works will follow him even while he sleeps in death.

Conscious up to the last hour, he looked forward to death with fortitude and hope. The last words I heard him utter were, "Precious Jesus, Jesus only." Thus peacefully and apparently without pain he passed through death to life.—*Rev. George Ainsley.*

Mrs. Cornelia Speer.

Mrs. Speer, wife of Rev. William Speer, D.D., was the eldest daughter of A. Brackinridge, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pa. Brought up in worldly ease and wealth in the midst of a large circle of warmly attached friends, she had the fairest prospects of happiness. These were not clouded, but greatly extended and brightened by her being enabled to devote herself without reserve to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to the advancement of his cause among the heathen. Her course, however, was short; yet it was long enough to evince the sincerity of her religious profession, the depth of her love to the missionary cause, and the power of

our Saviour's grace to comfort and bless his chosen disciple.

The party of missionaries with whom Mrs. Speer went to China sailed from New York on the 20th of July, 1846. On the 10th of September following, she was attacked with a slight hemorrhage from the lungs, which was renewed afterwards, but the progress of the disease was slow; and on her arrival at Macao, on the 26th of December, hopes were still entertained of her recovery. "The question of a return to the United States," says Mr. Speer, from whose narrative this memoir is taken, "soon came up, and met with an immediate and firm negative from her, chiefly on the ground of our solemn vows to God, and entire consecration of ourselves to the missionary cause. . . . .

"On Sabbath, 7th of March, we celebrated the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Mrs. Speer joined us, though carried into the room, and forced to recline upon a sofa during its administration. She experienced very strongly the sense of Christ's gracious presence. It was the 'last Supper' to her. Henceforth she drank not with us of 'the fruit of the vine.' Now, we trust, she 'drinks it new with Christ in the Father's kingdom.' To her last hour she enjoyed, in a remarkable manner, the distinct sense of God's sustaining hand beneath her. Shortly after this communion she informed me that on one afternoon, as she meditated, the realization of God's presence in the room, the glory and the majesty and the brightness of the King of kings, the Father of lights, yet arrayed in robes of unspeakable love and pity, was so

vivid as to be overpowering. Her soul seemed to be swallowed up and absorbed. It was more than nature could bear, not an ecstasy, but an oppressive 'weight of glory,' of almighty love, and infinite holiness and majesty. She was compelled to turn away her mind lest she should sink down."

Henceforth her disease made rapid progress, though its symptoms "alternated, for several days at a time, with periods of brightness and comparative health and strength. On pleasant afternoons she rode out in a sedan chair on the Praya Grande in sight of the sea, or upon the Campo, without the city, along paths shaded with the bamboo, the plantain and the papaya; and often came back much refreshed. It was remarked by her, that the days when she was most ill and debilitated were those in which she had the most rich spiritual enjoyment."

"She had committed herself to the missionary work with deliberation, numbering her days and counting the cost. There was no romance in her calculations when she forsook all that she had for Christ. Six weeks after the birth of her little daughter she writes to a relative:

" 'I am very weak and frail yet, only able to walk about the house. This will astonish you, as you may call to mind how rapidly I used to skip to town and back again.* Those days are over, and God has seen fit to cast me down. It may be that my strength will be recovered in a few weeks; but there is some reason to fear that it will not. I feel content to have it

*Her father's residence, Linwood, is a mile and a half from the city of Pittsburgh.

either way. I am *still trusting in God*, and have found *no reason* yet for distrust.'

"On Tuesday, April 13, Mrs. Speer suffered greatly from palpitation of the heart, which almost deprived her of breath, sometimes for fifteen minutes at once. In the evening she spoke strongly of her anticipations of joy on the judgment day. She imagined the anxiety of those who should meet its awful trial. 'I often think how we will *stretch out our hands* toward Jesus on that day,' said she: 'how glad we will be when we are placed on his right hand. God will then be the great object of our love; still we will love each other, too, and that with a pure and holy love.'"

In this sweet trust in the Saviour she was kept until the hour of her departure, on the 24th of April, 1847. "It was just half-past five o'clock. As the evening sun threw his declining rays upon the scene of woe, oh, how vivid and consoling was the thought that she, much loved and departing, was at the instant entering those regions of glorious splendor and of bliss, where, in the sunshine of the presence of the Father of lights, there is no night forever.

"The universal expression was, 'How peaceful!' Every heart seemed to feel that her 'last end was *peace*.' I have never known such an illustration of Mrs. Barbauld's hymn, which she had loved to sing on earth:

> "'So fades a summer cloud away;
> So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
> So gently shuts the eye of day;
> So dies a wave along the shore.'

"On the Sabbath evening, at the same hour of the

day, we laid her in the dust in that green and quiet spot of the cemetery belonging to the East India Company, where lie in sacred repose the remains of the revered Morrison, and his noble wife Mary, and their son John, and those of the Rev. Samuel Dyer. What a bright and happy company shall rise thence on the morning of the resurrection!"—*J. C. L.*

Rev. Oliver P. Stark.

We learn with great regret of the departure from this life of the Rev. Oliver P. Stark, Superintendent of Spencer Academy, Choctaw Mission. He died at Spencer, April 4, 1884, in the sixty-first year of his age, after an illness of some weeks. His departure is a great loss to the Indians and to his family and friends; but for himself it was, no doubt, gain to die. He was connected with the Choctaw nation as a teacher from 1846 to 1849, and again as an ordained missionary from 1859 to 1861. The war broke up the missionary work, and he became a minister to a church in Texas, but in 1882 the way was opened for his return to his work for the Choctaws, who warmly welcomed their former friend. His usefulness seemed to be greater than ever. But his work here is ended. Such is the will of the Lord, and the church can only say: Thy will be done.—*Record*, May, 1884.

Mrs. Hattie L. Stocking.

Rev. William R. Stocking and wife sailed for Persia in 1871, and within a year of their arrival Mrs.

Stocking was removed by death. She had accompanied her husband on a missionary tour in Koordistan, expecting to be absent from Oroomiah for some weeks. They were both taken with severe illness, which brought Mr. Stocking to the verge of the grave and removed his wife to a better world, at Hassan, on the 22d of September, 1872. We mourn over her departure. She was a lovely Christian woman and one fitted to be very useful as a missionary. But the Lord's ways are right, gracious, loving, best.—*Record*, February, 1873.

For details of Mrs. Stocking's sickness, death and burial, see *Foreign Missionary*, February, 1873.

Mrs. Catharine M. Templeton.

Mrs. Templeton, wife of Rev. W. H. Templeton, of the Creek Mission, died July 3, 1857. She had been connected with the mission more than five years, and had always discharged her duties with marked efficiency. The testimony of her associates is that she died as she had lived, trusting in the Lord Jesus. —*Annual Report*, 1858.

Mrs. R. A. Thackwell.

Our dear sister, Mrs. Thackwell, wife of Rev. Reese A. Thackwell, was removed from our midst on Sabbath, 16th February (1873), shortly after midnight. She bore her suffering and pain, which were

agonizing in the extreme at times, with Christian patience and fortitude; and was enabled amid all her sufferings to glorify her God and Saviour. When asked by a friend on the Sabbath evening before her death what she thought in view of the great change, she said, "I am not afraid to die, for all my trust is in Jesus. I would like to feel the presence of my Saviour very near me." Later in the evening she became better, and we all lay down to take a little rest; but only to be aroused a little after midnight by the cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." When we all gathered around her bedside she was unable to speak, and her happy spirit soon passed away to the brighter and better world to live and reign with Christ in endless day. We weep for ourselves, not for her, for the pain and suffering are all over. She sleeps in Jesus. Although my acquaintance with our dear sister was short, yet I can truly say she was a noble, high-souled, unselfish woman, and an humble, faithful and devoted Christian. For her to live was Christ, and to die was gain. She was a powerful example of the truth of Christianity.—*Rev. A. P. Kelso.*

Rev. William M. Thomson, D.D.

The Rev. William M. Thomson, D.D., whose death occurred April 8, 1894, at Denver, Colo., in the eighty-ninth year of his age, was born at Springdale, O., December 31, 1806. He was graduated from Miami University in 1826, and entered Princeton Theological Seminary in 1829, but left in 1831 before graduation, and went to Syria as a missionary of the American

Board in 1832, arriving at Beirut February 24, 1833. He was actively connected with mission work in Syria for a period of forty-three years, until 1876, when he left Syria and after a sojourn in Scotland returned to the United States. Until 1870 he was connected with the American Board. At that time, however, the Syria Mission was transferred to the care of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and since that date Dr. Thomson's official connection has been with the latter Board, until his final retirement in 1876. Since his return he published, in 1880–86, the enlarged edition of *The Land and the Book*, a work which has been of great value and service to all lovers of the Bible, and with which his name will always be identified. Dr. Thomson received from Wabash College, in 1858, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, and was also a fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society, and of the Royal Geological Society.

His father, Rev. John Thomson, and also his mother, were of Scotch-Irish descent, and removed to Ohio from Kentucky when Cincinnati was only a fort. Both his parents were strong characters, and had clear convictions upon all religious as well as moral and political questions. This may be inferred from the fact that even at that early date they left their Kentucky home and settled in Ohio on account of their strong anti-slavery feeling.

Dr. Thomson married Miss Eliza Nelson Hanna, of New York, before his departure for Syria. Mrs. Thomson died in 1834. He subsequently married Mrs. Abbott, the widow of a former English Consul in Syria, who also died a few years before Dr. Thom-

son finally left Syria. The circumstances of the death of his first wife were tragical. It happened that soon after his arrival in Beirut he went, in 1834, to Jerusalem. It was at the time of the disturbances incident to a rebellion against the iron rule of Mohammed Ali. Dr. Thomson had occasion to leave Jerusalem for a short journey. During his absence he was arrested and imprisoned by Ibrahim Pasha, who could not be made to understand the function of a missionary, but took him for a spy. While Dr. Thomson was thus detained, Ibrahim Pasha marched upon Jerusalem, and, taking advantage of an earthquake, assaulted the city and captured it. Mrs. Thomson, with her infant in her arms (now the well-known Dr. William H. Thomson, of New York), took refuge in a vault. A falling stone nearly crushed the babe. Mrs. Thomson, who was writing a letter to her husband at the time, in her agitation overturned the inkstand and deluged her paper with ink. She soon after became delirious, and was found in this state by Dr. Thomson on his return to Jerusalem. She died while still delirious, and was buried at Jerusalem.

Dr. Thomson returned to Beirut, where he resided during most of his missionary life in Syria. He participated in many stirring scenes during the civil wars of 1841, 1845 and 1860. In the war of 1845, through his personal influence and courage, the village of Abeih, filled with refugees, was saved from a massacre. Dr. Thomson was himself shot at while carrying a flag of truce. In the disturbances of 1860 he coöperated with Lord Dufferin, representing the

Allied Powers, in adjusting the difficulties of that delicate situation. He acted as Chairman of the Relief Committee organized to meet the emergency. He was a tower of strength to the mission amidst the many difficulties and perils of the early heroic period of missionary effort in Syria. He was a man of large and statesmanlike views, calm judgment, undaunted courage, great practical wisdom, and an efficient organizer. He held a position of commanding influence among natives of all classes. His opinion was sought by those in authority, and many times he was secretly consulted by the leading men of various sects, with entire confidence in his honor and wisdom. One of the leading peculiarities of his missionary life was his kindly spirit toward the natives, and his success in adapting himself to the life of the country, and in winning the affection and confidence of the people. Syria is a field in which pioneer work has always been attended with peculiar difficulties. Dr. Thomson at different times opened and established stations at new points with remarkable success. His counsels in the mission were of great value, and carried with them the weight of his strong personality.

In his private life he was a man of genial and lovely qualities. His missionary aims were large and comprehensive, his devotion to duty untiring, and his religious views were characterized by strength of conviction, liberality, and the best of common sense. For many years he preached continuously at Beirut both in Arabic and English. He was the contemporary and intimate associate of that noble band of early Syrian missionaries, including such men as

Bird, Whiting, De Forest, Ford, Eli Smith, Simeon Calhoun and Cornelius Van Dyck. He took a prominent part in organizing the great educational work of Syria, as represented chiefly at the present time by the Syrian Protestant College and the fine institutions for the education of girls.

He is known, however, in this country, and even throughout the world, as an author rather than as a missionary. His monumental work, *The Land and the Book*, was first published by Harper & Brothers in 1858. At that time there was no international copyright. The book was republished in England, and had there, as here, a phenomenal sale. It was stated before the Commission of the British Parliament on international copyright, that its circulation in Great Britain had been larger than any other American publication, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* alone excepted. It has reappeared in numerous editions on both sides of the Atlantic. The large, thoroughly revised and rewritten edition in three volumes was published here, and in England, in 1880–86, under the provisions of an international copyright. It is characterized by a peculiar charm of style, and a freshness and vividness which gives it special value as a commentary upon the Scriptures. The reader feels as if he were coming into living contact with the scenes and incidents of the Bible, presented with a fidelity and insight which were realistic. His later edition of the book was written with care, in the light of modern discoveries, and illustrated by photographs reproduced under the personal supervision of the author. Dr. Thomson was also a contributor to many

periodicals in the same line of vivid and luminous illustration of the Bible. A series of articles, entitled "The Physical Basis of our Spiritual Language," published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, reveals the peculiar genius of the author in photographing not only the physical background, but the spiritual significance of Scripture language.

Such a life has been of inestimable value not only to missions, but to the cause of popular Biblical instruction. It is a worthy example of the varied and unique service often rendered by missionaries, the true significance and power of which are not always recognized.—*Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D.*

Mrs. William M. Thomson.

Mrs. Thomson, wife of Rev. William M. Thomson, D.D., died April 29, 1873. "She has been longer in Syria," writes Rev. S. H. Calhoun, "than any other member of our mission. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her, both foreign and native. I have been acquainted with her for thirty-four years, and have found no one who combined more excellencies of character than she did and all sanctified by divine grace."—*Record*, July, 1873.

Rev. David Trumbull, D.D.

On February 1, 1889, at Valparaiso, Chili, died one of the true nobility among men. He lacked but a few months of the allotted threescore years and ten,

and over all his years had lain the glow of a sunny, large-hearted and truly Christ-like spirit. No man who knew Dr. Trumbull personally, and had had opportunity to test and measure the depth and generosity of his friendship, will speak of him in the mere set phrases of ordinary regret. Wherever he was known he was loved. Though he was endowed with those qualities which would have made him a shining light among his contemporaries at home, he early laid his plans for a more self-denying work, in some respects a lonely and isolated work, on the west coast of South America, because he felt that morally and spiritually that long coast-line was without one beacon of evangelical light. And it may well be said of him that he was for many, many years a *pharos*, uplifted in the surrounding night of papal superstition and sending forth his light near and afar. Referring to his choice, he wrote in March, 1845:

"It seems as if a field is open there, and in some respects as though I am fitted to enter and till it and scatter in the seed, waiting patiently for God to give the increase."

On the voyage out in the ship *Mississippi* he preached regularly on the Sabbath, and accomplished much good for passengers and crew. The indifference of his fellow-voyagers to religion, instead of driving him in upon himself in timid silence, only led him to pray the more earnestly that he might have "utterance" and fidelity.

He was not a man to be despised or disliked even by the irreligious. His ever-beaming face, his warm and cordial address, were a passport to all hearts.

One of his prayers, as he thought, possibly, with some misgivings of his receding home, was, "May God assist me to a pure purpose of being his, and of sincerely asking where I can do the most good, and of going freely." As the voyage drew to a close, he recorded the prayer, "Now nearing my field, may I be aided to be faithful, remembering that I am to give account."

He had gone out in response to an appeal presented by the Foreign Evangelical Society in behalf of the west coast of South America. Stepping ashore on Christmas day, 1845, a young man of twenty-six years of age, he at once laid his plans for work. He was not long in winning the confidence and sincere friendship of prominent business men in Valparaiso; and while his heart longed especially for the benighted native population, he at length drew around him men of means and of clear appreciation, with whose aid he founded a church for the foreign population. His first service was held in the house of an English merchant, Mr. Sewell. He found an Anglican consular chaplain already in the city, between whom and himself a warm friendship sprang up. After he had preached for some years on board vessels and in small chapels fitted up on shore, the Union Church was dedicated in 1855, having cost $16,000. In 1864 the "Hall" was added at a cost of $13,000. The present church edifice, in which he was long engaged as pastor, was built in 1869. The old church, having been used for a time by a German colony, was afterwards purchased, during the missionary service of Rev. A. M. Merwin, by the mis-

sion, and the Chilian Evangelical Church now occupies the place.

Dr. Trumbull labored for several years in coöperation with the American and Foreign Christian Union, and in later years with the Presbyterian Board. Though not drawing support from the Board, he was an honorary and voting member of the mission and a valuable adviser and helper. From an early day he gave much attention to the spread of Christian literature and the advancement of education. He provided for a time copies of the Scriptures for distribution, but in 1861, by the help of Mr. Alexander Balfour and others, he founded the Valparaiso Bible Society, which has put in circulation in Chili nearly sixty thousand copies of the Scriptures, and more than double that number of other religious books. His broad and genial spirit was illustrated by the fact that he united with a Roman Catholic prelate in soliciting subscriptions to publish a New Testament "which the archbishop would approve." Many copies of this issue have been used. Yet, while friendly to all, he did not fail to drive home upon the Roman Catholic Church of Chili a constant succession of such telling truths as were calculated to dissipate the darkness that had so long lain upon the land.

Dr. Trumbull had taken a deep interest through all the years of his residence in Valparaiso in everything that concerned the material improvement of Chili. His pen was ever ready to advocate wise public measures and to advance reforms, and his personal influence with men in high authority became at length phenomenal. He always displayed a peculiar

tact that rendered his counsels acceptable and safe. More than once was he consulted by those high in authority, and his judgment was honored.

Speaking of his death, *El Mercurio*, a secular paper of Valparaiso, in its issue of February 2, said:

"Valparaiso owed him much, and she always felt honored in claiming him, first, as the most worthy and best known of her foreign residents, and, secondly, as a fellow-countryman; nay, even more, as a true brother, as he proved by his love to humanity, and especially by the love and interest which he felt in all that pertained to the material and moral advancement of this country.

"We can understand the grief that will come today to those who more directly received the benefits of his teaching, his intelligence, his vast experience, his counsels and comforts which he extended to seeking souls. Nevertheless, to us it seems as though his loss affects us all equally, since, as we have already said, the worthy and beloved Dr. Trumbull was a living example of virtue, and since to his exalted spirit it seemed as though all in his sphere were brothers, whatever might be their nationality, their social position or religious beliefs. Such was the man whom we have just lost, and for whom the *Mercurio* ever had the respect, appreciation and esteem which our society, with just reason, vouchsafed him."

I cannot close this brief sketch without laying upon the tomb of David Trumbull my personal tribute of esteem and of real affection. On two occasions while he was visiting the United States I

had opportunity to know him even better than I had been enabled to do by years of friendly correspondence. It was something additional to *see* him, to feel the warm grasp of his hand, and to hear the bright sallies of pleasantry and humor which came forth from his ever-glowing cheerfulness. It lighted his beaming face, even though at that time he knew that he was a victim of a fatal disease. By the skill of a loving son, who was his physician, that disease, *angina pectoris*, was held in check for several years, but it claimed its victim at the last.

Great family afflictions, in the loss of dear children who had attained to manhood and womanhood, had fallen upon our dear brother, but they had not shaken his confidence in God nor blinded the vision with which he beheld the glories that are to come.—*F. F. Ellinwood, D.D.*

Mrs. Mary Lenington Waddell.

The death of Mrs. Waddell, wife of the Rev. W. A. Waddell, which occurred on November 1, 1893, removed from the Brazil Mission one of the most successful workers and wisest counselors. Lifelong acquaintance with the field gave her rare insight into Brazilian character and the perplexing questions of the work. A judgment ripened by communion with Christ enabled her to discern between the essential and the unessential, while her deep consecration inspired every act of her life and was a constant means of grace to all who knew her.—*Annual Report*, 1894.

Miss Emma Walsh.

Miss Emma was the second daughter of Rev. J. J. Walsh, of Allahabad, and joined her father as an assistant missionary in November, 1868. Though born in India, she had been in this country for some years, receiving her education. She united with the church at Newburg, N. Y., where she resided until she left with her mother and sister for India. As soon as she was able she gathered a class of girls to whom she taught the Bible. Preparations were made for an enlargement of the work, and she was ready to move into her schoolroom, when the messenger came. She had not been well for a few days, but there was nothing in her case to excite alarm until a few hours before her departure from earth. At noon of August 15, 1869, a high fever set in, when she became delirious and at six that evening she died.—*Foreign Missionary*, November, 1869.

Rev. Joseph Warren, D.D.

Rev. J. S. Woodside, who was with him, writes: "His end was most peaceful. He had suffered greatly for about seven weeks, but it pleased the Lord to give him relief from extreme bodily pain for the last two or three days before his decease. His funeral was largely attended by all classes of people. Officers and men of all ranks were there." Dr. Warren had suffered for some time from pericarditis. In the last note received from him he says, "If this should be my last letter to you, let me express my

ardent wishes for the prosperity of the Board of Missions. I am very ill now; but our King will do all things well."

When he returned to India (in 1872) it was with the expectation of dying in the harness and in that country. He has had his wish. He was a valued missionary, a good counselor, a warm-hearted friend and greatly beloved by his associates and the people among whom he labored. He leaves a widow in India and two children in this country. Dr. Warren went to India in 1839 and returned home in 1855. Went again in 1872 and died March 7, 1877.—*Foreign Missionary*, May, 1877.

Before leaving the mission, in 1855, he published an affecting and beautiful memoir of Jatni, a member of the church at Allahabad:

"She was the daughter of a Brahman, but she becam a child of God. In all the relations and events of life, her deportment was exemplary. And when called at length to pass over Jordan, she was supported by a good hope through grace. Dr. Warren, with tender caution, had apprised her of the probable termination of her disease; and he adds: 'I was delighted to find that she had thought of it, and had come to feel willing that God should do with her, as to life, just as he pleased. I questioned her closely, and set death and the judgment before her plainly; but her nerves were firm, her eye clear, and her voice calm and steady: "I know Christ, and can fully and completely trust him in all things. He keeps my mind in perfect peace." I saw her often, and found her the same.' She was enabled to resign

herself, her husband and her child to the care of her Father in heaven, and at the early age of twenty-two, she departed joyfully to be with Christ."

Rev. W. J. White, D.D.

On Monday afternoon, July 27 (1891), at Elmira, N. Y., Rev. and Mrs. Wellington J. White, their three children, Lilian C., Mabel G. and Mary M., aged respectively nine, seven and two years, with Hattie Hastings, aged twelve, a daughter of a friend, and Susie McCarthy, a nurse-girl of thirteen, were together in a covered carriage, taking a drive. While crossing the Erie Railroad track, the carriage was struck by an express train which was moving at the rate of about thirty or thirty-five miles an hour.

The persons in the carriage were thrown in various directions. Some against a standing freight train, and some were caught by the cow-catcher of the engine. Mr. White, his daughter Lilian, Hattie Hastings and Susie McCarthy were instantly killed; Mrs. White and little Mary were seriously injured, while Mabel escaped with only a few bruises.

As we go to press, we learn that there is good hope of the recovery of little Mary. The case of Mrs. White is more serious. The physicians in charge have hopes for her recovery, yet her life hangs as by a thread.

Mr. White was a member of the Canton Mission since 1881. He was especially engaged in itinerary work, operating from Macao as a centre. His furlough had almost expired, and he and Mrs. White

were looking forward eagerly to their return in September. Their passage had been already engaged.

During their visit to the United States, Mr. and Mrs. White had been very active in attending meetings of synods, presbyteries, missionary societies and bands, and had made many valued acquaintances and friends. Although in this country for rest and recuperation, they seemed to rest most while on the wing, and to recuperate best while at work.

Mr. White had mastered the Cantonese dialect, and was eminently fitted for his special work. His sudden death and the death of his little daughter will cause great sorrow in all missionary circles, as well as among his many relatives and friends. He will be sadly missed in the great mission field and work. —*Church at Home and Abroad*, September, 1891.

Rev. Albert Whiting.

Mr. Whiting, of Ningpo Mission, China, died at Tai Yuen, April 25, 1878. During the famine which prevailed in the northern provinces, large amounts of money were contributed by foreigners for the relief of the sufferers, and generally the missionaries and their native Christian converts were depended upon for the self-denying work of distribution. For this service, which taxed one's utmost strength and endangered life by contact with prevailing disease, Mr. Whiting volunteered early in the spring.

His journal of travel as he passed into the interior by highways lined with the bodies of the dead and the dying, shows what must have been the strain

brought upon him, and renders it less surprising that within two or three weeks he was prostrated with an attack of deadly typhoid. He died without experienced medical care and with few comforts about him, though receiving the careful attentions of a traveling companion. Mr. Whiting assumed his share of the sacrifice and risk with calm fortitude, well knowing how much was at stake and holding himself ready to meet the divine will.—*Annual Report*, 1879.

Mr. Whiting was a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, and sailed for China in the summer of 1874, and established with Rev. Charles Leaman the mission at Nanking. One of his traveling companions on his sorrowful journey writes to Mrs. Whiting: "On our voyage from Shanghai to Tientsing, Mr. Whiting conducted a little service which we held together in his cabin on Sunday, and he spoke of heaven, urging the more frequent consideration of our Father's house on high. Illustration after illustration he gave us as though the subject had laid fast hold of his own mind; and it even led me to ask him if he had any presentiment of death in connection with this work, but he replied that he had not. . . . . Now and then he alluded, without any appearance of boastfulness, to the great sacrifice which it had cost him to come because of his family ties; and yet he would add that for the sake of exhibiting in practical life the teachings of our holy religion and attesting the common brotherhood of man he was glad to come."—*Foreign Missionary*, August, 1878, and September, 1879.

The following extract from a missionary letter

published in the *Missionary Record* of the Presbyterian Church of England, will be read with interest by all friends of missions. Would that it might also reach the skeptical and indifferent. The Mr. Richard mentioned is a devoted missionary of the English Baptist Society, and shared with Mr. Whiting in his self-denying labors.

Recently a man came to the capital of the Shan-si province, to ascertain Mr. Richard's name, that it might be put up in the temple of his village, for worship.

"A touching incident of Chinese appreciation has recently occurred in connection with the interment of the body of the Rev. Albert Whiting. Mr. Whiting, of the American Presbyterian Mission, fell a victim to famine fever a few days after his arrival at Tai-yuen-fu, the capital of Shan-si. His body was enclosed in a strong coffin until his wife and friends should be communicated with, and their desires ascertained as to its disposal. Their message was that he should be buried where he fell. Mr. Richard accordingly sought to purchase a piece of ground for the grave. Before the purchase was completed, he communicated with the governor of the province, as foreigners have no legal right to hold land in the interior. The first answer was an order for 400 taels (about £130) on the public treasury. The order was accompanied with an intimation that as Mr. Whiting had died in the service of the suffering Chinese, the least that the province could do to show its gratitude was to bear the expense of sending home his body to America. The governor, of course, thought that

what is so dear to a Chinaman—namely, to be buried beside his ancestors—must be equally dear to a foreigner. On Mr. Richard explaining the Christian feeling in this matter, and the express desire of Mr. Whiting's friends that he should be buried at Tai-yuen-fu, the governor insisted that in that case all expenses connected with the purchase of the land should be borne by the treasury.

"At the funeral twelve Chinese carried the coffin to the grave. A short service was held there, and at its close one of the Chinese came forward, saying to the foreign missionaries present: 'Since you have shown your respect to Mr. Whiting, who has lost his life in seeking our good, let us also pay our respect.' Mr. James adds: 'Before we had time to stop him, he had suited the action to the word, and was down on his knees before the grave; the others would have done the same had we not restrained them, and more fully explained our meaning.'"

Oh, when will Americans begin to realize that the Chinese are one of the noblest races on the globe!—*Foreign Missionary*, August, 1878, and September, 1879.

Mrs. James Williams.

Mrs. Williams, wife of Mr. James Williams, of the Indian Orphan Institute, Kansas, died May 28, 1863, sincerely lamented by those who knew her worth. She was supported to the last by a good hope through grace.—*Annual Report*, 1864.

Mrs. Sarah W. Williams--Rev. Edwin T. Williams.

Mrs. Williams, wife of the Rev. Edwin T. Williams, was a native of South Carolina. At an early age she professed her faith in Christ, and through grace was enabled to adorn that profession by a beautiful and consistent life. She consented to engage in missionary work, in full view of its trials and with everything that could have made a residence in her native land joyous and attractive; a sense of her unworthiness to serve her Redeemer in such a holy work was her chief discouragement. She left this country with her husband in the fall of 1853, but she was not permitted to remain long at Corisco. The seeds of consumption, sown before she left her native land, developed so rapidly in disease on the voyage and after her arrival that in about three months it was deemed expedient that she should return to this country. She lingered here in feebleness until June 12, 1855, when she died, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. Her last days were remarkably supported by divine grace; and her last hours deeply impressed the weeping friends around her dying bed with the conviction that she was already seeing her Saviour. "Wearing still a smile of heavenly radiance, her gentle, happy spirit entered into rest."—*Presbyterian.*

Mr. Williams afterwards returned to Africa as a missionary in Liberia. His health having suffered from fever of the coast, he visited this country, hoping to be able to go back to the work which he pre-

ferred to any other; but before he was able to return to it, and while still connected with the Board as one of its missionaries, the rebellion was begun and it arrested his plans. He then took charge of a church in Florida, and his relations to the Board were virtually, though not formally, dissolved. He was called to his rest in 1865. He was a man of singularly amiable character and of sincere and devoted piety. As a missionary he was held in the warmest esteem by his associates and by all who knew him. He was a native of Georgia, a graduate of Nassau Hall and of the Theological Seminary, Princeton. In the thirty-ninth year of his age he entered into the joy of his Lord.—*J. C. L.*

Rev. Thomas S. Williamson, M.D.

Seldom do we meet with a nobler record of Christian fidelity and real heroism than that afforded by the life and labors of this veteran apostle to the Dakotas. The missionary career of Dr. Williamson, which closed at St. Peter's, Minn., on the 24th of June, 1879, was remarkable alike in its inception and in its completion. He died at nearly eighty years of age, and at a time when an important work in the translation of the word of God into the Dakota language, in which he had been associated with his worthy friend, Dr. Riggs, had just been consummated. He had never had a doubt of his call to his particular work; he had been preserved amid many hardships and privations and imminent perils, and he had exceeded his most

sanguine expectations in the fruits bestowed upon his labors. He had seen the salvation of the Lord, and his dying testimony showed that he received the last summons in peace.

Thomas S. Williamson was born in March, 1800, in Fair Forest, Union District, S. C. He inherited a noble and conscientious spirit from his father, Rev. William Williamson, who, in 1805, removed from South Carolina into Adams county, O., for the purpose of manumitting his slaves. By thus migrating to a State in which he *could* do justice to his bondmen, the elder Williamson anticipated the final and complete overthrow of slavery by sixty years; and by his prophetic act of commiseration toward the oppressed of one race he doubtless helped to lay the foundations of that sympathy which led his son to espouse the cause of another injured race years later.

Young Williamson was graduated at Jefferson College in 1817, and at Yale Medical School in 1824. Settling as a physician in Ripley, O., he had acquired a large and lucrative practice, when his mind became deeply impressed with the destitution of the Indians. There has been no time in the entire history of American aggression upon these people when their condition might not have appealed with special emphasis to the sympathies of a Christian physician. Since they experienced the contact of the white settlers, many diseases of infection have been added to those which they formerly suffered. And other maladies arising from the exposure incident to their enforced removals, and from the process of acclima-

tion, as well as those following in the wake of famine, have preyed upon the wasting tribes. The precarious and irregular provisions of our Government have proved but an inadequate substitute for the abundant supplies of food which were once afforded them by their ample hunting-grounds. Strength has failed them, and generation after generation they have gradually approached extinction.

The heart of the young physician at Ripley was keenly alive to this sad spectacle, while at the same time he was moved by their spiritual destitution. He had experienced the converting grace of God while in college, and he now longed to become a physician both for the souls and for the bodies of these neglected children of the forest.

His young wife was also in full sympathy with him. The question of offering themselves as missionaries was discussed and prayed over; and at length, solely on account of their young children, it was decided in the negative. But God, whose providences are often shrouded in mystery, took the children to himself. When in January, 1833, the last two died within a few days of each other, Dr. Williamson "arose as if God's voice were sounding in his ears," and began his preparations for missionary work among the Indians. He scarcely needed to consult the opinions of human counselors, so clear were his convictions of duty.

While none are to wait till they receive precisely the same kind of message from God's Spirit as he did; while the methods and the processes of conviction differ both in kind and degree; and while many

of the noblest and most successful missionaries have at first lacked such clear indications—yet it is always undoubtedly an element of moral power to feel assured that one's stewardship is from his divine Master. In this case this assurance proved a steady support in many an hour of danger. Dr. Williamson left his medical practice and spent a year in Lane Theological Seminary, after which (in 1834) he made a preliminary tour of observation among the Sioux on the Upper Mississippi. During the same year two brothers of the name of Pond began to labor among the Sioux as self-supported missionaries. Dr. Williamson removed his family to his chosen field in 1835. The *St. Peter's Tribune* states that:

"He was accompanied by his wife and infant daughter, by his wife's sister, Miss Mary Poage, afterwards Mrs. Gideon H. Pond, and by Mr. Alexander G. Huggins and family. He stopped a few weeks at Fort Snelling, where, June 12, 1835, he presided at the organization of the first Protestant church in Minnesota, consisting of twenty-two white members.

"Soon after, they proceeded to Lac qui-Parle. Until they reached Traverse des Sioux, then a trading post held by Mr. Le Blancs, the families, goods and wagons were transported on a Mackinac boat, Mr. Huggins accompanying them. In this company were the first white women who ever ascended the Minnesota. The doctor, with the assistance of a boy, came with the two horses through the trackless woods, camping with those on the boat whenever possible. From Traverse they at once proceeded by wagon to Lac-qui-Parle.

"Here he established a permanent mission station and preached to the Indians through Mr. Joseph Renville, the trader there, who proved an earnest, efficient helper. As Mr. Renville spoke French, but not English, the doctor was compelled to acquire a thorough knowledge of French as a stepping-stone to a knowledge of Dakota."

From 1835 till the reunion of the Presbyterian church, and the consequent transfer of a part of the Dakota mission, Dr. Williamson labored under the care of the American Board. He has since been supported by the Presbyterian Board, and on one or two occasions has attended the General Assembly as a commissioner from the Dakota Presbytery.

The writer of this sketch remembers the deep and agreeable impression made upon his mind upon meeting the doctor four or five years ago, at the Synod of Minnesota, with seventeen Indians, ministers and elders of the mission churches. Some of those men, now preachers of the gospel, had passed over that same ground (Minneapolis) on the war-path with more of feathers and savage accoutrements than of clothing, and possibly with a cluster of scalps at the belt as trophies of their prowess. To see such men entering into all the blessings of Christian fellowship, and counseling together for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, enables one to realize that, of a truth, "God is no respecter of persons; but that in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

The space allotted to this hasty sketch precludes many a reference which might properly be made to

various experiences in the life of Dr. Williamson, which have been full of thrilling romance and of a moral heroism seldom equaled. It is to be hoped that some pen of leisure may yet trace more fully the outlines of his instructive life. His hair-breadth escapes "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst," were only second to those of the first great Apostle to the Gentiles.

In the various wars between Indian tribes, as well as in struggles between the Indians and the forces of the United States, Dr. Williamson and his family were often placed in imminent danger. More than once camps of hostile Sioux were pitched in plain sight of his house. Sometimes he used precautions for the safety of his family, while he remained at his post; at other times he had to commit himself and those dear to him to God's protection, when human resources seemed utterly at an end. At one time an uplifted dagger was averted from him by the hand of a friend; at another, an Indian who had come to his house, with a concealed weapon, for the purpose of killing him, was overcome by the kindness with which his hunger was appeased. The man afterwards became a convert. In the difficulties which occurred between the Dakotas and the Government, between 1862 and 1865, Dr. Williamson shared in all the dangers and anxieties to which the missionaries and the Christian Indians were exposed. At the time of the outbreak he, with other missionaries,

were warned and saved only by the kindness and help of friendly Indians. While he did not justify the atrocities which the enraged tribes committed upon the white settlements, yet he exerted himself to prevent those summary acts of vengeance which were likely to be put forth by the stronger party at such a time. Over a hundred had been condemned to be hung, some after a hasty trial and upon a mere shadow of evidence.

In all the trying experiences of this uprising, Dr. Williamson never lost confidence in his native converts. He maintained, against the prevailing sentiment in Minnesota, that all the Christian Indians had proved faithful to the whites, even at the risk of their own lives, and that they had saved more whites from death than they themselves numbered.

On this point a Minnesota paper, named above, makes this frank acknowledgment:

"His belief that no member of the Presbyterian churches, and scarcely any who had ever regularly attended religious services, had taken part in the massacres, though contrary to the general belief, has been fully confirmed by the most thorough investigation."

He used every exertion to temper the action not only of the local authorities, but also of the U. S. Government.

He expended $130 of his own funds in efforts on behalf of the Dakotas at Washington, and was crowned with success. Their sentence was commuted to a removal to the upper waters of the Missouri.

When the Indians learned what their noble mis-

sionary friend had expended on their account, they resolved to refund it; and although they had no other means open to them than that of making bows and arrows and other trifles, they actually earned and paid over $80.

Their hearts were touched by kindness, and many of them by the Spirit of God. The following picture of the scene of their embarkation for the Upper Missouri is quoted from a contemporary number of the *Missionary Herald:*

"As darkness shut in the skies, the Indians looked out upon their native hills, as they said, for the last time. We were hardly under way, however, when, from all the different parts of the boat where the Indians were collected, we heard hymns of praise ascending to Jehovah, not loud, but soft and sweet, like the gentle murmuring of waters. Then one of them led in prayer, after which another hymn was sung; and so they continued till all were composed, and drawing their blankets over them, each fell asleep. The next morning before sunrise they were again at their devotions. So they continued, evening and morning, and these services were commenced without any suggestion from us."

Although Dr. Williamson had met with many discouragements and reverses; although in 1852 he had seen his work broken up and his people forcibly removed to Yellow Medicine; although in another decade the outbreak of the hostile Sioux, exasperated by further aggressions, had led as we have seen to another sad interruption of the work; yet the laborer was not without his reward. He lived to see ten

ordained native preachers engaged in their work, and an aggregate church membership of 800.

And amid all the difficulties of laborious frontier life he held no mean rank as a scholar. Besides his knowledge of the French and the Dakota languages, he kept up his study of the Hebrew and the Greek, and prepared some papers on the ethnology of the aborigines of this country.

As he had presided at the organization of the first church in Minnesota, so at the organization of the Synod of Minnesota in 1858, at St. Paul, he was called to preach the sermon. Taking his text from Deut. 8: 2, "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee," he gave an interesting, and in some respects thrilling, history of the early missionary work among the Indians of the Northwest. After dwelling upon many scenes of trial and danger, and of want bordering sometimes on starvation, he recounted the divine goodness to him and to his associates in the following words of triumphant faith:

"However weak and unfaithful we have been, we must testify that the Lord who sent us has faithfully fulfilled to us all his promises. When he has caused us to pass through the waters, he has been with us, and the rivers, though deep, have not overflowed us; and when the flaming prairie has threatened to consume us, we have walked through the fire and have not been burnt.

"When we have called upon him in the day of trouble, he has ever shown himself a God who hears and answers prayer.

"When assailed by deadly weapons, a hand not ours has arrested or turned aside the knife or arrow intended to reach our vitals, and we have been kept from violence, and enabled to return good for evil. Further, when all about us have been alarmed, he has fulfilled the promise, 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;' and when our neighbors have been unable to sleep protected by a guard of armed men, we have slept soundly, guarded only by the Shepherd of Israel."—*Foreign Missionary*, August, 1879.

Mrs. Maria Wilson.

Mrs. Wilson was born January 21, 1832, in Starke county, O. In her twelfth year, her parents removed to Shelby county, to a farm near Sidney, in the Presbyterian church of which village her father was made a ruling elder. His death, in August, 1850, appears to have been blessed to her, and in November of that year she made a public profession of religion. She was educated in part at the Oxford Female College, where she was graduated with honor to herself in the summer of 1856.

Early in her Christian course, her heart became interested in the sad condition of the heathen; and when the Rev. Jonathan Wilson, who had consecrated himself to the mission work, invited her to become his companion and helper, with no hesitation but such as arose from her sense of her unfitness, she consented; and soon afterwards, she cheerfully bid a farewell that she felt would be a last one to friends

and home, to a widowed mother, and all, to go forth with him to labor among the heathen of Siam.

She reached her appointed post, and we are all witnesses how faithfully here she did what she could, and how she endeared herself as a beloved sister to all her associates, by her uniform cheerfulness and sweetness of demeanor, her blamelessness of life, her wise discretion, her interest in the spiritual good of the heathen around her, and her faithfulness in all the relations of life. A little daughter was given her to nestle in her arms awhile. Before a twelvemonth had passed, her little "Hattie" drooped and pined away, and, only eight short weeks before herself, died. A sad trial, this, to a young mother, herself prostrate most of the time on a bed of sickness, and unable to minister to her suffering child; but it was borne with sweet submission, and doubtless was sanctified to her better fitness for that world she was so soon herself to enter, where God is seen to be all in all, and his will, whatever it be, is adored. Henceforth, an uncomplaining acquiescence in all that might be ordered for her, gave new beauty to the life of one who had ever been characterized by a calm, straightforward pursuance of the path of duty.

When it became evident that she would be taken away from us, she was the first to speak of it. She said to Mrs. House, who was sitting with her, "It will be but a little while." "Dear sister," replied Mrs. House, "are you willing it should be but a little while?" She answered, "Yes—any time—any time," and then proceeded to speak with great composure of her death and burial. Once, when she

supposed she had but a few hours to live, she whispered to her husband, "I am going to Jesus;" a heavenly smile lighting up her countenance with an expression he can never forget. One Sabbath, when we all thought she could not survive through the day, I asked her if she had any last message for me to give the Siamese, who would soon be assembled for the morning preaching service. Pausing a few minutes, she said, "Tell them I am waiting to go home. I hope I shall meet them all in heaven. Tell them the Siamese religion will not do for a dying bed. Let them seek the Lord while he may be found, and not put it off to their dying hour." To a friend who offered to sit up with her on the morrow, she said, "I hope before that to be where there will be no need of watchers." . . . . A turn of distress ensuing, her husband bowed his head and prayed, "Lord Jesus, come quickly," when she raised her trembling arms and made an effort to clasp her hands as if in prayer and said, "Come—come—come," and then seemed to be beckoning till her hands dropped exhausted, and we thought her last words had been spoken. But soon she raised her arms again, and beckoning as before, said with a voice, the strength of which surprised us all, "They've come; heaven—sweet music—angels—Hattie—glorified." She spoke not again. Her breathing gradually became more and more gentle, till at 3 A.M., July 10, 1860, it ceased and thus she sweetly fell asleep.

Rev. D. B. Bradley, M.D., conducted the funeral services, basing his remarks upon the text, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever,"

which on one occasion she had so impressively quoted. The children of the school were assembled and many natives, so a part of Dr. Bradley's address was in Siamese. The English and United States consuls and the foreign residents of Bangkok generally manifested their respect for the deceased and their sympathy with the bereaved husband by their presence on the occasion, and in their boats in long procession followed her remains to the Protestant cemetery, where we laid her down to rest beside her little one, and near other sainted dead in "sure and certain hope" of a joyful resurrection.—*Rev. S. R. House, M.D.*

Mrs. Jonathan Wilson (2).

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson arrived in Bangkok, Siam, on his return from a visit to this country in July, 1866, and the next year they followed the Rev. Mr. McGilvary to Chieng Mai, to establish a mission among the Laos. Mrs. Wilson's health failing after ten years' service, they were obliged to return to America, and Mrs. Wilson with their three children found a home in Oxford, O., while her husband, with a rare spirit of self-sacrifice, returned alone to pursue his labors among the far-off Laos. Her health had long been feeble, and she died on the 5th of March, 1885, from an attack of apoplexy. Kind friends at Oxford have undertaken to care for the children until the wishes and plans of their father may be known. What sacrifices are these which our missionaries endure for the sake of Christ and of the heathen

whom they have learned to love! What are our gifts throughout the church-at-large in comparison with the separation from each other which this husband and wife endured for seven years, that he might still labor on in behalf of the unhappy tribes to whom we are all "debtors" as much as he?—*Foreign Missionary*, May, 1885.

Miss Mary Nevius Wilson.

The life and death of this faithful zenana missionary demands more than a passing word. Miss Wilson, who was the sister of Mr. John M. Wilson, ruling elder in the Presbyterian church at Ovid, N. Y., was one of the pioneers of the zenana mission movement in India. She sailed from Boston on the 6th of July, 1868, and, after spending some months in Calcutta, was placed in charge of a branch mission at Allahabad, where she was joined in 1871 by Miss S. C. Seward, M.D. In 1873 they were both transferred from the Woman's Union Missionary Society to the Jumna Mission of the Presbyterian Board.

From early youth Miss Wilson had desired to be a missionary, and to this work she felt specially called. Tourists from this country, among whom were Drs. Prime and Field, have spoken in high terms of Miss Wilson's work in the zenanas of Allahabad; and the earnest enthusiasm of educated natives has been aroused by the manifest usefulness of her career.

Sir William Muir, late Lieutenant Governor of the Northwest Provinces, showed her marked tokens of his appreciation. Miss Wilson's work was almost

entirely that of visitation, an employment which greatly taxed her physical powers. That her attainments and qualifications were good is attested by the fact that a Hindu gentleman (a judge in one of the courts) took pains to say to her, not long since, how pleased he was to hear her use the Bengali language with so perfect a pronunciation that he would have thought her one of his own people had he not known who it was. Her work, which was constantly increasing and of great interest, wore upon her; but she could not bear to leave it so long as there were none to take her place.

In a recent letter to her friends she thus expressed her fears at the risk which she was running: "The hot winds are beginning to blow. I never had so much dread of the hot months as I feel this year; and I am not sure that it was wise for me to stay in the plains just now; but I could not bear to leave my women; and no one is being sent out to fill up our diminished ranks. One after another goes, but no one comes."

The fears thus expressed were realized sooner than she had anticipated. A sense of weariness gradually developed into the deadly typhus, and some special symptoms which appeared heralded her speedy departure, which occurred on 24th May, 1879.

A recent letter from Miss Seward says of her: "The expressions of regret and condolence for Miss Wilson have been very general and sincere. I don't think there has ever been a missionary in Allahabad who was more thoroughly esteemed and admired. At a funeral service for a member of his own church,

a few days after her death, the English chaplain spoke of her as one whose life had always seemed to him that of a saint. I was not present, but friends have told me that while he spoke of her the tears stole down his face. It has been too hot to visit the zenanas, but those of her women whom I have seen, burst into tears at the mention of her name."

The writer of this brief sketch cannot forbear to add his own testimony of her great worth. In the winter of 1874 and '75, when he and his wife visited Allahabad, they were the recipients of peculiar kindness from Miss Wilson, not only while enjoying her hospitality, but upon a journey which they made to a mission meeting at Saharanpur. Their ignorance of what was requisite to comfort on such a journey, was fully compensated by the considerateness and quiet preparations of Miss Wilson, who seemed to think less of herself than of others. The image of her kindly face, and the echoes of her gentle words, will never be forgotten. We remember also the high consideration in which she appeared to be held by the cultivated natives in Allahabad, upon some of whom we had the pleasure of calling with her.

Miss Wilson stands as a fair representative of that modern form of usefulness known as zenana work. Would that thousands of our American women, equally cultivated, equally genial, sensible, well-balanced, faithful and devoted, might carry the light of sympathy and love, even the love of Christ, the only Saviour, into the dark homes of benighted India. —*Foreign Missionary*, September, 1879.

Rev. Thomas Wilson.

Mr. Wilson, of the mission in Liberia, died September 3, 1846. His death is a great loss to the church and to Africa. His experience (as a colored man especially) and knowledge, his industry and perseverance, fitted him for usefulness in this important sphere of duty.—*Annual Report*, 1847.

Rev. James Wilson.

Mr. Wilson was born and brought up in Western Pennsylvania, and was a graduate of Jefferson College and Allegheny Seminary. He arrived in India with his wife and with Rev. John Newton and his wife in 1835. He returned to this country with his family in 1851. He expected to go back to his chosen field, but was providentially led to remain in his native land and continued in the work of the ministry till he died February 13, 1884, at Tyler, Tex., while on a visit to one of his sons, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was greatly respected and beloved as a missionary. He was thoughtful, forecasting, laborious, self-denying, truly consecrated. As he was much above the ordinary grade of intellect and of unusual insight as to Hindu character and life, his leaving the work in which he delighted was a real sorrow to himself and a serious loss to the mission. His last illness was of but a week's continuance, and his departure from this life was eminently peaceful. It was touching to see the bent of his mind in these last days. "India was the one

place to which his thoughts unconsciously turned, and in the delirium of fever, or even when free from fever, he was conversing with the Moolas or Muftis, or affectionately inquiring about 'the native brethren.'" Mrs. Wilson survives him at an advanced age, and four sons, two of whom are respected ministers of the Southern Presbyterian Church.—*Record*, April, 1884.

Mrs. James Wilson.

Mrs. Wilson died October 29, 1886. One of her sons sent from McConnellsville, S. C., the following touching note:

"On the 29th of last month (October, 1886) our dear mother, your old friend and the wife of your fellow-missionary in India, died. On her death-bed she directed a ten-dollar bill, to be found in her Bible, to be sent to the Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions, expressing herself as feeling under many obligations to that Board for kindness received at their hands. The gift is a small one, but yet large in the circumstances. It is the offering of a widow who spent seventeen of the best years of her life as a foreign missionary, and is simply her dying effort to further the cause she loved so well. Her death, like her life, was brave, calm and trustful, and undimmed by even a momentary obscuration of faith."—*Record*, December, 1886.

Rev. Frank A. Wood.

The following extract of a letter dated July 21, 1878, from Rev. J. S. Dennis, pays a just and heart-felt tribute to a noble fellow-missionary:

"The brethren of our mission are engaged in a sad duty to-day. As I write, the funeral services of Rev. Mr. Wood are being conducted in Beirut. He died in Aleih yesterday, July 20, at 4 P.M. His sickness has been a painful one, and it is now nearly two months since he became ill. Early in his illness he was brought to Beirut that he might receive more prompt and constant medical attendance than was possible at his home on Mt. Lebanon. His disease has baffled the most watchful attention and skillful efforts of Dr. Post, who, with Dr. Van Dyck in consultation, has been unremitting in his kind services. Less than a week ago (July 16) he was brought to this mountain village, which can be reached by the carriage road, in the hope that the mountain air might prove some benefit. His wife had prepared a quiet home for him here and awaited his arrival; but, alas! she could simply minister to him in his dying hours. No mortal skill could stay the dread ravages of his disease, whose fatal progress was attended by great distress and suffering. He gave a clear and cheerful testimony of the sustaining grace of God and of his faith and hope in Christ which failed him not in his hour of trial. His patience and cheerfulness, and his consecration to his work, are a lesson to us all. It is now seven years since he came to Syria. During his residence of a year or two at Sidon, he

acquired the language with facility and with scholarly accuracy, and began his active missionary life upon his subsequent removal to Zahleh. He labored between two and three years at the latter place, and then removed to Abeih to take charge of the Abeih Academy, the position which Mr. Calhoun had filled so ably and faithfully during his long life in Syria. To this work he gave himself with all his energy, perseverance and consecration. He loved teaching, and his superior attainments in the natural sciences and excellent command of the language gave him special qualifications to instruct. His care for the spiritual welfare of his students was a marked feature in his usefulness. Interesting religious awakenings occurred among the students under his charge, and numbers were converted through his personal agency. His missionary work was to him no burden to be wearily borne, but it was his life's joy and ambition. Physically, he was the strongest and most buoyant of our mission band. The distress and weakness and pain of his last sickness were new experiences to him, as he had hardly seen a sick day in his life.

"His daily prayer was for patience and grace to bear, and how well he succeeded in controlling the restlessness of a strong man in his first and most trying illness, may be inferred from a remark of good sister Sophie of the German Hospital, who nursed him in Beirut. She said, 'He is too patient to live.'"

The following minute was passed by the Syrian Mission, August 14:

"We are a sorely stricken mission. Again has the Lord laid upon us his afflictive hand and taken away

one of the strongest, youngest and most useful of our number.

"Rev. Frank A. Wood slept in Jesus on the 20th of last July, 1878, taken away at the early age of thirty-three, after less than seven years spent in the mission field. He had, to an unusual degree, won the respect, esteem and affection of all who came in contact with him. While he 'rests from his labors, his works' emphatically 'do follow' him. He was eminently fitted for labor in the missionary field. To fine natural abilities and large acquirements, were added remarkable amiability and most earnest piety. In the performance of his duties he was unwearied, persevering, hopeful. He united in an unusual degree faith, prayer and the most assiduous use of means.

"The affection of the people for him was striking, especially that of the pupils of the Abeih Academy, of which he was for three years the principal. The sorrow occasioned by his death is widespread and sincere.

"By the mission his loss is most keenly felt. We are, indeed, called upon to 'humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God.'

"To the bereaved widow we would express the deepest and tenderest sympathy, and commend her to the only true source of comfort, praying that the Lord may graciously sustain her with his everlasting arms, and supply her from his infinite fullness."—*Foreign Missionary*, October, 1878.

Miss Jennie Woodside.

The sorrowful event of the mission year, 1886–7, at Futtehgurh, India, was the death of Miss Woodside, February 3, 1887, daughter of Rev. John S. Woodside, a lady of singular devotedness, of superior qualifications for her work as a missionary, and held in the highest esteem by all the members of our missions and others. Her closing hours were, in harmony with her beautiful life, full of peace.—*Annual Report*, 1887.

Mrs. John S. Woodside.

The death of Mrs. Woodside withdraws from service here to her rest in heaven one of the best Christian women—one long respected and esteemed as a faithful and devoted missionary. She died in London at the house of a married daughter, where she had gone for her health not long after she had heard of the death of her missionary daughter, Jennie, in India. Her husband had joined her some weeks before she died. Mr. Woodside then, after a short visit to this country, returned to his former station, doubly bereaved, but with renewed consecration to his work.—*Annual Report*, 1888.

Rev. Asher Wright.

The God of missions has visited us with a very great affliction in the death of our most esteemed brother, the Rev. Asher Wright. He was born in

Hanover, N. H., September 7, 1803, and "born again" at the age of sixteen years.

Graduating from Andover in 1831, he gave himself to the Lord for labor among the heathen. The American Board were then desirous of increasing the number of their laborers among the American Indians, but young graduates were slow in consenting to bury their talents by living and dying with races that were so evidently doomed to speedy and utter extinction. Many would not indulge the thought of laboring with any people through whose posterity they could not hope to transmit their influence for good to all coming time. But Mr. Wright, with as glorious a future before him as any one, if he would only invite it, with talents capable of being cultivated to a very high degree, said, "Here am I; send me." He was not ignorant of his powers; he knew that, with the continued blessing of God, he was capable of becoming a luminary among orientals, or even among the metropolitans of his native country. Yet, such was his pity for the poor Indians —such his humility—his meekness—his benevolence —his unselfishness—his condescension to people of low degree—his willingness, yea, his *determination* to "take the lowest room," and appear as the least of all the apostles, that he accepted an appointment to this mission and identified himself with one of the most hated people of the earth. His divine Master was taunted with being a "friend of sinners," and gloried in it. Like him, Mr. Wright was jeeringly called a "friend of Indians," and gloried in it. He was, however, a man of so much good-will to every-

body, as to avoid personal insult, or so repel attacks as to render them harmless. Everybody loved him, even those who abused him. He occupied the humble sphere which he accepted in his youth, for more than forty-three years—yea, he occupied it until the Master came and bade him "come up higher," which occurred Tuesday, April 13, 1875.

Mr. Wright was the only male missionary who ever acquired anything like a satisfactory knowledge of Seneca. He labored long to bring forth a Seneca hymn-book, and a translation of the gospels, that would be approved by future *educated* generations. The hymn-book has been in use for considerable time, but his gospels had just been introduced, and he was arranging to have the people taught to read, and to have readers employed to go from house to house, when the angel of death arrived. He obeyed the call, willingly, no doubt, though leaving unfinished his translation of the Acts of the Apostles, upon which he had spent much of his waning strength. Possibly, Mrs. Wright, who is supposed to have even a better knowledge of the Seneca language than her husband had, will finish it, thus "supplying his lack of service." Mr. Wright's last work was to go to Albany in behalf of the asylum, a home for the orphan and destitute children of the Indians upon the New York Reservations. After leaving the cars on his return from Albany, he was so sick as to require the support of two loving friends—one on each side with arms around him, thus sustaining and steadying him in his carriage, until he reached his room, where he was to lie down to die. After his

arrival at his home he lived several days, but most of the time it was with great difficulty that he retained his breath. Toward the last, his mind seemed to wander all the time. Thinking that the cloud upon his intellect might be owing to a certain medicine which he was taking, Mrs. Wright, not being willing that he should thus die, withheld it, but to no effect—hence the sentences that fell from his lips were seemingly incoherent, yet some of them are precious in the memory of surviving friends. One was, "They don't sing enough, they don't sing enough." Another was, "You have a crown—don't let it get tarnished." Pursuant to his request, Mr. Wright was buried among the graves of his Indian brethren who went before him to glory. He was the oldest man and the oldest missionary among us, having labored here more than forty-three years —always seeing something noble in the Red-man, while others could see nothing but treachery and meanness. May the afflicted and bereaved widow be sustained and comforted by the sympathy and prayers of the friends of missions everywhere, and may God assure her that when her earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved she has a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—*Rev. W. Hall.*

Mrs. Asher Wright.

Mrs. Wright, who had been connected with the Seneca Mission fifty-three years, died January 21, 1886. Since the death of her husband, which oc-

against which the medical skill available could not provide set in, and on June 1, Mrs. Wright breathed her last. By means of the prompt and efficient services of the Hon. Mr. Pratt, the United States minister to Persia, and Colonel Stewart, the English consul at Tabriz, the murderer was arrested and imprisoned at Tabriz.

The following tribute is from the pen of Rev. B. Labaree, D.D., of our Western Persia mission:

"The death of Mrs. Wright, of Salmas, has given us a terrible shock, one we shall not soon recover from. Under any circumstances her loss would have filled us with sorrow; but the terrible crime by which her life has been sacrificed has intensified our grief immeasurably.

"Mrs. Wright was the daughter of Kasha Oshana and Sawa; the former for many years a preacher in Koordistan, or a highly esteemed teacher in our college, while Sawa was one of the first of Miss Fiske's pupils, and has ever been one of our most devoted and beloved Christian sisters. Shushan, as we used to call her by her sweet Syriac name, spent much of her early life in the wild mountains of Koordistan, where she breathed in the free mountain air and the spirit of self-reliance and independence so characteristic of the mountain Nestorians; an independence, however, in her case, that through wise parental training and the influence of divine grace was brought under excellent control. I shall never forget a journey I made with her family and a large party of missionaries and native preachers through the mountains towards Oroomiah. She was then almost woman

grown, as full of life and grace as a bird, fearless and active and self-helpful over those terrible roads, and in the midst of dangers from robbers, Christian and Koordish. When our camp was assailed by our own Nestorian muleteers and our equipage seized with the most angry demonstrations of fire-arms, Shushan flew swiftly up the mountain side after them, threw herself upon them, and as others of our party joined in the efforts to calm the turbulent fellows, she quietly wrested one and another's gun from his hand and brought it to the camp. We learned to admire her bravery and tact on this tour as we never could have done in her home or her school.

"Mrs. Wright had been in our female seminary from time to time, and showed peculiar aptitude for acquiring learning and culture. Later on she became a teacher in an orphanage conducted by some English ladies here, and later still was an assistant to the mission girls' school in Tabriz. She everywhere won in an exceptional degree the love and confidence of those with whom she was associated. We rejoiced in her as one of the choicest fruits of divine training through mission teaching. She reflected new interest upon her people.

"In the year 1885 she was married to Rev. J. N. Wright, of Ohio, his second wife, and settled with him in Salmas, taking a personal share in the missionary work from the outset. In the year 1888 she accompanied her husband to America, and only returned last fall. All who have known her since her return testify to her growing interest and activity in the Master's cause. As far as the care of her little

family would permit, she was assiduous in holding meetings for the women, visiting in their families, teaching a Bible class on the Sabbath, etc. The native pastor of the Oolah church is warm in his commendation of her helpful influence the past months.

"In Mrs. Wright's illness, in consequence of this most wanton, unprovoked assault upon her life, she showed a wonderful degree of fortitude and patience, and at the same time a most sweet and forgiving spirit in regard to her assailant. 'If I die,' she remarked one day, 'I shall go to heaven; but if he dies his soul is lost forever.' Her Christian character shone out brightly to the last. We can well believe that her remark to Mrs. Shedd, who visited her on her way through Salmas, was true: 'All is light about me.'"—*The Church at Home and Abroad*, October, 1890.

Rev. John Newton Young.

"Young, dead, small-pox," was the brief but startling cable dispatch which announced to us the death of the Rev. John Newton Young, Jr., of our Peking Mission. The sad event occurred February 18, 1893. Mr. Young was a graduate of Park College and of Princeton Theological Seminary. He entered upon his missionary work in the autumn of 1891, full of hope and giving large promise of effective service for Christ. His death will be deeply mourned by the mission, not only because a brother

beloved has been taken, but because it leaves the mission, already sorely depleted in its force, sadly crippled. Who of the sons of Park College, or of Princeton Seminary, will take the place of their fallen brother?—*Church at Home and Abroad*, April, 1893.

Rev. G. W. Coan, D.D.*

The Rev. George Whitfield Coan, D.D., of the mission to Persia, died at his home in Wooster, O., December 21, 1879. Dr. Coan joined the Nestorian Mission in 1849. At that time it was composed of Drs. Perkins and Wright (M.D.), and Messrs. Stocking, Stoddard, Cochrane and Breath, with their wives, and Misses Fiske and Rice, in charge of the female seminary. All of these brethren and Miss Fiske have preceded him by several years into the rest and rewards of heaven.

At that time, also, the influence of the memorable revival that visited Oroomiah in 1846 had spread into the lower and eastern districts of the Koordish mountains. Almost immediately on his arrival Mr. Coan engaged in tours into the mountain regions of Koordistan, and in 1851 he and Mrs. Coan, in company with Mr. Rhea, who arrived in Persia in 1850, proceeded to Menrikau, a miserable little village in Gawar, there to spend the winter, in the midst of discomforts which cannot be described, nor even imagined. In the wretchedness and filth of the native houses, the roughness and ignorance of most

* Omitted in the alphabetical order.

of the inhabitants—especially the women—the low, dingy, smoke-stained walls of mud, the scanty light, buried for months beneath the heavy mountain snows and cut off from all communication with their associates in Persia, they labored with content and true devotion.

Dr. Coan's work was not in education, nor in translating, but in what might be called field work. He labored among the churches where his memory is fresh in many minds and hearts. He was emphatically a man among men. With a large field, embracing many villages widely scattered, and having at different times the oversight of many helpers and the care of many churches; making frequent and long, and often dangerous tours in the mountains of Koordistan and beyond, as well as upon the plains of Persia, he was everywhere and always the laborious, indefatigable, earnest bishop of the infant churches and the preacher of the word.

And for this work he had special qualifications. Of fluent and even rapid utterance, and with a more than usually correct knowledge and use of the Syriac language, he was an impressive and often eloquent speaker. In sympathizing with pastors and people in their burdens from poverty and the manifold oppressions and extortions to which they were subject, his tenderness of heart was conspicuous. Having been associated with him in some of his tours, I remember well his earnest and often impassioned utterances, his solemn warnings and tender appeals, his skillful questionings and fatherly counsels. Without the special tastes and, perhaps, also without the

special aptitudes of the student and scholar, he was eminently the "Soldier of the Cross," brave yet tender. For years he bore the burden of physical infirmity, as well as the heat of the day and the strife. No man will ever know how much of pain, distress and weariness he mastered and kept under, in order that he might accomplish the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus. In 1862 he was compelled to seek rest by returning to his native country, and again in 1875. Yet since his return he has accomplished, through sheer force of resolute will and devotion to the cause to which he had given his life, an amount of labor that would have severely taxed the soundest mind in the soundest body. In something like two years he traveled, in visiting the churches, chiefly in the West, more than 25,000 miles, and spoke on an average, in behalf of missions, more than fourteen times a week. No wonder that he was compelled at last to find, in death, the rest he needed, but found it impossible to take in life.

Many hearts will feel the wound, and many tears will fall, in the villages of the plain of Oroomiah and the valleys of Koordistan, when it is known in those far-off regions that Coan Sahib has passed away.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

—*Rev. Henry M. Cobb, D.D.*

APPENDIX.

Mr. Fullerton's Narrative of Events at Futtehgurh.

Destruction of Mission Property at Mynpurie and Futtengurh—Distress of the Native Christians, and their Steadfastness in the Faith — The Voyage, Capture and Death of the Futtehgurh Missionaries.

Hardly ever have we read a more affecting narrative than is contained in the three following letters. We lay them before our readers without any comments on them, which indeed would be out of place. We trust they will be read by every member of our church, and they will surely awaken mingled and deep emotions of sorrow and of thanksgiving.—*Editor F. M.*

Futtehgurh, January 18, 1858.

My Dear ——: Before this reaches you, you will have heard of the reoccupation of this place by the English. A feeble effort was made by the Nawab at Bhuda-gunj, some miles from this, to stay their triumphant progress, but the bridge across the Kala Nadi, which he had partly destroyed, was soon repaired by the troops of Sir Colin Campbell. The

Nawab was driven from his position with the loss of his guns, his troops were thoroughly disorganized, and many of them were slain in the rout which ensued.

On reaching the city the Nawab set fire to his palace, and then fled across the Ganges, and soon after, the English took possession of the station.

With the army a number of our native Christians, who had found their way to Cawnpore, returned; and as they found that there was no one here to take an interest in them, they wrote to Agra asking one of us to come over, intimating at the same time that a large amount of mission property might be recovered if one of us would come over at once. On the receipt of this letter, it was decided that I should come; but how to get here was the question. The road between Agra and this place was not considered safe, and we could hear of no escort coming this way. While discussing this matter, we heard that our old friend Mr. Raikes had been invited to join the camp of the commander-in-chief, as civil commissioner. On hearing that I wished to come to Futtehgurh, he offered me a seat in his private carriage; thus adding to the long list of obligations under which he has laid me since I came to India. We left Agra on the 15th inst., with an escort of four Sikh horsemen well armed. These were changed at the police stations along the road. We reached Mynpurie a little after dark of the same day, where we put up with Mr. Boldero, the magistrate and collector of the district (and a member of our church in Agra). We found the joint magistrate, Mr. Chaise, and him living together in a house much

the worse for the recent outbreak. There was not a door or window in it; and half of the building had no other roof than the blue vault of heaven, studded with brilliant stars, which poured a flood of light upon us from a cloudless sky. When I arose in the morning I found that we were in an intrenched position, where half a dozen Englishmen held the district and governed it by means of native officials, long after surrounding districts had become scenes of anarchy and confusion; but the place at length became too hot for them, and they had to take refuge in the fort at Agra. Bad as the magistrate's house is, it is the best in the place; the rest are so badly injured that it will be difficult if not impossible to repair them.

At an early hour I started in search of Hulas Roy, one of our catechists, and the head master of the city school. The road which I took led me through the Mission Compound. This was my first home in India, and a happy one it was. I approached it, as I have always done when I have returned to it, with feelings of much interest; but alas! how changed. The roof of half of the rooms has fallen in, and the timbers sustaining the remainder in the other rooms have been so weakened by fire that some of them will probably have to be taken down; the walls are black, and some of them are almost ready to fall; the grounds about the buildings have become a jungle, and the whole place wears a most desolate appearance. The little church is still standing; but nothing but the shell remains. The schoolhouse near the city is in a pretty good state of repair. The reason

of this is, that the Rajah seized it for himself, making it his office. Here he transacted the most of his business during the rebellion.

After a short search, I found Hulas in Deopura, occupying a miserable hovel. He and his wife and child barely escaped death from the hands of the sepoys. They are very poor, having been robbed three times during the summer. All that they saved was a few books which they buried in the ground, and which I found him drying upon a charpoy, or bedstead, the only article of furniture I saw in the house.

Having assured him that the long and gloomy night of terror, which for months past has hung over us, was drawing to a close, and that the dawn of a brighter day was probably near at hand; and having promised to see him on my return from Futtehgurh, I retraced my steps and reached Mr. Boldero's by ten o'clock—the time we had determined to resume our journey.

As the country between Mynpurie and this place was still unsettled, we increased our guard to twenty-five men before starting, a precaution that was thought necessary to secure our safety. At Bewar we found the horses of Mr. Boldero and Mr. Chaise awaiting our arrival, having been sent out during the night; leaving our carriage to follow us, we mounted them and a ride of a few hours brought us to Futtehgurh.

We found the country under a much better state of cultivation than we had anticipated, but evidences of the outbreak were everywhere visible, in roofless villages, ruined dak bungalows, police stations and milestones, and in the extreme poverty of the people.

During the reign of anarchy one village has plundered and burned another, until they are nearly all ruined. I did not see a woman or a child in Mynpurie, Bhogaon, or Bewar, Hulas Roy's wife and child excepted. All had fled to distant villages.

On reaching Futtehgurh, I made my way at once to Rukha, expecting to find it unoccupied save by our native Christians, but what was my astonishment to find it the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. Ten thousand British soldiers, and almost as many camp followers, are encamped in and about the premises. Their canvas houses stretch far away to the south and west, covering all the land belonging to the mission and filling the large mango groves beyond our little burial ground. Every place swarms with oxen, buffaloes, horses, camels and elephants; while artillery wagons, baggage wagons and private conveyances in vast numbers are found wherever there is room for them to stand.

My first business was to look for our native Christians, but a glance at the state of the mission premises said to me louder than words could speak, "they can't be here."

There is not a roof, a door, or a window, or even a piece of wood as large as a walking stick in the place. The bungalows occupied by the missionaries, the old church, the orphanage, the tent manufactory and the Christian village have been involved in one common ruin. Some of the walls of these buildings have fallen down, filling the rooms with heaps of rubbish; others are leaning and ready to fall; and still others are so cracked and broken that they will probably

have to come down before they can be repaired. The walls and steeple of the new church are still standing; but its roof has been destroyed, and its timbers and everything movable taken away.

The first place I entered was the bungalow recently occupied by the Freemans. Here the Walshes and the Seelys welcomed us to their field of labor seven years ago, and here two years ago we met nearly all the brethren of our mission. Every room had its associations, and the contrast between the past and the present filled my soul with sadness. I passed on into the orphanage, at the back part of the house. Here we had often seen Mrs. Walsh at her labors; and here the Master said to dear Mrs. Freeman,

> "Servant of God, well done;
> Rest from thy blest employ."

The place was filled with oxen; I looked at it but for a moment and then turned away. I next directed my steps to the bungalow in which the McMullins lived at the time of the outbreak. Here we had lived three months, awaiting our baggage on our first arrival in the country. Here the Campbells lived after us; and here I saw them surrounded by their three beautiful children two years ago. The walls of their drawing room sheltered now an elephant from the cold west wind, and other parts of the building were occupied as a stable for oxen. I went to the little church in which our first annual meeting was held, during my last visit to the station; and where only two short years ago I spent one of the most delightful

communion Sabbaths it has ever been my lot to enjoy. But where are my fellow-communicants who sat down with me then at the table of our Lord? The Freemans, the Campbells and the Johnsons? Our other missionary brethren? The young convert who that day renounced the religion of the false prophet, and who with tears of penitence cast in his lot with the people of God? Poor Babar Khan! who wept for joy over a brother who "was lost and is found"? and poor Dhokal? The large number of native brethren who partook with us of the feast which was spread before us?

> "All are scattered now and fled,
> Some are living and some are dead;
> And when, I ask, with throbs of pain,
> When shall these all meet again?"

The roofless buildings and the blackened walls around me reply, "Never, until ye eat bread in your Father's house above."

As I could not find the living, I paid a visit to the home of the dead. A short walk brought me to our little mission graveyard. Here lie the remains of dear Mrs. Seely, whom all loved who knew her. As I approached her grave, the recollections of the past were so vivid, that I felt that she must rise and meet me, with one of the smiles of welcome with which she was ever wont to meet her friends; and although the feeling was not realized, I could not help saying to myself, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Here, too, the hand of the destroyer has been busy; her grave remains untouched, but the tomb over it has been broken to pieces and carried away.

When I remembered that it was for these rebels that she gave up the endearments of home, and severed the ties that bound her to the country that gave her birth, to live, to labor and to die in a strange land, a feeling of resentment against them for their ingratitude momentarily took possession of my breast; but the prayer of Christ, who came to his own and they received him not, but on the contrary, platted a crown of thorns and placed it upon his head, scourged him, and led him away to be crucified, came to my recollection; and I knew if her body could burst from the cerements of the tomb, her meek and gentle spirit would lead her to say, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." The gate of the graveyard has been carried away, and the most of the tombs destroyed, and the place, like every other about the premises, filled with oxen. I returned at dark to the place where I had left my horse, not knowing where I was to pass the night. A pious captain, by the name of ——, a grandson of Mrs. ——, the friend of Cowper, heard that there was a missionary in camp, and sent for me. I dined with him, and spent the evening with him. At a late hour, having procured a charpoy from the good captain's Christian clerk, I wrapped my *resai*, or quilt, about me, and laid me down, thinking of the 137th Psalm: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." Alas! how changed and sad our mission is now. But how impotent is the rage of our enemies; they may triumph for a season, burn our churches, kill our missionaries, and scatter our people, but they

cannot prevail against the cause of Christ. We are weak, but our Master is strong; this is a thought with which the Psalmist was wont to comfort himself under trouble.

"My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass. But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever; and thy remembrance unto all generations. Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favor her, yea, the set time, is come. For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof. So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory."

In my next letter, I will tell you something about our native Christians.

Affectionately yours,

R. S. FULLERTON.

FUTTEHGURH, January 25, 1858.

My Dear ——: I promised in my last letter to tell you in this something about our native Christians. This promise I now proceed to fulfill.

I reached the station on Saturday evening, but I did not succeed in finding our poor native brethren until late in the evening of the next day. I at length found them in the cantonment bazar, in a building with a courtyard in the centre.

As soon as it was known that I had arrived, men, women and children gathered around me. We met in silence, neither they nor I could for a time trust our voices to speak, for fear we should break down.

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They are the children of the mission, and in Rukha they had found a happy home. In the midst of their prosperity, and at a time they least expected it, the storm arose, which has swept with such pitiless fury over these provinces, desolating many of its fairest fields, and filling many of its homes with unutterable woe. It seized them and scattered them like the leaves of the forest. For seven or eight months they were driven by it wherever it listed. I saw its effect upon them, in their miserable clothing, and in their emaciated appearance, but I shall not attempt to describe what my feelings were. They no doubt thought of their murdered teachers and brethren, whose faces they will see no more; of their wanderings and their sufferings since they were driven from the station; and their feelings at their return were probably not unlike those which heave the breast of the survivors of a shipwreck on escaping from the horrors of a watery grave. When I could control my feelings, I asked for a Bible and a hymn book. We then sang the 23d Psalm, and read the 103d, and then kneeling down upon the bare ground of the courtyard, we lifted our hearts in prayer to God, thanking him for his many mercies to us during the terrible months (which seem like so many years) which have intervened since these calamities overtook us, and for permitting so many of us to return to our homes in peace. The absent ones were remembered, and we did not forget to pray that those evils may be overruled for good to ourselves, to the heathen and to the church. When we arose, each had his tale of sorrow and of suffering to relate. The

missionaries left the station on the 4th of June, but the native Christians remained until the 19th. During this time they were exposed to the greatest dangers. The native regiment had mutinied on the 4th, seized the treasury, and carried it to the parade ground, and placed their own guard over it. The brave old colonel (Col. Smith) remained with them, trying to bring them back to their allegiance; and up to the 19th, showed much interest in the villagers of Rukha. He gave them arms, and told them to defend themselves, if molested, until he could come to their rescue. His entrenchment was a mile distant. Three times they were attacked by large bodies of men, but were as often delivered out of their hands by the kind-hearted old colonel. On the 18th, two mutinous regiments came to the station, and then the work of plunder and destruction commenced. As soon as the property was removed, the buildings were fired, and soon the station was a heap of smouldering ruins. Rukha stands a little out of the station, and hence escaped until the next morning; by this time the villagers in the neighborhood had risen, and they now surrounded the place in great numbers, not for the purpose of killing its occupants, but for the purpose of plundering it. They went systematically to work; they first plundered the church, then the houses of the missionaries, then the tent manufactory, and last of all the native Christians. They began about eight o'clock, and by noon their work was done, and the premises were left in the state which I described in my last letter.

While all this was occurring at Rukha, a similar

work was going on at Bharpur. This is where Brother Campbell and Brother Johnson together with a number of native brethren lived. And I will here say, that I may not have to refer to it again, that the condition of the premises at this place differs in no respect from those of Rukha. But to return to Rukha, after the native Christians had been robbed of everything but what they had on and the few valuables they had about their persons, they scattered, some going to one village and some to another, but still remaining within a short distance of their old homes. For a few days they felt comparatively secure, as they had now little to lose but their lives, and as they had escaped with these on the 19th, they hoped they would not be disturbed in future. But the Nawab issued an order that they should be seized and killed, at the same time offering a reward for their heads.

On hearing this they fled in all directions; some, after many hair-breadth escapes, reached Cawnpore, just after it had been retaken by Gen. Havelock, where the Rev. Mr. Gregson, of the Baptist Mission, rendered them every assistance in his power. By the time they reached that place they had scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness, having been stripped of everything by the way. But all who set out for Cawnpore were not so fortunate as to reach it. A number of little children, unable to endure the privations and hardships of the journey, died. A mother, too, the wife of an esteemed catechist, John F. Houston, fell sick, and by some means became separated from the rest of the company. She had with her an

unweaned child. When they were next seen they were lying side by side in a poor hovel at the edge of a village. Both were dead! There was no one near to administer to the wants of that dying mother. She needed no one to smooth her pillow, for her only bed was the hard ground. There was no one there to give her a cup of cold water, or to direct her thoughts above; none to quiet her child or to give it food; and none when the breath left their bodies to carry them to the grave. For several days they were left lying where they died. They were Christians. The proud Moslem would not touch them, because their faith differed from his own, and the Hindu would not do it for fear of losing caste. At last, when they could remain no longer in the village, some sweepers came, carried them out and threw them into a neighboring stream.

But did I say that this mother and her child were alone? No, they were not alone! *He* was with them who says, "*Lo, I am with you alway*," and the angels were with them, who bore Lazarus from his wretchedness on earth to a place in Abraham's bosom. Their afflictions were but for a moment; they now enjoy an "exceeding and an eternal weight of glory." Let me die among cold and heartless strangers, destitute, afflicted and far from human sympathy; let the cold ground be my dying bed, and the turbid stream my last resting place, but "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Those of our native Christians who did not make for Cawnpore, fled to distant villages. Some found a friendly shelter under the roof of the Zamindars, where

they earned a livelihood for themselves and families for seven months, by working in the fields for about three cents a day. Others were less fortunate, they entered villages which were hostile to them, and had to flee from place to place, each day expecting that it would be their last. They were stripped of their clothing and were sometimes whole days without food. Sometimes they had nothing to eat but a little meal mixed with water, and at others they lived upon the ears of corn which they plucked from the fields.

But the case of the six blind orphan girls, poor blind Lulloo and Kurga, the leper, is the one which has excited my commiseration most. Here were seven persons without eyes, and one who is most helpless, who were driven from their homes at the beginning of the rainy season. Such persons would not want in any village at home, but it is not so here. Hindus turn away even from Hindus who are afflicted in this way, because they look upon their sufferings as the just retribution of heaven upon them for their sins in a former birth. What, then, could these poor Christians expect from them? They, no doubt, expected but little, and it was but little they received. They were sometimes days and nights without a shelter, and had it not been that he who hears the young ravens when they cry sheltered them and provided for them, they must have perished.

I was here several days before I found out where they were. Having then learned that they were in a village some distance from the place where I am stopping, I rode out to see them. They were living in a miserable shed; all were present but one. Their

poverty surpassed anything I ever saw before. All they possessed in the world would not have sold for twenty-five cents in the streets of New York. They were overjoyed when they heard my voice. At one time they no doubt felt that their friends and teachers had all been killed, and that they would never meet any of us again, and hence we need not wonder at their joy. I found poor Lulloo lying on the ground, sick of a fever, and with nothing but a few rags to cover him. I asked him if he had found Christ precious during the long months of suffering through which he had passed. His reply was, "Oh, yes! in dukh (pain) and in sukh (ease), *he* is ever the same." As I was returning, I met poor blind Susan, who I had heard was in search of me. A little boy was leading her. I asked her who she was. Her reply was, "I am a poor blind girl; I have been looking for my padri, but I can't find him." When she learned who I was, her lips trembled with emotion, while she thanked me for coming to see them. "Oh, sir," she said, "it is very kind of you to come so far to look after poor blind people like us." Poor girl, she little knew what a privilege I felt it to be. And who would not esteem it a privilege, seeing that our blessed Redeemer has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me"?

Oh! who, under these circumstances, would lose an opportunity to administer to the wants of the lowly? And who would not serve a Master who thus highly esteems the services of those who make them the objects of their care?

Dhokal and his family were killed in this station by the order of the Nawab. Twenty-nine Christians were killed at the same time. I heard in Agra that twenty-one of these belonged to Rukha, but this has not been corroborated here. We have not yet learned, with a few exceptions, who they were. There are nearly a hundred native Christians, including young and old, here now. Through the kindness of Major Conran, to whom our Afghan mission is so much indebted, Dr. Farquhar, C. S.; W. H. Lowe, C. S.; C. Raikes, C. S.; Lieutenant Harrington and a few other friends, they have all been placed out of the reach of immediate want, and will now, I hope, be able to earn a livelihood for themselves.

I am glad that I am able to say, in conclusion, that although some of them were seized and threatened with death if they refused to become Mohammedans, I have not heard of a single case of apostasy among them. But I must close.

Affectionately yours,

R. S. FULLERTON.

FUTTEHGURH, January 30, 1858.

My Dear ——: You have already heard from us at different times all we know about the fate of our dear missionary brethren who labored here, and I know not that I can give you any additional information upon the subject. Still, you will, no doubt, feel interested in hearing what eye-witnesses of what befell them have to say with regard to it.

I have heard many stories respecting their end, many of which were conflicting, but, by taking the

parties relating them one by one and privately examining them, I think that I have arrived at the truth.

The native brethren say that for nearly three weeks before the troops at the station mutinied, the missionaries and themselves were in the greatest state of alarm. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Johnson, with their families, came in from Bharpur; the former stayed with the Freemans, the latter with the McMullins. They had but little fear that their own regiment, the 10th N. I., would mutiny, because it was one that had greatly distinguished itself for its fidelity in the last Burmah war, but large bodies of mutinous troops were daily passing near the station and they did not know what moment they might be attacked by them. In consequence of this, they patroled the mission premises every night, and had their horses harnessed, so that they might fly at a moment's warning.

On the morning of June 3, the regiment at the station showed signs of an intention to mutiny, and that night the European officers slept in the lines with the sepoys. Col. Smith made every exertion to keep them from throwing off their allegiance, and in this he would have succeeded if it had not been for the fact that half of the regiment was composed of new recruits. The old soldiers were disposed to remain true to their colors, but the recruits wished at once to join the rebels. The next morning they seized the treasury and carried it to the parade ground, and were in an open state of mutiny. The brave old colonel, however, still remained with them, trying to bring them back to their allegiance. In

this he so far succeeded that they promised, and sealed it with a most solemn oath, that if the past were forgiven they would remain true to him—a promise and an oath which they most shamefully broke a few days afterwards.

On the 3d, when the disturbance in the regiment commenced, the European residents nearly all made arrangements to leave the station, by boats, for Cawnpore. Some spent the night on board and others remained in bungalows on the bank of the river. Our missionaries went to the house of Mr. McLain, an indigo planter, living near the river. In the night, brother Campbell returned, and walked for several hours in the garden with the native brethren, advising them and trying to strengthen their faith. He told them he had little hope himself of escaping, but that he felt less concern about himself than he did for them. They speak of his return and the advice he gave them, with much gratitude.

On the morning of the 4th, when the residents of the station heard that the regiment had seized the treasury, they fled to their boats and dropped down the river. There were four boats; our brethren were in that of Mr. McLain, who seems to have shown them the greatest kindness.

When they reached Rawal Gunje, eight miles from Futtehgurh, the villagers came out with clubs intending to plunder them, but when they saw that the party was armed they did not attempt it. At Singirampore they were fired on by a large number of matchlock men. Their fire was returned, and they, too, made off. The party then, for mutual protec-

tion, all got into one boat, leaving their baggage in the other three. The latter were soon plundered.

They met with no further interruption until they reached Quasampore, a Mohammedan village. Here they were again fired on, and one of the party was wounded severely in the thigh. The fire was returned, and eight of the villagers were killed. This gave them a check, but still they followed them for nearly an hour. On the evening of the third day after leaving Futtehgurh, they went ashore to cook a little food. Here they fell into the hands of a powerful Zamindar, who asked them whence they came and whither they were going. On hearing their reply, he told them that they were now at his mercy. They offered him a thousand rupees if he would let them off and help them to get down to Cawnpore; promising to pay five hundred down and the other five hundred on their reaching the end of their journey. These conditions were accepted, the money was collected and paid. The treacherous Zamindar then said, "I will give you five men here and the rest at a village a short distance lower down the river." Of the five men, only one went on board, and the rest managed to run away, and this was all the assistance they received from him.

The party after this floated down with the current for two days and nights, without stopping and without meeting with any further interruption during that time.

On the evening of the fifth day after leaving Futtehgurh, they reached an island five miles below Bithoor, the residence of the bloody Nana Sahib, and

as many above Cawnpore. Here they tied their boat to the shore, and hired a man to carry a note to Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was at this time besieged by the rebels under the Nana Sahib. The object of the party was to get an escort so that they might get into the trenches; but the man whom they sent never returned. For three days they remained at the island trying to communicate with Sir Hugh, but all their efforts failed.

During all this time the roar of artillery was distinctly heard, and the fugitives were placed in a most trying position. Below them was a bridge of boats, so that it was impossible for them to get down the river, and above them the whole country was swarming with enemies, so that it was impossible to return.

On the fourth day they saw some sepoys crossing the bridge, but they thought little of it, supposing that they were going to Lucknow. But they soon learned their mistake, for the sepoys very soon after crossing opened fire on them from a cornfield on the Oude side. The first cannon ball struck within a foot of the boat, the second killed a child, and the third killed a lady and a native nurse. The whole party then left the boat and concealed themselves among the long grass on the island. Here they remained for a little while, and then sought the protection of a few sissoo trees which were at some distance, as they found the heat of the sun very great. Under their shadow they found a well and some native huts. They asked the owner for water, but he would neither draw it for them nor allow them to draw it for themselves. When one of the three native Chris-

tian young men who were with them saw this, he went to the river and brought water for them until all were satisfied.

The party consisted of 126 persons. One of the missionaries now arose and said, "Our last day has in all probability come; let us, therefore, commend our souls to God in prayer." Br. Freeman read a portion of Scripture, and made a few remarks. They then sang a hymn and all kneeled down, and Br. F. led them in prayer. Another hymn was then sung, and Br. Campbell made some remarks and led in prayer. The party then held a short consultation among themselves, after which those who had arms took them and threw them into the river. An hour or two after this, a party of sepoys appeared on the right bank, procured a boat and crossed over, and made them prisoners. When they reached the main land, some of the party told the sepoys that the most of them were not connected with government in any way; that they were merchants, indigo planters, teachers, missionaries, etc., who, since they had been in the country, had pursued peaceful callings, and that they should not therefore molest them. A few of the sepoys said that this was true, and were disposed to let them go; but others said, "No, away with them to the Nana Sahib, and let them be killed, that the seed of the foreigners may not remain in the country." The latter party prevailed, and proceeded to bind their prisoners together two and two. Where they were husband and wife, they were allowed to be tied together, the left hand of the husband being tied to the right hand of his wife. The Campbells were

thus tied; Br. Campbell carried Willey in his arms, a friend carrying Fanny for him. None of the other missionaries had any children in this country. When they were about to set out for Cawnpore, Mr. McLain offered the sepoys $150,000, if they would let them go; but they said, "It is blood we want, not money." Before they set out, the missionaries found an opportunity to tell the three native Christian men to make their escape, as they would surely be put to death if it should be found out that they were Christians. Mrs. Freeman's last words to them were, "Give Prem our salam, and tell him that our end has come." There was still a little Christian nurse, Margaret, who remained with them, and to whom I am indebted for an account of the march to Cawnpore.

The party set out about five o'clock in the evening. They had eaten but little for several days, and their anxiety and their fasting had rendered them very weak. This was especially the case with some of the ladies. Half way between the river and Cawnpore some of the party gave out. A halt was called; the sepoys formed a ring around the prisoners, and here they remained all night. A water carrier gave them water, but nothing was offered them to eat. Margaret says that none but the little children slept, that all seemed to be engaged in meditation and prayer. The march was resumed at an early hour in the morning, and they had not gone far until they met three carriages which the Nana Sahib sent out for the ladies, who were unable to walk further. When they reached the station it was still very early, and they were shut up in a house, the native servants who had

accompanied them excepted. Upon the latter being told that they must leave the station at once or be put to death, they fled. Here Margaret's account of them ends; but little remains to be told. At seven A.M. of the same day, which could not have been more than an hour after their arrival, they were all taken out to the parade ground and shot, without reference to age, condition, or sex. In the case of those who were only wounded, they were at once dispatched with the sword.

I had this from an eye-witness, a servant of the Maharajah Dhalip Sing, who accompanied Mr. Elliott, the agent of the Maharajah, to the station. After the servants were ordered off, he withdrew, disguised himself, and mingled with the throng who witnessed the death of the party, that he might see what became of his master. Beyond being made prisoners, marched into the station on foot, and put to death, they were not called on to suffer any indignities. They were bound, but it was with a small cord, and it was done in such a manner as not to give them pain.

God in mercy seems to have restrained the Nana Sahib and his followers in the case of this party, though they had previously been guilty of the most shocking barbarities towards the residents of the station, and though they were afterwards guilty of committing outrages upon the unfortunate victims who fell into their hands, which render Cawnpore a name of terror to all who hear it. But though our dear brethren were spared what others suffered, who can estimate what they suffered before leaving Futteh-

gurh, by the way, on the island below Bithoor, and on the sad march into Cawnpore? But their sufferings are at an end. What is so dark to us is light to them. While we mourn they rejoice. We are still pilgrims and strangers in the earth, and know not what toils and trials await us; but their pilgrimage is ended, their toils and trials past, and they now enjoy the rest that remaineth to the people of God. May their faith and hope and zeal be ours, and like them may we be found following where the Master leads, unconcerned about the toils and roughness of the way; so that we, too, may "finish our course with joy." You may perhaps think that this account of the last days of our much lamented brethren is unnecessarily minute. But I have thought that anything concerning them would not only be of interest to you, and to their many relatives and friends in America, who bewail their loss, but to the church whose servants they were.

One question, and I am done. Who is to take their place? Eight laborers have fallen. Who will occupy their field? Ask the theological students of America this, and remind them that "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

Affectionately yours,

R. S. Fullerton.

Rev. David Irving, D.D.

We record with tender emotions the death of our esteemed and beloved associate, Rev. David Irving, D.D., which occurred at his home, in Orange, N. J.,

October 12, 1885, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. During his attendance upon the Council at Belfast, last year, he met with an accident from which he never fully recovered, but which weakened and in the end paralyzed his entire system and closed his useful life.

The services at his funeral and burial were conducted by Dr. Wells, President of the Board; Dr. John Hall, his companion at the Belfast Council; Dr. Yeomans, pastor of Orange Central Church, where his family worship; Dr. Hickok, pastor of Brick Church, Orange; Dr. Paxton, of Princeton, and Dr. Arthur Mitchell, Associate Secretary. The members of the Board attended the funeral as mourners.

The memorial sketches, so truthful and appropriate, spoken at the funeral, will doubtless be gathered in a family volume, and be a precious memento also to many outside the family circle.

Dr. Irving was born at Annandale, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, August 31, 1821. He pursued his classical education in Scotland, and, coming to America, was graduated at the Theological Seminary at Princeton.

In 1846 he went to India as a missionary of this Board, and was stationed at Futtehgurh, but after three years' service was obliged to return home in consequence of the failing health of Mrs. Irving. He then became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at North Salem, N. Y., where he remained five years, when he accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church at Morristown, N. J. During these pastorates

he took a lively interest in the work of the Foreign Board, was frequently at the Mission House for detailed information, and raised greatly the standard of beneficence among the people by exciting their special interest in foreign missions. While laboring, with great acceptance, at Morristown, a call was extended to him to become Secretary of this Board, as the associate of Walter Lowrie and Dr. John C. Lowrie. This was by unanimous vote of the Executive Committee at its meeting, April 17, 1865, and was ratified at the annual meeting of the Board in May following.

It is interesting to recall the names of the Executive Committee who selected Dr. Irving from among the prominent men of the church for this important office. The members present at the meeting were Drs. John M. Krebs, Nathan L. Rice, John D. Wells, Charles K. Imbrie, Messrs. James Lenox, Robert L. Stuart, Robert Carter, Lebbeus B. Ward and J. Talbot Olyphant, and ex-officio Walter Lowrie, Dr. John C. Lowrie and William Rankin.

Though dwelling among a united and loving people, and enjoying one of the most desirable parishes in the country, yet his love for the work to which he had early consecrated his life led him to accept this trying and responsible position to which he was now called. During his twenty years of service, Dr. Irving performed an amount of labor which only a strong physical constitution could have undergone, and which the volumes of official correspondence on our shelves, the carefully prepared papers on mission subjects, the annual reports, and the *Foreign Mis-*

sionary, of which for most of the time he was sole editor, are the evidence.

Dr. Irving's experience as a missionary, added to his thorough knowledge of the work of our own and kindred societies, and his wide acquaintance with the churches, gave to his judgment on all questions brought before the Board a commanding influence. His official correspondence was characterized by clearness of conviction and expression, tempered with tender sympathy. He loved the brethren and loved the cause in which they together labored, and would cheerfully have exchanged places with any of them had Providence so ordered.

No one could work by the side of Dr. Irving without loving him. No one applied to him in times of trial and perplexity without finding a sympathetic brother and wise counselor. We present (in the November, 1885, *Foreign Missionary*) a pleasing likeness of our deceased Secretary, which will be valued by hundreds of its readers. But our friend is not in the picture; the genial face that smiled so kindly in his daily greeting is wanting. We laid carefully his remains in Greenwood Cemetery; but Dr. Irving is not there. He has gone to be with his loving Lord and Saviour. His works do follow him. —*Foreign Missionary*, November, 1885. W. R.

Hon. Walter Lowrie.

The beloved man whose name stands at the head of this sketch was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, December 10, 1784. In the year 1792 his parents

came to this country, and, after a short sojourn in Huntingdon county, settled in Butler county, Pa. Bringing with them their knowledge and love of the truth, their family altar, instruction and discipline, and their thorough Presbyterianism, they helped to give tone and character to the civil and religious institutions of that part of their adopted State. Western Pennsylvania remains to this day a stronghold of Presbyterianism.

Walter felt the quiet and powerful influence of home culture. Most of his early secular instruction was received from the lips of his parents. By them, too, he was made acquainted with the truths of God's word and the standards of our church. In return for this Christian nurture, he gave himself, till early manhood, to the toil of a farmer under his father's direction, learning some great practical lessons, which he turned to excellent account at later periods of his life.

After his conversion, which occurred when he was eighteen years old, he entered upon a course of study, with the ministry in view. Under the instruction of the Rev. John McPherrin, he pursued the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages with great diligence and success. Inured to toil from boyhood, having good health, a strong body, and a mind of fine texture and firm grasp, he made light of difficulties that comparatively few would have overcome. He was borne forward, too, by a fervent desire to preach the gospel. It became clear, however, after a while, that God was preparing him for a different work. Barriers were thrown and kept in his way,

until, with no change in his high estimate of the sacred office to which he had aspired, and hoping to resume his studies, he laid them aside and entered upon the duties of secular life.

In 1811 he was elected to the Senate of Pennsylvania, and after serving the State seven years in this office, he was sent to the Senate of the United States.

At the expiration of his term of service, in 1824, he was made Secretary of the Senate, and held the office twelve years. Owing to the peculiarly delicate nature of this office, and the responsibility connected with it, it did not change incumbents with successive administrations. Mr. Lowrie's predecessor enjoyed its honors and emoluments for life, and he might have done the same. Indeed he was earnestly solicited by members of the Senate, without reference to party distinctions, to retain the office. But his purpose was taken and nothing could move him. A call louder than that of his peers in the state had come to him —the call, he believed, of the Head of the church, to take charge of the foreign missionary work, to which, as a denomination, we were then setting our hand.

He was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Western Foreign Missionary Society in 1836. This office he accepted, passing under the care of the General Assembly, when the Board of Foreign Missions was constituted in 1837. He continued in the faithful discharge of its varied duties, until, disabled by the infirmities of old age, he laid it down in 1868. He had not drawn his salary for several years before that date, and would not retain even the office,

after he felt himself no longer able to discharge its duties.

Mr. Lowrie's public life as a statesman can be reviewed only in an extended memoir, which I hope we shall have in due season; still I cannot pass it without two or three suggestive statements.

It covered a period of twenty-five years, from 1811 to 1836. He was twenty-seven years old when he entered the Senate of Pennsylvania, and fifty-two when he left the Senate of the United States. For a quarter of a century, therefore, he was the associate of public men, the peer of great men—and was recognized by them and his constituents as himself a great man. Dr. Paxton, in his funeral address, published in the *Foreign Missionary* last month, tells us that "Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Randolph, Benton and many others scarcely less illustrious, were members of the Senate" at that time, and adds: "Among these distinguished Senators, Walter Lowrie occupied a position of honorable prominence. His great integrity won their confidence, whilst his peculiar sagacity and practical judgment led them to seek his advice, and rely upon his opinions. I am informed by one who was present at that time, that he was regarded by the Senators who knew him best, as an authority upon all questions of political history and constitutional law."

Mr. Lowrie's Christian character was tried, and at last purified and ennobled, while he remained in contact with influences that prove fatal to so many public men professing godliness. He impressed himself strongly upon other Christian men, and even upon

those in high places who were not religious. But he escaped the perils of his position only through the constant and powerful influence of his home, the communion of saints, and the grace of God shed on him abundantly through Jesus Christ our Lord.

It should be stated, too, that during the eighteen years of his connection with the Senate of the United States, he was receiving a special providential training for the work to which God was about to call him. One might as well deny a plan of God in the case of Moses as of Mr. Lowrie. The Jewish lawgiver was forty years in the family and court of Pharaoh, forty in the land of Midian, and forty at the head of the tribes; the last third of his life embracing the years and the work for which the other two-thirds were a constant preparation. A similar division exists in the fewer years of Mr. Lowrie's life; and I have no doubt that all the years prior to his connection with the Senate of his own State, and all that he spent in discharging the duties of a statesman, were in fact, and were meant to be, preparatory, in many ways, to his great work in connection with the cause of missions.

It is certain that our work among the Indian tribes, encompassed with so many difficulties, and requiring correspondence and personal influence with the Department of Indian Affairs at Washington, could not have been successfully carried forward, without a very intimate knowledge of at least that department of the government. It was not in vain, therefore, that Mr. Lowrie, while in the Senate, was a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and profoundly

interested in the fate and the evangelization of the tribes.

So, too, he coöperated with good men at Washington in the management of the American Colonization Society, and let his large Christian sympathies flow out toward the black man in this country, and on the continent of Africa.

With India he was brought into living connection, while still Secretary of the Senate, by the departure of his eldest son, the Rev. John C. Lowrie, to the northern provinces of that vast country.

By a strange providence he was led to give his heart to the Chinese people, before God called him to give two of his sons, the Rev. Walter M. Lowrie and the Rev. Reuben Lowrie, as missionaries to the same people: the first to meet the death of a martyr, and the second to sink under the climate and his severe labors. Of these two sons it may be said with perfect truth, that they were among the ablest and most consecrated men ever sent by the church to the foreign field.

For sometime, I do not know how long, Mr. Lowrie pursued the study of the Chinese language, rising two hours earlier than usual, not to interfere with his duties as Secretary of the Senate. In this way he prepared himself in some measure, before he knew the plan of God for his future life, for the work of founding and conducting missions, at the very heart of the pagan world.

It is but little that can be said in this sketch of Mr. Lowrie's work as Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. The acceptance of the

office involved great self-denial and many sacrifices; and this was the charm by which the office secured its incumbent. So he himself declared. For a lucrative office, he chose one that never supported his family. He abandoned a beautiful home with ample grounds, for a dwelling in the city and the confinement of an office. At the age of fifty-two he relinquished a post of honor, with the duties of which he had become perfectly familiar, and which were comparatively easy, to put his hand to a work which no one understood, which one of the strongest men in our church, to whom its oversight was offered, declined to undertake, and in doing which, for more than thirty years, Mr. Lowrie found no rest from toil and care and responsibility. It was work in the office; in the market place; at the seat of government; in the church; and among our Indian tribes. He had valuable counselors and willing hands to help him, but it was his habit to think of everything. He was immensely and minutely practical, and even when office duties had become so heavy that help was necessary, and his own natural strength was somewhat abated, he held his mind in contact with all questions of policy, and most of the plans and estimates for prosecuting and enlarging the work.

Few persons, probably, can appreciate the delicacy, the difficulty, and the importance of the work done in the office by a Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. He is in contact with the missionaries and the heathen, on the one hand; and on the other, with the kindred of the missionaries, with many pastors and churches, with the entire

church for which he acts, and with missionary societies of other branches of the Christian church. He is cut off from the intimate and endeared relationships to families and churches, that pastors enjoy. He is the servant of all men. He is liable to frequent interruptions, and he has no prospect of reward, till his work ceases, and he enters into rest.

Mr. Lowrie was preëminently qualified for hard work at the table, and among the details of office work. His mind was calm and judicial. It had possession of great principles, discovered by broad inquiry and the patient study of particulars relating to his work, or found clearly revealed in the word of God. For this reason his letters to missionaries and missions, on matters of vital importance, were often so direct and simple, as to have the appearance—at least to those not familiar with the full details of the matters under consideration—of being commonplace. Just as the ablest sermons, that treat of difficult subjects with seeming ease, are thought to be wanting in depth and power, by those who do not know at what a cost of labor such results are reached.

The same habits of mind revealed themselves in the deliberations of the Executive Committee and the Board. Quietly and earnestly, but in few words, and with great decision, Mr. Lowrie expressed his opinions. He was not afraid to be in a minority and even alone, because his convictions were so strong. And rarely did he fail to fasten his own convictions upon other minds.

I have alluded to his work in the market place. For a number of years supplies of food and clothing,

with household utensils and farming implements, were forwarded from New York, and other cities, to our Indian missions in the West and Southwest. This imposed an immense amount of labor on the office of our Board in Centre street; and in this labor Mr. Lowrie bore his part. He reckoned nothing little, or beneath his personal attention and toil, that could minister to the welfare of the missionaries and those under their care, or in any way help the cause of Christ.

His visits to Washington, on business connected with the missions among the Indians, if not frequent from year to year, were, in the aggregate, very numerous. They always taxed his strength severely, and often called into requisition all the experience and influence he had acquired during his long and intimate association with the Government.

The labors of Mr. Lowrie, in the church, for many years, were very arduous and effective. He called upon people at their houses, to secure contributions for various purposes connected with the work of missions. He attended monthly concerts, visited theological seminaries, presbyteries and synods, and went to the General Assembly, always bearing on his heart the great cause of foreign missions. Many will remember his tender and persuasive addresses. Perfectly familiar with all the details of the work, the wants of the heathen, the feeble responses of the church to calls for men and money to evangelize the world, and knowing well the ability of the church to do all that the providence of God required, and the claims of Jesus upon his blood-bought people, he

made his statements and appeals, with such force and melting tenderness, as to call forth many tears, and produce deep and lasting impressions. The saving of a little child from heathenism; the conversion of an Indian, African, Hindu, or Chinaman; the establishment of a new mission, or the enlarging of an old one, was, in his view, a matter of vast moment and sacred interest. He wondered that Christian men especially, and pastors of churches, could disparage the missionary papers, that were constantly reporting such things. With great simplicity, and often in tears, he related incidents connected with the progress of missions, and relied upon them to impress others as they did himself.

The visits of Mr. Lowrie to the Indian tribes in our country were among the most arduous and important of all his official labors. It was the writer's privilege to accompany him in the spring of 1847 to Spencer Academy, then a flourishing school, under the care of our Board, among the Choctaw Indians, about ten miles from the Red River, and a hundred and twenty-five southwest from Fort Smith in Arkansas. By day and night for two months, in all sorts of conveyances and apartments, I held delightful fellowship with him as a son with a father. He was then sixty-three years old. From pretty full notes of travel taken at the time, it would be easy to give a very definite idea of the hardships he endured, the labor he performed, and the varied interests he sought to promote. He never spared himself. From the 29th day of March to the 21st of April, with few interruptions, we were making our way by rail, by

stage and by steamer to Fort Smith at the head of navigation on the Arkansas River.

Under date of Saturday, April 3, while we were at Cincinnati, I find this record, which gives a hint, at least, in regard to one object of his visit: "Accompanied Mr. T—— and Mr. Lowrie to various places, the shops of artisans of different kinds. Mr. Lowrie is looking at grist mills, corn shellers, steam engines and a carding, spinning and weaving machine, with the view of purchasing some or all of them for use among the Indians."

On the 21st of April, we took horse at Fort Smith, and passing immediately into the Indian Territory, pursued our solitary way toward Spencer Academy. The path led us across beautiful rolling prairies, over rugged hills, and through bridgeless streams. At night we slept in Indian houses, and partook of their coarse but plentiful fare. Our midday lunch, consisting generally of a little bacon and some corn dodgers, was eaten beside a cool spring, or clear brook, where we tethered our horses, and rested awhile, enjoying the perfect solitude, and holding Christian communion never to be forgotten. Mr. Lowrie's whole being was open to impressions from nature. He was perfectly at home among the lilies of the field, the trees of the forest, the running streams, and the everlasting hills. He knew the names of most of the birds, and was delighted when once we came suddenly upon some deer feeding in an oak grove. He noticed every change in soil and in geological formations, and would readily dismount to secure a new fossil. He was quick to perceive the

points of beauty in a landscape, and the glories of the sky. Often his heart was too full for silence, and burst out in words of sacred song, or Scripture, and in ascriptions of praise. But nothing stirred him so deeply as living contact with the Indians themselves, many of whom we saw in making our horseback journey through their country. His heart was melted to tenderness for them. At Spencer Academy he was employed almost without rest from Saturday, the day of our arrival, until Thursday following, in arranging family matters; projecting improvements on the buildings and the farm; revising accounts; hearing the recitations of the scholars; conducting and enjoying religious worship on the Sabbath; and conferring with the chiefs and leading men of the Choctaw Nation.

I should be glad, if the space devoted to this sketch would allow me, to give an account of the last two nights of our return journey, for the purpose of showing to what discomforts and perils Mr. Lowrie willingly submitted in the prosecution of his great work. He endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. From thirty to fifty miles in the saddle, several days in succession, will try the strength of men who have not reached their sixty-third birthday.

At Fort Smith, on Monday, May 3, 1847, Mr. Lowrie and myself parted company; he to pursue his lonely way to the Creek, Iowa, and Omaha Missions, and I to return home. I conclude this notice of the journey, by a short extract from my journal.

"This morning Mr. Lowrie took an early start on his long and solitary horseback journey. The Rev.

Mr. Marshal (from Van Buren) and myself accompanied him to the flat boat, and saw him safely over the Arkansas river, and mounted on his 'Charley.' He waved his hat, and passed on to do his important work, cheerfully sustaining many privations and hardships. He goes first to the Creek Mission, thence across the country to Independence on the Missouri river, and thence, by water, if possible (but if not, on horseback), to Council Bluffs and the Iowa and Omaha missions."

This was only one of several visits made by Mr. Lowrie to the Indian missions. The result of his personal agency in behalf of the tribes under our care, and the abundance of his labors, with the greatness of his perils and hardships, can never be known till the Master himself reveals them, as fruits of his love and devotion.

I think of Mr. Lowrie habitually, as one to whom the sacred description of Stephen, the first Christian martyr, applies without any qualification or abatement—"A man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." It pleased God to give him a large nature, and a peculiar providential training for the work he loved so well. But in addition to this, by early revealing to him the plague of his heart, and placing him in circumstances where his own strength was felt to be perfect weakness as a defense against worldly influences, he led him to ask until he obtained, in large measure, that most precious gift, "Faith, the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The infinite objects of the Christian hope were as real to him as the ground

on which he walked. The unseen things of the kingdom of heaven had a demonstrated existence to his soul, that made them vastly more precious and influential than all the objects of sense. This was in part the secret of his superiority to the world, and the consecration of himself, his children, and his possessions, to Christ and his cause.

But it is not without design that Stephen is described as a man "full of the Holy Ghost," as well as of faith; and this part of the description has its equal meaning in reference to Mr. Lowrie. His thoughts, affections, and purposes were controlled by the Holy Ghost. He was a living temple of the living God. A person of the Godhead occupied his whole spirit and soul and body, and moved him by the Holy Scriptures, by the precious ordinances of God's house, by sacred providences and by his own still small voice, as clear sometimes to the consecrated soul as the human voice to the ear, to keep back nothing from his Redeemer and Master, to spend and be spent for him; to forsake all that he had, and not to count his life dear unto him, that he might win and glorify Christ. He called him his *Master*. He delighted in his service. It was perfect liberty to him to have every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. No doubt he had his faults, but I do not know what they were, unless we must reckon it a fault to be blunt and outspoken against evil, to denounce selfishness that sacrifices the precious interests of Christ's cause to personal ease and emolument, and to hate falsehood and pretense.

It was Mr. Lowrie's faith, wrought and maintained

by the Holy Ghost, that gave to the prophecies and promises of Scripture, relating to the spread and triumph of the gospel in the whole world, so much power over his heart and life. Really believing that as many as sin without law, shall also perish without law, he believed that in the last days the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it:—that Jesus Christ is a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of Israel; that there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved; that for this reason he must be preached among all nations, and the presence and power of his Spirit invoked in behalf of all, till the wilderness and solitary places of the earth rejoice and blossom as the rose.

In this faith he lived and died, leaving to the church a legacy of toil and consecration and prayer, which she may well prize.

Happy in his second marriage as in his first, blessed in his children and children's children, and also in his work, he came to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. Carlyle celebrates "The sumless worth of a man," and Bayne in his *Christian Life*, with more Christian views, dwells upon the theme. Surely none but God can make such a man, as we know Mr. Lowrie was and is, and to him let all the glory be given. His face was the index of his character, the mirror of his soul; and as we recall it now, or gaze upon its most faithful representation in Ritchie's engraving, we can only be thankful that we knew and loved

him—and that now he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.—*Rev. John D. Wells, D.D.*

Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D.D.

My pen refuses to write the "*late*" Dr. Mitchell. He is not a *has-been* but an *is*—a living power. "Write a memorial," they ask of me. But the memorial is written in the characters of men all over the country. Words will die on the air and fade on the page, but impression of character is perennial. I feel him in my own make-up. I see him in the church of Jesus Christ. He put a salutary something into his friends and the church-at-large that will never know oblivion or decay. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." If one man can know another, I knew Dr. Mitchell. We summered and wintered together, journeyed and camped together, even to sleeping in a haymow, studied and counseled and prayed and planned for the church, and played together for our personal refreshment. I just asked my wife what I should say about him, and received reply, "You cannot say anything too good." And yet, once, when I was complaining of a toothache, he responded, "I wish my Christian character were as sound as my teeth." As to Christian character he demanded thoroughness of himself, and as to outward manifestation he knew no fear but that of doing wrong or failing to do right. Once in Chicago, when a daily paper sug-

gested "frightening the minister" out of his efforts at a certain reform, Dr. R. W. Patterson remarked to me, "They'll have a good time of it frightening Dr. Mitchell off." The fact is that, a bright boy and forward youth in scholarship, being graduated from Williams College at the age of eighteen years, from the time of his conversion, which occurred in college, he was a *consecrated* man. Whatever he felt to stand in the way of carrying out, to the letter, the spirit of complete consecration to the cause of his Lord, must be set aside. In that spirit he withdrew, after his conversion, from the secret (Greek letter) society, of which he had been an enthusiastic member. The tie was "artificial," he said, and weakened the broader one of humanity. Such membership, he felt, limited his personal religious influence over college as a whole by making a few his special friends. No barrier should be allowed which threatened to hinder him while his soul was saying with St. Paul, "From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." *Christo et ecclesiæ* seemed written on his very heart. In all the intimacy of personal friendship for more than thirty years, I never heard one sentiment or knew one act that contravened that idea. Careful first of all to be faithful to his Lord, he knew how to be fair to his fellows and just between those who differed. As moderator of the Presbytery of Chicago through the exciting trial of Prof. Swing, he won the approval of all parties alike for the justness of his presiding. Once, when he was purchasing a piece of property of me, he said: "Don't be particular to bargain closely;

the money is all the Lord's anyhow, and it doesn't matter what Christian hands hold it," and so paid me more than I had asked.

But his career was one of progress and culmination. Leaving college a mere boy, he went directly to Lafayette College as instructor, but thence, by a sudden opening, on a protracted tour, covering two years, through Europe, Egypt and Palestine. Entering Union Theological Seminary, New York, where I was in his class from 1856 to 1859, he was graduated at the age of twenty-four, and immediately accepted a call to Richmond, Va. He took with him, the following October, as a bride, to share his work, Miss Harriet E. Post, daughter of the distinguished Alfred Post, M.D., of New York.

The opening of the war, in 1861, threw Dr. Mitchell into a "strait betwixt two;" for he had come to have much sympathy with the South. But the issue, made as it was, compelled him to hold with the section of his birth, at Hudson, N.Y. Sending his family North, he was obliged to make his way through the lines, by night—an escape not without peril—and leaving his valuable library and all household goods to confiscation. Soon called to Morristown, where his father, one of the most dignified and lovely of Quaker gentlemen, lived, he carried forward a most prosperous work in the South Presbyterian Church until 1868, when he was called to the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago.

At Morristown his missionary zeal, kindled out of the fire of his conversion, glowed and flamed and heated others, attracting popular attention. I being

then in Orange, our former acquaintance became an intimacy. Our conferences upon church life and work were frequent; and our vacations, often passed together, were scarcely restful, because one theme was ever uppermost. As we rode, on horseback, from Portland, Me., through the White Mountains and across the Green to Troy, his heart, though full of merriment, was eager for the letter-receiving point ahead, where he was to hear the result of a foreign missionary movement which he had left incomplete when starting. His twelve years' pastorate in Chicago was distinguished by his constant and successful efforts to see the Chicago churches inoculated with zeal for missions. Often pressing that subject with more persistency than was acceptable to his people, there was yet a result in a fire kindled that has gone on burning and heating and fusing those churches to the present moment. While there, he was solicited to accept a secretaryship in the Foreign Board; but his love for the pastorate and his belief that in that moneyed and Christian centre he was doing more for the supreme cause (as he always esteemed missions) than he could out of the pastorate, held him to his position. About this time he visited Williams College under solicitation to take a professorship there. He spent a Sabbath and preached, and after his sermon President Hopkins took him by the hand and remarked, "One who can preach like that should not leave the pastorate. Stay where you are."

Later, called to the First Presbyterian Church, Cleveland, O., the same zeal for missions vivified his pastoral work. Again called, after a brief pastorate

there, to the office of the Foreign Board of Missions, he felt more than formerly impressed with a possible duty in that direction.

I recall vividly the letter that came to me expressing his soul agitation as to duty, and seeking advice. I have never regretted my reply, "Whatever you weigh as a pastor, I think you never weigh quite so much as when pleading for foreign missions." That cause fired and fused his whole soul. To that he was wholly consecrated. He once said to me, "A man is good for nothing but to be used up;" and so literally the zeal of his Father's house ate him up. I have no doubt, as he had none, that he might have lived longer by turning from the Secretaryship to a pastorate. "You don't know anything about work in the pastorate," he lately said to me, "in comparison with that of the Secretary's office." It is not two years since he wrote me a burning letter saying, "Get me a *little* pastorate. I shall die here before my time." His letter was so hot in earnest, that I went immediately to the task; but just as my ball was starting, there came a telegram saying: "Stay that move, I must remain here, if I die." And so he has done. No, "die" is not the word—not dead. Planted himself, were better putting. He lives a pulsing power through all the church.

I do not believe any of his fellow Secretaries will turn a green eye upon me, or call my judgment in question if I say that, as a platform speaker upon foreign missions he has had no superior in the history of the Board during this generation. His pastoral preaching was the gospel of Christ. Sometimes

stern, I have heard it called "strait-laced," by the easy-going. But his standard, if higher than the average communicant was ready to accept, was not higher than he set for his own spiritual measurement. He was in himself a good illustration of the fact that meekness is not weakness. The lamb and the lion are rarely so well combined as in his make-up of Christian manhood. Then he was such a dear friend; a true friend; a timely friend; a friend to appreciate the best in one who was not, for the moment, at his best, but even making a mistake. Life is too far along for another to take his place in my heart. No one will take his place in the church. That is not wanted. But there is now room and demand for another to come to the front, to take things where he has left them, fill another place and carry them on, on, to better and best in final victory for Christ. The cause of missions is the child he has left for loving friends to foster, pouring their love upon it. So we shall create, in an enlightened heathendom, a memorial that he will look down upon, and strike anew his harp in praise of God "who so loved the world."—*Rev. J. H. Taylor, D.D.*, in *Church at Home and Abroad*, June, 1893.

Rev. Elisha P. Swift, D.D.

The death of Dr. Swift (April 3, 1865) removed one of the great and good from the church and the world, whose character we can well admire and whose memory will be fondly cherished. He was born in Williamstown, Mass., August 12, 1792. His parents

were Rev. Seth and Lucy Swift. His mother was a direct descendant of the famous Puritan missionary, Rev. John Eliot.

In July, 1813, he made a profession of religion at Stockbridge, Mass., and was graduated at Williams College in the same year. He completed his theological course at Princeton in 1816. Very soon after his connection with the church he seems to have taken a very active part in the movements then in progress in regard to the foreign missionary work. We have seen a report made by him to the Youths' Missionary Society of Western New York previous to his ordination to the full work of the ministry. At length he dedicated himself to the Lord's work in the foreign field. In a paper discovered since his death, but written just previous to the completion of his course in the theological seminary, he gives expression to the great anxiety felt in view of acting as an ambassador for Jesus, and especially in prospect of going to Eastern Asia to make known the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

On September 3, 1817, he along with three others was ordained a foreign missionary. The sermon on that occasion was preached by Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D. From November, 1817, to March, 1818, he was engaged in a missionary agency collecting funds and awakening the people to the claims of this great enterprise, through Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Virginia, under direction of the American Board, the Rev. Dr. Worcester being at that time its Secretary. The reason he did not go abroad as was expected seems to have been the serious and long-continued

illness of his wife's mother. But the missionary spirit never forsook him; and it appeared afterwards that the descendant of John Eliot was kept at home that he might impart to the church something of the fire that burned within himself. He began his labors in Dover, Del., October, 1818. In the following year he received an invitation to become pastor of the second church of Pittsburgh, which he accepted, and was installed November 5, 1819.

He was among the very first to advocate the establishment of the Western Foreign Missionary Society by the Synod of Pittsburgh, from which sprang the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. That he might devote himself to this new enterprise, he consented to the separation of himself from a people to whom he was tenderly attached, and who loved him much in return. He entered on his labors as Secretary of the Western Foreign Missionary Society March 1, 1833. Into this work he threw all the mighty energies of his great soul, and gave it an impulse which was soon felt throughout the entire Presbyterian church in this country—among the Indians in the West, on the shores of Africa and on the plains of India. While the Presbyterian church lasts, as long as the history of foreign missions remains, the name of Elisha P. Swift will be remembered. He was at all times ready to advocate with wonderful power every good cause, but the very mention of foreign missions fired his soul with quenchless ardor and made his voice the sound of a trumpet calling to conflict and victory.

On the 9th of October, 1835, he was installed pastor

of the First Presbyterian Church, Allegheny, in which service he continued until the day of his death, April 3, 1865, in the seventy-third year of his age. (He continued to discharge the office of Secretary until 1836, when his successor, Hon. Walter Lowrie, was appointed.)—*Pittsburgh Banner*, April 12, 1865.

Rev. John Leighton Wilson, D.D.

The venerable Secretary Emeritus, Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, D.D., died at his home, near Mayesville, S.C., on the 13th of July, 1886.

His death, says one who waited by him, was emblematic of his life—calm, peaceful, beautiful.

We are indebted to the pen of another for a sketch of Dr. Wilson's life and character. He was born in Sumter County, S. C., March 25, 1809. He was graduated at Union College, N. Y., in 1829, and taught school one year at Hadnel's Point, near Charleston, S. C. In 1833 he was graduated at the Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C., being a member of the first class of that institution, and the same year was ordained by Harmony Presbytery as a missionary to Africa. During the summer of 1833 he studied Arabic at Andover Seminary, Mass., and in the fall he sailed from Baltimore, Md., on a voyage of exploration to Western Africa, returning the following spring. As the result of his exploration, he decided on Cape Palmas, Western Africa, as the most promising place to begin his missionary work. In May, 1834, he was united in marriage to Miss Jane Elizabeth Bayard, of Savannah, Ga. In 1834, Mr.

and Mrs. Wilson sailed for Cape Palmas, where they arrived at the close of the year. They remained at the Cape seven years. During these years a church of forty members was organized, more than a hundred and eighty youths were educated, the Grebo language was reduced to writing, a grammar and dictionary of the language was published, the Gospels of Matthew and John were translated, and, with six or eight other small volumes, published in the native language. In 1842 Mr. and Mrs. Wilson removed to the Gaboon River, 1200 miles south of Cape Palmas, and commenced a new mission among the Mpongwe people. Here, again, the language was reduced to writing for the first time. A grammar, a vocabulary, portions of the Bible and a number of small volumes were published in the native language. In the spring of 1853, owing to the failure of Mr. Wilson's health, he and his wife returned to America. In the autumn of 1853 he entered the office of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, in New York, and continued to serve as Secretary until the breaking out of the civil war, when he returned to his home in the South. At the organization of the Southern Presbyterian Church, Dr. Wilson was appointed Secretary of Foreign Missions. This office he continued to hold until 1885, when the General Assembly, in view of his declining health, relieved him of the active duties of the office and elected him Secretary Emeritus. During seven years of his active service in the office, the home mission work was combined with that of foreign missions, Dr. Wilson sharing in the care of both.

In 1854 Dr. Wilson published a volume of five hundred pages on "Western Africa, its History, Condition and Prospects." Dr. Livingstone pronounced this the best volume on that part of Africa ever published.

In 1852 a strong effort was made in the British Parliament to withdraw the British squadron from the coast of Africa, under the impression that the foreign slave trade could not be broken up. Dr. Wilson wrote a pamphlet showing that the impression was erroneous, and indicating what was wanting to make the effort to suppress the slave trade successful. The pamphlet fell into the hands of Lord Palmerston, and was, by his order, published in the *United Service Journal*, and afterward in the "Blue Book" of Parliament. An edition of 10,000 copies was circulated throughout the kingdom. Lord Palmerston informed Dr. Wilson that this pamphlet put an end to all opposition to the continuance of the squadron; and in less than five years the trade itself was brought to an end.

During his residence in New York, Dr. Wilson acted as editor of the Foreign Department of the *Home and Foreign Record.* In our own church he began *The Missionary*, of which he continued to be editor till recently. He published more than thirty articles in the *Southern Presbyterian Review* and in other literary and scientific reviews. While in Africa Dr. Wilson procured and sent to the Boston Society of Natural History the first specimen of the gorilla known in modern times.

The commanding presence of Dr. Wilson and his

affable and courteous address will be remembered by many in the church. His features indicated physical and intellectual strength. His varied information made him the attractive centre of the social circle. He was just in judgment, wise in council, practical in methods. His public life covered more than fifty years. These fifty years have recorded wonderful progress in the foreign mission work. They constitute a great missionary age in the history of the church. Among the great workers in this branch of Christian service Dr. Wilson has stood with the first. By the grace of God he has served his generation nobly, received the loving veneration of the people among whom he lived, and will long be remembered among us as a prince and a great man.—*The Missionary*, August, 1886.

As THIS volume of sketches opened with an Introduction by the compiler to the year 1868, and whose initials, J. C. L., are affixed to many of them both before and after that date, these appendices may appropriately close with Dr. Lowrie's letter of resignation as Corresponding Secretary, and the action of the Board thereon, together with the just and touching editorial preface to their publication in the *Church at Home and Abroad* for April, 1891.

His associate in official duties for thirty-eight years adopts the words of that preface as an expression of his own appreciation, reverence and affection.—*W. R.*

Dr. Lowrie's Resignation.

Reverently and affectionately do we give this foremost place in our pages to the following official correspondence. Reverently, affectionately and thankfully will it be read in every land in which the church of Christ is fulfilling her great commission to disciple all nations. *Thankfully* will myriads of Christian people (thousands of whom are converts from idolatry), recognize the kindness of God in preserving to such advanced age the mental and bodily powers so long ago devoted to him in the freshness and vigor of youth—powers inherited from an honored father who had so signally served the church in the same department of labor. *Affectionately* will the whole church approve the considerate action of their Board in desiring Dr. Lowrie, exempt from all burden of labor, to continue his presence and counsels in the Mission House, and with no diminution of provision for his comfort. *Reverently* will the thoughts of God's people in many lands go often to that room; and the sun never sets upon the sanctuaries, family altars and closets in which Dr. Lowrie will be prayerfully mentioned.

"At a regular meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, held February 16, 1891, the following letter of resignation was presented from the Rev. John C. Lowrie, D.D., senior Secretary of the Board:

"'New York, February 16, 1891.

"'To the Members of the Board of Foreign Missions:

"'*Dear Brethren:*—The subject of my official con-

nection with the Board has for several years been often in my thoughts and prayers, with the impression that it should come to an end. I have, however, heretofore left it in abeyance, or rather to the action of the Board itself. But lately I have concluded to resign the office of a Corresponding Secretary, and I now write to send in this decision, to take effect at your convenience. This is the result of further study of the orderings of Providence. It accords also with the views which I held and expressed in the Board when I accepted its appointment to a full secretaryship many years ago.

"'I may add a few lines to say that, although I never sought this office, and was greatly in doubt as to accepting it, and though my work in it has been marked by far too many imperfections, yet I have been very grateful to God and to his people for having been permitted to spend so many uninterrupted years in this cause—since June, 1832, to the present time. But this change is indeed to be a sorrowful event. Yet it seems to be so ordered; and good is the will of the Lord.

"'I am glad to close this letter with no doubt as to the final and great success of the foreign missions of our beloved church. As church work, these missions rest on the doctrines, order and evangelistic agencies of our Christian people, as witnesses unto Christ our ascended Lord. He will assuredly give to them his blessing.

"'With grateful acknowledgments of the uniform kindness I have always received from the members of the Board and from my colleagues, in our common

labors for our Saviour, and with earnest wishes for every blessing from on high to abide with this sacred cause, I am, dear brethren,

"'Yours sincerely,

(Signed) JOHN C. LOWRIE.'

"After tender expressions of affection for Dr. Lowrie and appreciation of his long service as missionary in India, and subsequently as agent of the Board in the United States, Assistant Secretary and Secretary, the following paper, presented by Rev. William M. Paxton, D.D., was adopted:

"A communication from the Rev. John C. Lowrie, D.D., was received, expressing his conviction that owing to advancing age and providential circumstances, he feels constrained to tender his resignation of the official position as Secretary of this Board, which he has held for more than half a century.

"The Board has listened to this communication with saddening thoughts and many tender emotions at the idea of separating from one who has been endeared to us by so many years of official intercourse, and of affectionate fraternal communion. It gives us much pleasure to record our high appreciation of the ability, fidelity, diligence and conscientiousness with which he has served this Board, and the general cause of missions. We recognize with thankfulness his careful study of all practical questions, his wise direction in matters of administration, his kindly and brotherly spirit in the discussion of vexed questions, and the assistance which his diligent attention and wise superintendence have given to us

through so many years of missionary work. We could not in justice to our own feelings accept his resignation without adding this expression of our high veneration for his personal worth, and our deep regret that the time has come when he feels it necessary to retire from the active duties of his office.

"*Therefore, be it Resolved:*—

"1. That the resignation of Rev. John C. Lowrie, D.D., as Secretary of this Board of Foreign Missions be accepted to take effect at the close of the present fiscal year; in the meantime that he be requested to prepare the annual report of the missions with which he has the correspondence, and that he transfer said correspondence to his colleagues at his convenience, and thereafter continue in such form of service as his health and convenience will permit, and as may be deemed helpful to the interests of the Board.

"2. *Resolved*, That he be requested to accept the position of Emeritus Secretary; that his salary be continued as heretofore; that the room which he has occupied in this building shall remain for his occupancy; that while relieved from the active conduct of the mission and attendance at the Council, he be requested to still occupy his seat in the Board and favor us with his experience and advice.

"3. *Resolved*, That a committee of four members of this Board be appointed to convey this action to Dr. Lowrie, and consult with him as to whether the Board can do anything further to meet his wishes and render his position agreeable and useful."—*Church at Home and Abroad*, April, 1891.

SUMMARY BY MISSIONS.

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